

Collector's
Double Issue

A Fireside Chat with Cheech & Chong

High Times

Dec/Jan

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Return of the Lady Dealer
Exposé: Gov't Subsidized Highs
The Whiskey Rebellion
How To Fly Low
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America's Top
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**INSIDE
THE DEA**

Fear of
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Book Bonus:
Tales of the Ginseng

Trips: On the Gringo Trail

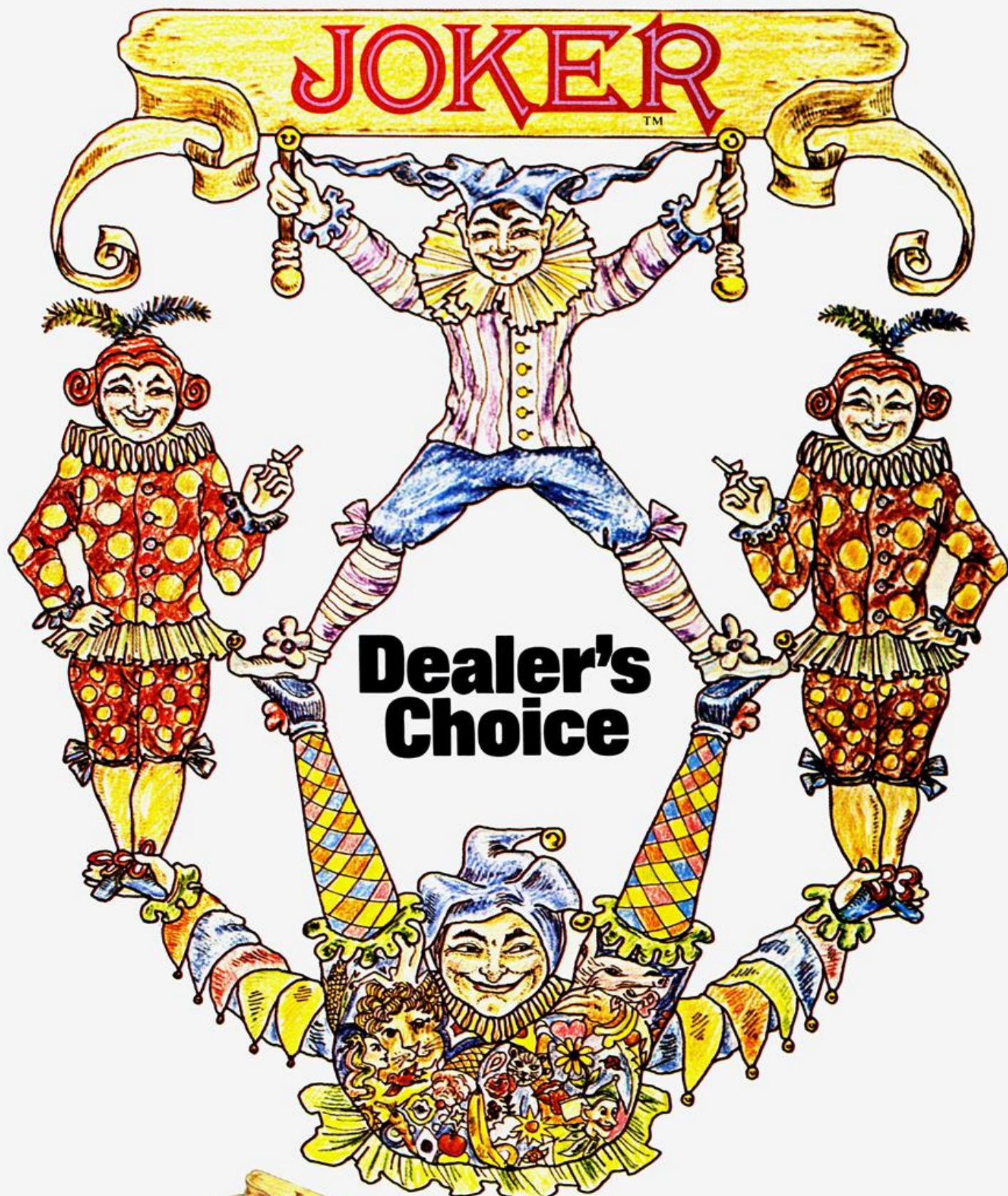
Comix: Dope Rider

High Style:

The Lotus Position
Space, Time & Bicycles

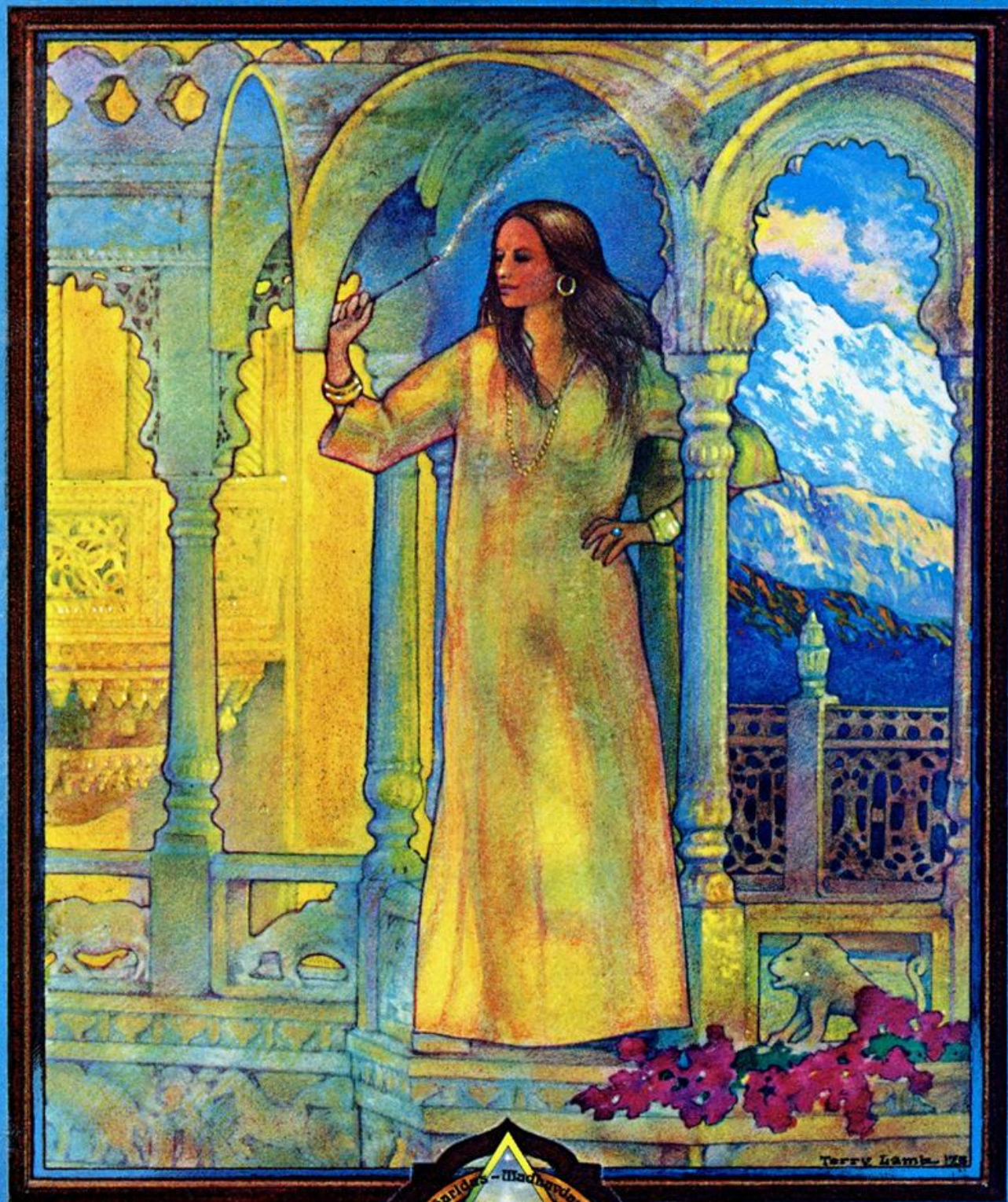
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High Times

THE MAGAZINE OF HIGH SOCIETY

December/January No. 7

HIGH TIMES BOOK BONUS:

Tales of the Ginseng

Andrew C. Kimmens **85**

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Cover by Jim Bogin

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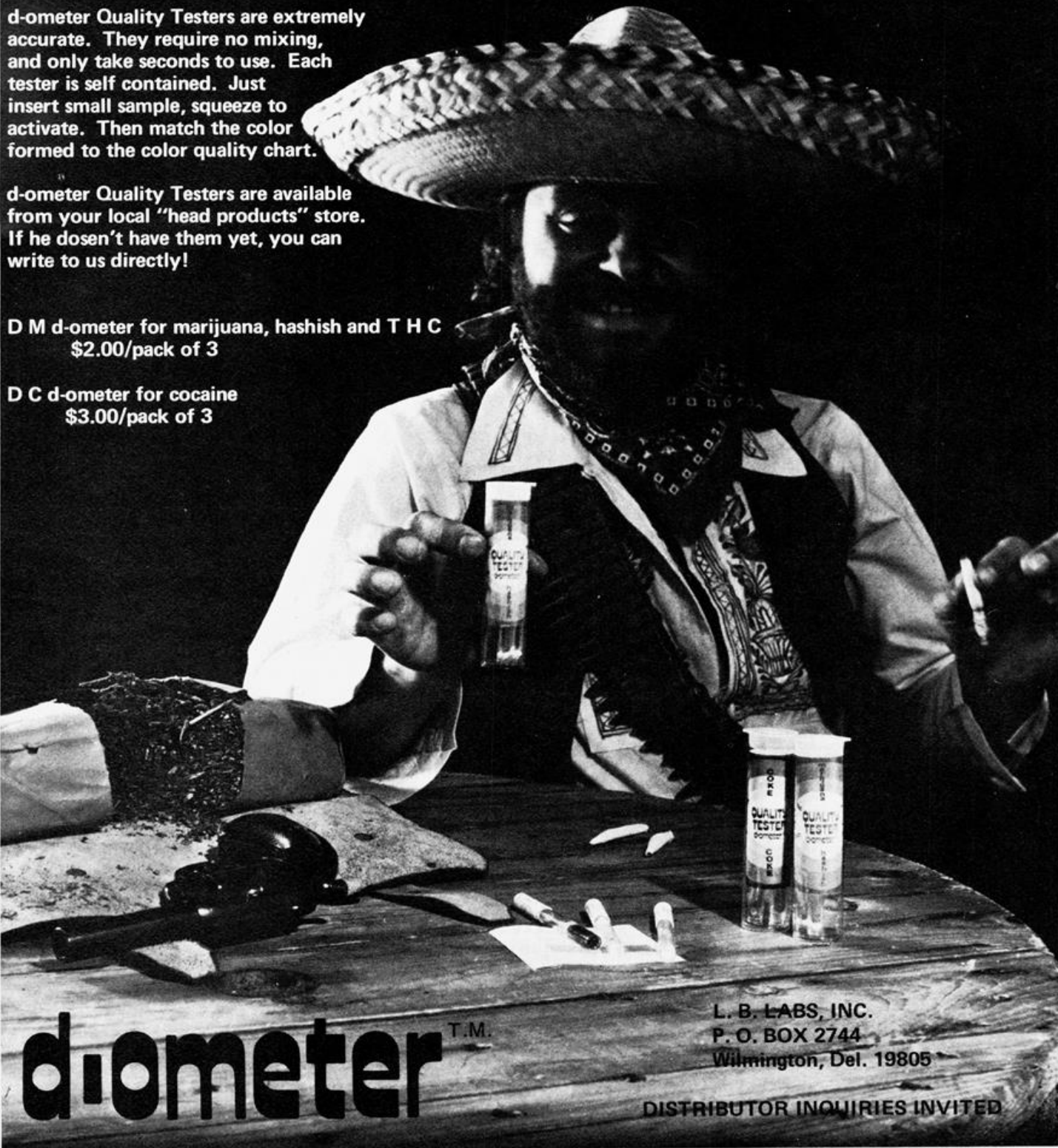
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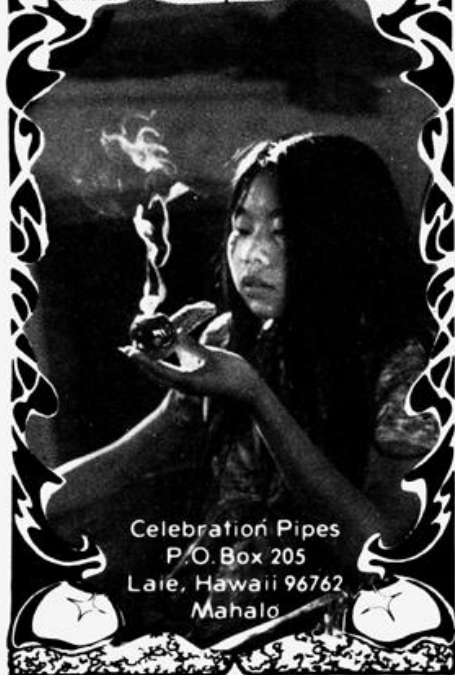
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Lines Why There's Not Enough Weed Around

"Dope Shortage!"

The anguished cry cuts into the heart like the knelling of the plague bell or the gasp of the runner one league ahead of the locusts. Like flood, famine, fire, earthquake, pestilence and army ants, shortage breeds fear and trouble in the hearts and minds of the 13 million (government estimate) chronic weedheads.

While the present scarcity of smoke has hardly reached epidemic proportions, and in fact has not even affected many areas, its grim shadow is spreading inland from the borders and the seaports, drying up fertile fields abroad and ports of entry at home, leaving thousands of tokers with nothing to put in their pipes and smoke except the following facts:

1) The nation's top narcotics agency, the Drug Enforcement Administration, is sponsoring a mini-war in Mexico against native marijuana growers. No longer content to leave matters in the hands of the amiably corruptible Mexican officials, whose noble efforts run constantly aground on the Mexican habit of mordida (bribe taking), the DEA is moving arms, warplanes and quasi-military advisers into the country in a Vietnam-style effort to stamp out cannabis cultivation at the grass roots.

2) Not to be outdone by their bitter rivals at the DEA, U.S. Customs men are continuing their blockade of the Florida coast and fortifying it with the mysterious new Operation Star Trek—apparently an adaptation of the Air Force's NORAD system. Constantly harassing vacationers, day sailors, fisherfolk and nude bathers, the Customs armada has made navigation in the Caribbean a fearsome undertaking, and spurred marijuana importers into dangerous flights of fancy—61 known aerosmuggling plane crashes this year alone.

Of course, neither the DEA's mini-war in Mexico nor the Customs Service's Plastic Curtain are formidable barriers to the dope flow. The U.S. is currently consuming a bare minimum of 20 tons of marijuana every day, and the smugglers who know how to get the dope in are not impressed. The main purpose of the mini-war and the Plastic Curtain is to provide grist for a government publicity mill that aims to scare people out of smuggling before they begin. In short, they are doing what they have always done, with no effect, as usual.

For the moment, however, the new pseudo-programs are gaining a great deal of publicity for their big busts. Some dope is being stopped. Just as the junkies had to tighten their belts a few years ago when Turkey stopped poppy cultivation, the weedheads—retailers and consumers—are feeling the pinch now.

But the real cause of the dope shortage has nothing to do with the government's "efforts" to enforce the dope laws. The fact is that the demand for dope has spiraled so steeply upward that there is simply no way that the dope-producing countries can supply it. Although places like the Bekaa Valley in Lebanon, Mazar-I-Sharif in Afghanistan, the Rif Mountains in Morocco and huge portions of Colombia and Mexico are producing at full tilt, there is not nearly enough acreage planted in marijuana to supply the current demand. While there may be an abundance for a week or two when a big load hits, the reality is that we can look forward to a shortage for several more years. It will take that long for production to catch up with demand. Even if all the weed planted were successfully smuggled in (and according to the government, 90 percent of it will make it), there still will not be nearly enough.

What's more, demand is growing not only in the United States, but around the world. Already, hashish has become a rare delicacy because smugglers find it more profitable to bring the chocolate into Europe (close to the African and Asian supply) rather than bother with the long transatlantic haul. Australia has diverted much of the Southeast Asian supply, and Latin America is consuming more and more of its own bounty. The time is rapidly approaching when the United States will be victim of a self-imposed embargo—unable to compete, bypassed by the twentieth century, reduced to a psychedelically impoverished backwater.

In other words, although the acreage planted to marijuana may continue to climb, there is no guarantee that the harvest will come to the U.S. Unless responsible citizens, elected officials and government employees (especially those in the Agriculture and Commerce departments) act now to secure America's future participation in this exploding industry, we may find ourselves ballbearingless, like Germany in World War II, left unhigh and dry.

We must secure a fair share of the dope-producing Third World countries' output—before they form something like Organization of Petroleum Exporting Countries (OPEC). Should they form an ODEC (Organization of Dope Exporting Countries) we could find ourselves paying not only a dollar a gallon for gasoline, but a hundred dollars an ounce—for Mexican. Not only must we secure fair deals with the Third World, we must develop domestic marijuana capabilities. Without millions of acres planted to marijuana, we are easy prey to ODEC and will have no bargaining power. If government money were being properly spent on developing this country's agricultural capabilities, instead of on trying to suppress honest dope-growing farmers, we could already be supplying top-grade weed from our own underutilized depression-struck farms. Another Dustbowl can still be prevented if our government acts soon. ■

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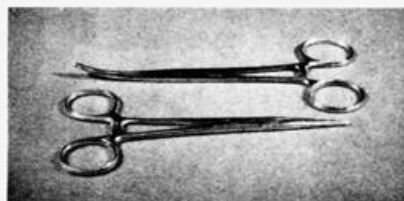
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Letters

Blind Orange Julius

Andrew Weil's enthusiasm for viewing the sun directly [*High Times* Aug./Sept.] is ill-advised. The danger that blindness will result is genuine, not something invented by the Justice Department.

During the phase immediately before or after totality, the sun's normal brilliance in visible wavelengths is cut by over 99 percent, making it possible to look at the almost obscured disk without reflexively closing your eyes. But at the same time, dangerous quantities of ultra-violet light, which can damage the retina, are pouring down. The symptoms of retinal damage typically do not become manifest until months or even years after exposure. They include "floaters"—single retinal cells loosed into the viscous fluid and appearing as spots in your field of vision—and, in severe cases, retinal tearing and blindness.

Presumably, humans have developed no natural aversion to staring at an eclipse because solar eclipses are too rare for optical damage to have made a significant contribution in the process of natural selection.

The extent to which retinal damage will be found in those who have directly viewed a solar eclipse depends on length and severity of exposure, age, general physical health and the degree, if any, of myopia (near-sighted people are more susceptible). If you stared at the sun in the past, don't worry about it. But please, don't do it again. Use only a true solar filter in the future. Only during totality, when the sun's disk is completely obscured, can you look at an eclipse directly without danger.

I suffered retinal deterioration in one eye after staring unprotected at the first 20 or 30 seconds after totality several years ago. I wanted to see the deep red solar prominences rising from the white disk. It was a transcendent sight. But anyone taking the same risk should know it is a risk.

—Timothy Ferris, New York, N.Y.

It Beats Working

When pot finally becomes legal, the question of the hour will be the manner in which it will be distributed. As you so astutely pointed out in your Aug./Sept. issue ["Lines"], the most efficient, fair and morally just manner in which to direct the legal weed would be to bring the present system aboveground. This would leave the wholesale and retail prices within the boundaries of the proper "controlling" agent: supply and demand. It would guarantee success to the dealer who deserved it most—the one who could sell the best dope for the least

money without the cutthroat political practices that strangle free enterprise in today's national economy.

Capitalism is alive and well in America, and despite its illegal status, it's flourishing the way nature intended. Perhaps the federal government will listen to reason for a change and use legal dope as a much belated testing ground for free enterprise in the twentieth century.

—Melvin Payton, Poquoson, Va.

Joburg Dope Scene

I find your Johannesburg prices for dope a bit far out. I've lived here for 11 years, have been dealing for six and have never been offered coke. I've heard of coke for sale only once. Only once have I done a hash deal, involving the only quantity of hash ever in Joburg.

As for paranoid, Joburg is much cooler than Durban and about the same as Cape Town, but no more paranoid than the whole country. It's the whole fucking scene. If you're uncool, it's paranoid. Our scene does a lot of grass, a little acid, etc., and we haven't had a close call or paranoid moment (besides personal problems) for a good few years (except for one very uncool friend who now sits for 5 years. He was so uncool that he had lists of all our names and addresses. This caused some quick moving of objects.) Stay up there and keep it all together.

—Name withheld, Orange Grove, S.A.

Keep the Faith

If I were a Moslem, I would be so incensed at your article "The Assassin," in the Aug./Sept. issue, that I would totally disregard the general position you are taking and seek revenge for your blasphemy. To call "sodomy, houris and hashish" the "three pillars of Islam" is a gratuitous and stupid insult to the millions of Moslems who have traditionally used cannabis in one of its many forms.

—Gabriel, Pescadero, Calif.

Tales of the Alhambra

Your magazine is meritorious. My staff and I have looked forward to such a publication. Bravo. The front cover of the Spring '75 issue caught my eye at the newsstand at Kingston Airport, in Jamaica, last summer. I then eagerly informed my Moorish-American brothers and sisters. They say "Islam," which means "peace."

You see, we too have a choice between meeting our deadlines by not getting high and putting out the highest production possible.

—Leonard Bey, Alhambra Productions, Philadelphia, Penn.

Brooklyn Bushfire



This photo is just to let you know that California isn't the only source of "Backyard Burning Bushes" [High Times Aug./Sept., "Letters"]. This tree grows in Brooklyn. —Name and address withheld

TV Blues

Right now I'm in east Tennessee facing a five-to-15-year term in the state pen for something I haven't done—mainly for selling a schedule-one drug to a narc.

I feel that the doctor, lawyer and cop shows on TV are partly to blame. These moronic programs give one-sided, warped views of drugs. Everyone who takes any kind of drug becomes addicted, insane and violent. These shows influence some people (especially judges and juries) to think that anyone who uses drugs should be locked up. Because of these television shows, some jerk thought he could do society and me a favor by telling a grand jury that I sold him drugs. Sometimes I believe that the media, through cop shows, is a tool of the government for propaganda. The cop is always right. Even if he breaks the law he seems to be justified. And when the question of legalization of pot comes up, the cop always bad-mouths the legislature for even thinking of it.

How long can this crap go on? Why can't we have equal time to show the people the truth? After all, we live here too.

I hope my next letter to you doesn't have the Tennessee State Prison letterhead.

—Thomas R. Gill, Jr., Johnson City, Tenn.

Tucson Not a Ripoff

There is a real shortage of Mexican marijuana down here in Tucson. The *federals* are busting and killing people, whether they are paying their "dues" or not. The Mexicans have raised the price, since they are having more hassles. I don't know what's going on in Califor-

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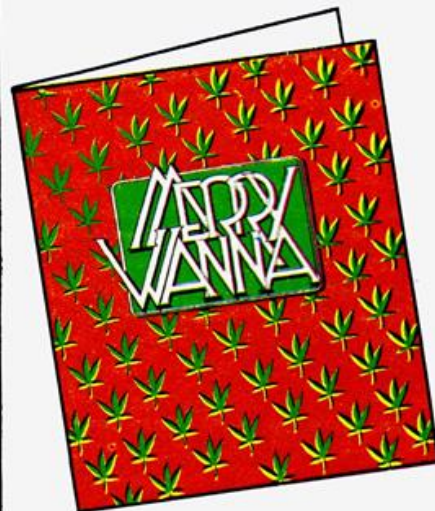
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nia, but Tucson dealers are taking either the same or less profit than ever.

All the publicity about the ripoffs in Tucson is unfair. Tucson dealers are no less honest than any others. There are a lot of ripoffs in Tucson, true, but that's because there are so many deals going down.

—A Tucson Dealer

Dixie Caps



Feast your eyes on this close-up color view of some of Georgia's psilocybin mushrooms.

—Paula Nunnally, Athens, Ga.

Catnipped

I read the short "Law" article "Pot Tests Challenged" in *High Times* Aug./Sept. Surely the professor from Rutgers is pulling my six legs. You see, I have a forensic chemist friend, and he says any such chemist who cannot distinguish plant matter such as oregano, catnip, etc. from marijuana using a microscope should be taken out and euthanized. Oregano, catnip and the like look very different from marijuana under the microscope. (Forensic chemists also look for more than hairs when examining marijuana under the microscope.)

By the way, when's the last time you guys bought catnip? If you can't tell catnip from marijuana, let me know. I got a truckload of special Georgia grass I can let you have real cheap. You might not like it, but it's guaranteed to get your pussycat high.

—Charlie Cockroach, Augusta, Ga.

P.S. I have a theory: It's not the marijuana that has the THC, but the marijuana bugs. Ask your friends if they have ever seen any marijuana bugs.

Coffee Yearn

There was a small article ["Health"] in your Aug./Sept. issue about caffeine and dope smoking, reporting that drinking coffee brings you down—based on a study of rabbits! Are we supposed to believe that rabbits have the same kind of consciousness as humans? In the case of rabbits, it would seem that for them the coffee dominates over the effects of marijuana—it takes over for the weed

physically, and this is enough to let the rabbits totally forget that they were ever stoned, such shabby memory and consciousness they have compared to us. (This reminds me of the Johnny Bob story and the mention of the animals only talking about where to find nuts and who's fucking who.)

But listen, Mr. Behavioral Psychologist, we don't forget. For me, in fact, drinking coffee maintains my high. It adds a really nice complementary direction, particularly when I'm trying to get a lot done. That coffee has a potentially dominant physical effect does not necessarily mean that it interferes with human highs. *Au contraire*, if you ask me. It's a good catalyst for remaining actively stoned, as compared to being zonked out—which has its time and place too. Remember, researchers and scientists, we humans have minds. And they aren't necessarily dominated by our bodies—under the right conditions the two know how to mesh.

—Jim Krupka, Los Angeles, Calif.

Backyard Booster



Sure would like to see a column on domestic. Here's a shot of some eighth-generation "homegrown" that turned to Sinsemilla last year. Hope you'll print this, since I'm proud to grow what I call Mota Negro de California.

—Raul, Complete name and address withheld

Alaska Heat Wave

In your article on "legalization" of marijuana in Alaska [*High Times* Aug./Sept.], you seem to imply that everything is groovy now that there is a new law. It's not so. You can still get busted for smoking or possessing relatively small amounts of marijuana. Here in Juneau, the men in blue have used illegal search and seizure, entrapment, perjury and are especially fond of falsifying evidence. They are backed up by a local judge who sets excessive bail. The town newspaper, while not in outright endorsement of these police tactics, gives biased and incomplete accounts of busts.

Because of Juneau's small size (population 17,000), the police find it relatively easy to keep up on drug traffic. It's especially convenient for them because the only way to get in or out of town is by air or sea.

This geographic peculiarity makes drugs outrageously expensive. It's not worth anyone's time or effort to unload large amounts, because there aren't enough people here to smoke or buy it. Shit weed is about the only thing obtainable locally, but anyone who turns stash knows that most people will pay any price to get high.

—Karen Benson, Juneau, Alaska

Turkey in the Straw



You don't have to go to Turkey to find opium poppies. I cultivated this beauty right here at home, with the help of our fertile Illinois soil.

—Name withheld, Barrington, Ill.

Buddha Head

In the article "Alas, Katmandu," *High Times* Aug./Sept., the statement that Pashupatinah is the center of Nepalese Buddhism is wrong. It is the center of Nepalese Hinduism, a totally different road leading to the same place.

—Name withheld, Amsterdam, The Netherlands

Low Thai'd



While stationed in Thailand, I was able to buy bricks of 20 Thai sticks each for \$1 (20 bhat). Still moist and fragrant, one hit of this weed produces creeping nirvana when smoked in a bong. Prices went as low as \$.50 a brick if you knew how to bargain. Wish I had a sample for you. —Sleepy, South Milwaukee, Wis. ☐



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Taster's Choice

Q: I read this article in *New York* magazine about a guy called the "Marijuana Maven," and I noticed from the quotes that it was the same guy you interviewed earlier in your Interview with a Dope Taster article in *High Times* #4. Is this a real person, and if so, what kind of rolling papers does he use?

—Joe Finn, New York, N.Y.

A: Yes, the Dope Taster is a real person who tastes weed for several syndicates. He uses assorted kinds of papers, depending on the situation, and seems to change every few months to avoid a cloying accumulation of any one paper's taste. In the past he has used Bambu, Reefer Rollers, Marfils, Blanco y Negro, Joker, Zig-Zag Slow Burning and half a dozen others. He says they all work, but the thinner the better.

Ingestion Question

Q: Can you give me information on how to convert grass into a form you can eat? Several methods I have tried, using alcohol, heat and honey, have been almost useless. My interest stems from inhaling too much tarry material, since I have a mild asthmatic condition.

—B. E., San Francisco, Calif.

A: Crumbling the marijuana, removing stems and seeds, and then throwing it into anything you are cooking is all that is necessary. Calculate dosages carefully, figuring it out so that you don't ingest more than approximately 5 grams of marijuana at one time. An overdose of eating marijuana can make you sick. It may even require a trip to the hospital to have your stomach pumped.

Actually, cooking the marijuana with food is unnecessary. One fellow we know pops choice buds directly into his mouth and reports that this way, he gets a purer high.

Colombian Royale

Q: Recently I bought some marijuana that had a funny smell and got me so high. I'm sure it was treated with something. What was it most likely treated with? Is this harmful?

—Beverly Stockton, Shaker Heights, Ohio

A: In all probability your marijuana wasn't treated with anything. Most attempts to treat marijuana leave very visible evidence in appearance, smell and taste, so that the people treating it soon give up. As more and more potent strains of Colombian circulate, there is increasing concern about treated grass.

Don't worry about it. It's probably just good weed. Don't smoke more than you can handle.

Reefer Roulette

Q: What are the risks if I try to smuggle marijuana or cocaine into the U.S. through the mails? Do they open all parcels and inspect them, and do dope dogs sniff out every package? I just want to send a little back to my friends, but I'm worried about being busted.

—Name and address withheld

A: Sending dope through the mail is like playing the wheel at Monte Carlo, except odds are much better. Hundreds of tons of mail come into the U.S. every day, and it is utterly impossible to do anything more than sort most of it. (Some of it never even gets sorted.) As far as reefer Rovers, the government has a severe shortage of The Man's best friend, and they usually employ these fellows on Citroens, Freuhaufs, "machinery" and other big-time situations.

A lot depends on the country from which you're mailing. Obviously, heavy dope-producing countries like Mexico, Jamaica, Colombia, Afghanistan, India, etc. are hotter than Sweden, Canada, Australia and England. But there are lots of reasons to watch mail besides dope. You may get caught for dope when the Post Office is looking for emeralds, gold, diamonds, bull semen, guns, plutonium, piranha or any one of thousands of other items that nations control.

Hash Oil Joints

Q: I've just returned from London, where it is the fashion to make joints by tearing open cigarettes, mixing the tobacco with hash or hash oil, then resealing the cigarettes and adding a thick mouthpiece, usually a piece of cardboard that seems to get wetter and moldier as it is passed from mouth to mouth. I have never seen anything so disgusting, and the smoke tastes like something from Belleau Wood. But my question is: Why go to the trouble of disassembling a cigarette in order to paste some hash oil on the inside of the paper, instead of just applying it to the exterior?

—M. V., Washington, D.C.

A: It seems to smoke better on the inside. If you want a better alternative, spread oil on a series of papers, then roll up all the papers into a solid paper joint. The oil will easily permeate the layers of paper, so apply it very lightly. This hash oil joint is one of the most satisfying ways of taking oil. ■

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Law

Dogs Ruled OK as Rats

Dogs can be used to sniff out evidence and the evidence can be admitted to court even if no "probable cause" for examining sealed packages was given before drugs are discovered.

A three-judge panel in the Second U.S. Circuit Court of Appeals ruled against the appeals of two men to suppress evidence. The men were arrested by DEA agents in Windsor, Connecticut, after a phone tip from San Diego indicated they acted "suspiciously" in the airport there before flying to Windsor.

Dogs were used to examine the men's luggage when they deplaned.

Sale and Possession Ruled Two Crimes

Persons can be convicted for possession and sale of controlled substances as separate offenses, even if the charges arise from one criminal transaction, according to a recent ruling by the New Jersey Supreme Court.

Defendants in the case were all convicted for selling small amounts of heroin to undercover agents. They were identified as: Arthur Davis, Cleo Jester, Eddie Ruiz and Yvonne Williams.

Scrip Doc Fined in D.C.

The U. S. Attorney's Office in Washington, D. C., has asked the court to fine a druggist the maximum \$25,000 on each of 189 violations of federal drug laws. U. S. Attorney Earl J. Silbert recommended the penalty for Alec Barbacoff, owner of a pharmacy in Washington, who allegedly filled 189 prescriptions for ritalin and preludin without proper authorization.

Silbert claims the new heavy sentences will discourage doctors and druggists from further violations of drug codes.

Pushers to Pay Through Nose

Three defendants in a heroin rap were ordered by a Detroit court to return \$11,650 that police reportedly spent to bust them for six ounces of heroin. Carol Ann McCuin, Arnold Wright and Salvatore Perez returned the money plus \$5,000 bail. The money went back to police, who will use it for further buys. And the defendants will go to jail for from 6½ to 20 years for their parts in the "conspiracy."

New DEA Bust Guidelines

In August, HighWitness News reported that the U.S. Attorney's office in Los Angeles had issued ten standard guidelines to be followed by DEA agents making arrests before their cases would be heard in federal court. That article listed only one of the standards: "agents must make every effort to obtain fingerprints from confiscated and seized materials."

For your attorney's information, here is a list of the other nine requirements:

- In cases where passengers and companions are not charged initially, all such individuals must be identified, photographed, fingerprinted and interviewed before release.

- The case agent must see to it that the vehicle, personal items (clothes, boots, papers, backpacks, wallets, contents, documents, etc.) and all other tangible items be retained. Moreover, every exhibit must be marked, initialed, dated and identified as to who found it and where. The case agent must take whatever steps are necessary for the retention of the vehicle and its contents for trial.

- Marijuana, pills and other drugs must be photographed at the scene, in the compartment (where it is found), next to vehicle, etc.

- If a controlled substance is in a solid, powder or liquid form, the case agent must personally verify the nature and quality of the substance and notify the complaint unit in advance of grand jury presentation.

- A rap sheet for each individual must be provided to the U.S. Attorney's office within two weeks of the date of arrest.

- The case agent must interview, at the scene or as soon as possible thereafter, all Customs officers, Border Patrol agents or inspectors who may have referred the case to the DEA.

- The case agent must secure all reports and documents prepared by a referring agency, such as the Border Patrol, including handwritten notes.

- The case agent must contact and brief the grand jury assistant U.S. attorney and/or the DEA grand jury agent the day of or day following arraignment on the complaint.

- A case report must be presented to the U.S. Attorney's office within ten working days of an arrest.

U.S. Attorney Harry Steward, who issued the guidelines to John Van Diver, regional DEA director in Los Angeles, described the "minimum ten" as "part of our program to improve our presentation of cases." □



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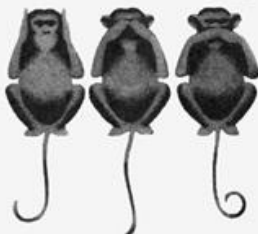
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Health

Shake, Rattle and Roll

Winter weather is no time for stoned outings, says Doctor Ian Henderson of the University of Ottawa's pharmacology department. Henderson claims that smoking dope has "hypothalamic effects" on the body that inhibit shivering during exposure to cold.

Pot Sterility Only Temporary

Doctor Louis Kolodny of St. Louis, who gained some renown working with William Masters (Masters & Johnson), recently concluded studies indicating that heavy, daily marijuana use can cause temporary sterility in men.

What Kolodny did not report, however, was that heavy drinking also causes the same medical effects.

Kolodny said he found no ill effects from casual marijuana smoking, and that he personally favors decriminalization.

Cold Turkish

"Caffeinism . . . can produce pharmacological reactions that cause symptoms essentially indistinguishable from those of anxiety neurosis," according to Dr. John F. Greden of the University of Michigan Medical Center.

Greden reports that three out of three patients he treated were experiencing heart palpitations, severe headaches and other symptoms of anxiety.

He then suggested that they stop drinking so much coffee, after which the "chronically anxious" patients became perfectly normal.

Coffee and tea junkies may develop pronounced withdrawal symptoms if they suddenly quit drinking the stuff, according to a London physician.

Doctor Paul Turner told a scientific conference in Guilford, England, that coffee and tea users who go through a day without caffeine commonly develop headaches, fatigue and stomach pains.

LSD Termed Miracle

A man who volunteered to take LSD in National Institute of Mental Health experiments in 1964 says acid changed his life for the better.

Russell D. Snyder, 52, said, "It gave me an entirely different attitude. Afterwards, I joined the church and my life improved greatly. Prior . . . I never believed in miracles." A number of *High Times* readers have reported similarly positive results.

College Defies Sex-Dope Ban

A federal prosecutor has asked the Justice Department to move against proposed marijuana-sex experiments at Southern Illinois University in Carbondale.

Behavioral scientist Harris Rubin has been given a federal grant to show erotic movies to stoned young men in an effort to discover the existence of aphrodisiacal qualities in grass.

U.S. Attorney Henry Schwarz requested that no immunity to drug or pornography laws be given the experiment's subjects. The University is going ahead with the experiments.

Eat Lead, Motherfucker

Michael Calvert, a guerrilla warfare expert, told Britain's top counterinsurgency regiment that lead poisoning and lack of regular marital sex are at the root of guerrilla activity. Calvert maintains that lead poisoning is behind the "hyperactivity" of guerrilla soldiers.

As for sex, he cited the case of Bernadette Devlin, who he said has been quieter since she had a child and married—and stopped eating paint chips.

Cannabis Helps Coronary Victims

A Chicago researcher reports that marijuana may have its place in the treatment of heart attack victims.

Dr. Charles Kanakis, of the Abraham Lincoln School of Medicine, reports that one of the acute effects of grass is to induce the heart to pump more blood with each beat. That is the identical pattern doctors try to establish in patients recovering from heart attacks.

Kanakis warns that though this may be therapeutic for heart attack victims, it may be an added risk to people suffering from coronary arterial diseases.

Reefer Relations

Pot smoking does not necessarily increase men's sexual drive, although it does seem to increase their enjoyment of sex, according to Wayne Koff of Washington University in St. Louis.

Koff questioned 252 pot-smoking men and women about stoned sex. The women, he says, reported readier sexual arousal but a diminished enjoyment of sex while stoned. □

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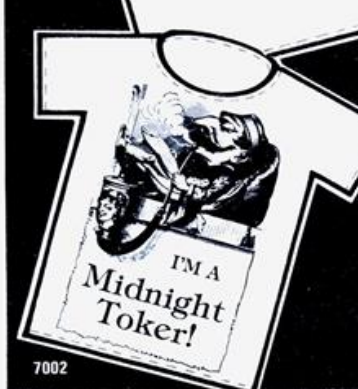
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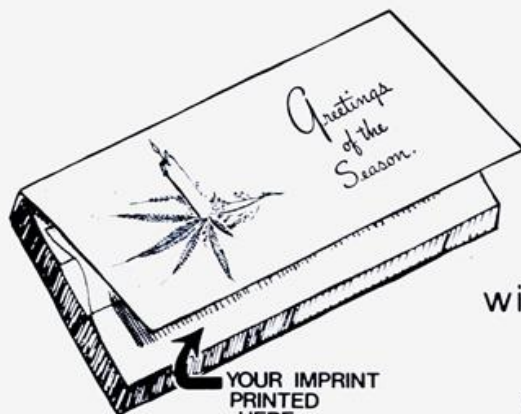
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Letter from Europe

Fifteen hundred dopers marched through the streets of the Hague, the Dutch capital, on November 1, passing hash pipes back and forth, behind a banner reading "We're Stoned." They marched to Parliament Square to present a petition calling for legalization of soft drugs.

Besides passing the pipe, lots were drawn for a raffle—the two first prizes being 50 grams of quality red Lebanese hash. Ten second prizes were 25-gram blocks of hash. The 150 policemen escorting the march looked the other way—they were on hand to protect the demonstrators from a group of parents who announced they would use force to break up the demonstration.

There is strong public opinion in the Netherlands favoring the legalization of marijuana and hashish. Minister of Public Health Irene Vorriink introduced legislation three years ago but had to withdraw the proposal when the coalition cabinet split on the issue.

The Socialist Party, which dominates the present cabinet, is still pressing for a liberalization of the drug laws. Vorriink's son, Koos Zwart, broadcasts a weekly drug market bulletin for the party on Dutch radio. The bulletin gives current prices and warns against the use of hard drugs.

Things weren't going so well for dope users—and especially dope dealers—in Scandinavia during the end of October and beginning of November. On October 17, police raided an exclusive restaurant on the island of Sandhamn, near Stockholm.

The restaurant, a gathering place for Sweden's most elite celebrities, was also the alleged headquarters of an amphetamine ring, bringing in cargoes from Amsterdam and selling to Stockholm's 7,000 users. The restaurant's manager and two of his assistants were arrested, and a quarter of a million dollars worth of speed was seized.

According to one Swedish magazine, there are several Mr. Xs in Stockholm financing the drug trade. The magazine, quoting police sources, says it knows of three: a well-known Stockholm businessman; an unemployed, handicapped man who lives alone in a suburb and seems to have unknown sources of income; and the man behind the Sandhamn operation, a new name in the dope trade, whom police suspect but have no evidence against.

The magazine says a smuggler will generally borrow half a million crowns (\$125,000) from one of these Mr. Xs, then fly down to Amsterdam to make a purchase. The speed is smuggled into Sweden through any of several means. At Sandhamn, boats with faster engines

than police boats arrived at the restaurant's pier loaded with speed. The police also suspect SAS stewardesses of bringing in drugs.

A kilo of amphetamines in Amsterdam costs about \$6,000. A big dealer in Stockholm pays about \$20,000 for the kilo, and it goes for \$50 a gram on the street.

Less than two weeks after the Sandhamn bust, Danish police, working with Swedish and Finnish narcs, busted a group that brought hash from Lebanon and cocaine and heroin from Amsterdam to Denmark, Sweden and Finland. Narcs confiscated 200 kilos of hash.

The leader of the organization—known as the biggest narcotics gang in Scandinavia—was a Finnish policeman who apparently made his first contacts while serving as a member of the United Nations peacekeeping force on Cyprus.

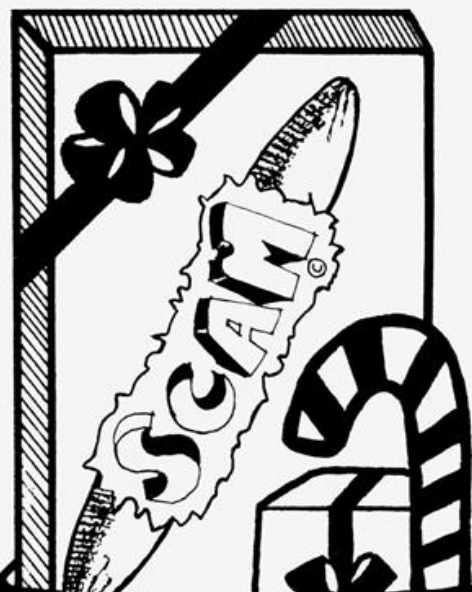
The Swedish and Danish police first moved in on the organization after a tip from the American DEA, which had information on a boat leaving Lebanon bound for Copenhagen. On board the boat police found 1.5 tons of hash. The crew had dumped 3.5 tons before the police managed to board the ship.

A couple of days after the Copenhagen bust, hash was back in the news in Sweden when prison guards at a jail in the northern Swedish city of Luleå discovered hash being smuggled into the prison in a pizza and pastries.

In any other country, none of this would really cause much of a ripple. But Swedes consider all drugs (with the exception of alcohol, tobacco and coffee—all of which they abuse) to be narcotics. The only word in Swedish to describe hash is "narcotic." And the Sandhamn bust was just about the first time Swedes were ever treated to a large-scale drug bust.

Soma mushrooms grow wild in the forests here, but no one has really been into them since the Vikings. The frigid midgets of contemporary Scandinavia are, compared to their vigorous forebears, a chastened breed in every respect. Mired in their joyless pornography, their creeping socialism, the highest national suicide rate in the world and the neurotic cult of Ingmar Bergman, the Swedes still dwell in a gloomed corner of nineteenth-century Lutheranism that insists on the patriotic pursuit of a work-ethic consciousness despite the fact that here, as in England, there is virtually no labor worthy of the name that is not performed by cut-rate Mediterranean migrants. The latter, one suspects, are the visigoths whose Southern hash connections may ultimately drag Sweden kicking and screaming into the twentieth century.

—George Wood



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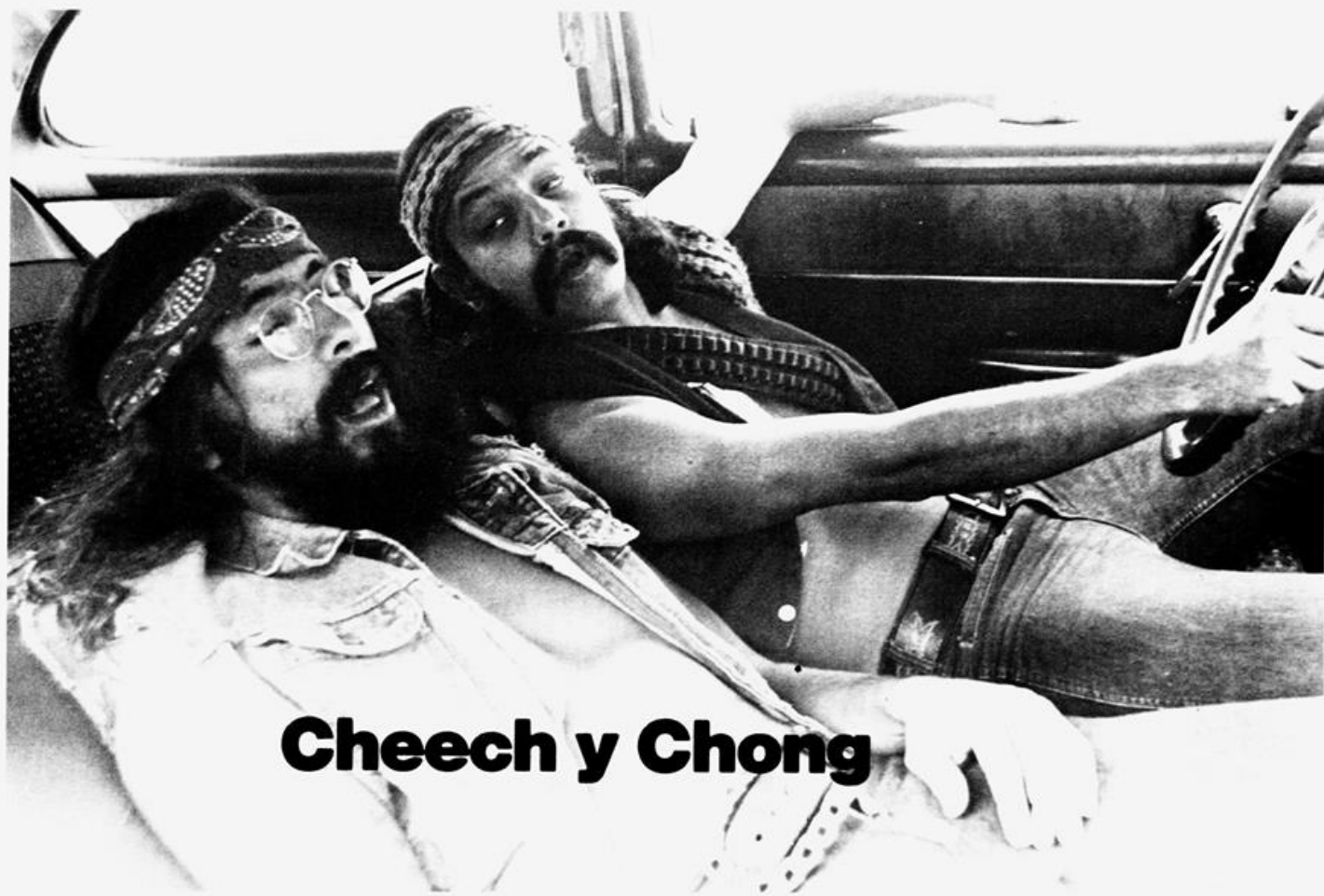
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Cheech y Chong

To almost anyone who has smoked a joint and to a few million who haven't, Richard "Cheech" Marin and Tommy Chong need little introduction. Possessed of an uncanny ability to tickle the funny bone of the dope-smoking Seventies, the two long-haired comics have enjoyed a phenomenal rags-to-riches success since their debut at the Troubadour in Los Angeles in 1971. They have released four gold albums and are a sold-out attraction wherever they perform.

Confirmed dopers both, Cheech and Chong freely admit that their first love is to be high; and so it should

come as no surprise that their humor is as different from most comedians' as a joint of wacky weed is from a whisky sour. They are able to transform the big busts and the bad trips into horselaughs, making their audience a little happier. In addition, they have developed classic characters in Pancho and Man.

Both Cheech and Chong now live in beautiful Malibu, California. *High Times* Editor Ed Dwyer spoke with the pair in Burbank, where their new album was being recorded, and in Studio City, where they work out in a gym.

High Times: How did the two of you get together as a team?

Chong: Well, I was running a topless nightclub theater in Vancouver. It was a burlesque topless joint, but I wasn't really into the club as much as I was into acting on stage.

High Times: Did you admire any particular comedy acts and try to imitate them?

Chong: I copped skits from the Committee, because I was a heavy Committee fan. I used to come down to the States—this was before I was into acting—and get my kicks by going to see them and the Second City. When we began our bur-

lesque improv thing, we called it "City Lights."

High Times: Was Cheech in the original improvisation group?

Chong: No. Halfway through the trip, after I'd put the improv topless thing together, I was looking for somebody and Cheech came along. He told me he could act. Of course, he was lying. He was evading the draft and writing for some underground paper. No one liked Cheech because he looked like a narc. He used to meditate too, and he never got high either.

Cheech: I meditated religiously for about three years. I couldn't get into getting real high most of the time I was in Canada. I

really started getting loaded when we started working down here in L.A.

Chong: We'd all be sitting around the dressing room, passing the hash, and Cheech would say no thank you, very quietly, you know, in his meditative way. But I liked him because he always watched everything everybody did and he was really into the gig. And he got the best reviews. Dig it, he really started at the bottom. When our impromptu group fell apart, no one wanted to do it anymore. But Cheech still wanted to do it and I did too. I really loved acting.

High Times: Is it freakish that you've become as big an act as you are without

“Carlin and those other comedians are just that—professional comedians. We’re professional dopers.”

getting exposure on Johnny Carson’s show or any of the other TV variety shows?

Chong: We’ve sold records. There are a lot of top-name groups that haven’t sold as many as us.

Cheech: We’ve sold more records than the Beatles.

High Times: Sure you have. How much control over the packaging of your act do you have? For example, over album covers and ads.

Chong: We don’t have any. It’s called passing the ball. We don’t even have a manager who we have to pay. We control our own destiny.

High Times: You don’t have a certain amount of records that you have to put out?

Cheech: No. Lou Adler [president of A&M records] owns our label and he also manages us, as a favor. He gets no percentage, so if we don’t work, he doesn’t lose anything. He still sells other records and we can work when and how we want.

High Times: That gives you time to work up material, right?

Cheech: Time to get loaded. We just plan to do nothing.

Chong: The only trouble with California is that sometimes you get too used to laying beside the pool in the sun and then the only changes you go through are on the record player.

High Times: Do you fellas just come up with routines while you’re riding down the street, getting high?

Chong: I’ve found that the only thing that Cheech and I have to do is be together, alone, for a certain amount of time each day, and things just come.

Cheech: For a while I had my best ideas in the shower while shaving. So, one time when it wasn’t going good, I tried shaving a lot and ended up cutting myself a lot.

Chong: We’ve gotten to the point where we are at home in the studio, and that’s very important. We just go in and fuck around until we find it.

High Times: Do you like your work, aside from the money and fame?

Chong: I like being a comedian. I’ve hung around funny guys all my life.

Cheech: I was always funny, but I never figured that I would do this good by it.

Chong: It took us a year of performances before we could believe that we really were comics.

High Times: What’s been getting you high lately?

Chong: Colombian. I’m a Colombian fan.

Cheech: Black Afghani primo.

High Times: Anything else?

Cheech: Things that smell nice.

High Times: Things that smell nice?

Cheech: (laughs) Turns you on too? Give me a couple...

Chong: Pink and soft and warm and cuddly...

Cheech: A little bit slippery (laughter).

High Times: Do you perform high?

Chong: Yeah, and usually the times that we don’t we are our worst. Really.

Cheech: The thing is, if you do a bad show when you’re stoned, you kind of crack up at the fact that you’re really bad. From that moment on you usually can save it, because you come to grips with what is really going down.

High Times: This runs counter to the notion that weed makes you goofy and ruins your act.

Chong: Absolutely. That’s what we say in our act about weed. A lot of people don’t understand that not everybody should get high. If you smoke dope and it makes you paranoid and gives you diarrhea, or whatever, don’t do it.

High Times: Have you ever done any of those radio or TV antidrug spots?

Cheech: No. We’re more or less a walking antidrug message.

High Times: Do you think there is such a thing as a “bad” high?

Cheech: If you want to get picky, yes.

Chong: (laughs) We’re flickers, not pickers.

High Times: I’ve seen people throw you joints when you’re on stage, and you light them up. Is this weed as good as the stuff you’re used to smoking now?

Chong: Sometimes it can be dynamite. But in any case, it’s present weed and we can’t turn down a present.

High Times: What do you dig about being high?

Chong: It’s simple. When you get high smoking weed, you do nice things to your body. You get things to taste good, smell good, sound nice and feel good.

High Times: California is your home base, and I understand that its pot laws changed January 1st. Will that affect your lives or comedy?

Cheech: To be very honest with you, even though the law is changing it’s so after the fact that it’s pathetic, because even when you could get the death penalty for smoking, I used to smoke, and practically the same amount I do now.

High Times: Isn’t it after the fact in your humor?

Chong: Yes, it really is. We went through all the paranoia of getting busted and we did the whole trip in our albums.

High Times: Why the current rash of dope jokes from comedians?

Chong: Because it’s what everybody in the audience is doing, you see. A comic can’t ignore that. The old schtick was based on a booze mentality. You had to be drunk or know a drunk or drink in order to laugh at this humor. All those veteran comedians, including George Carlin—and don’t get me wrong, I’ve laughed at George Carlin for years, his weather report routine is a classic—used to rap about the drunk. Then it was the beatnik, you know, the finger-snapping beatnik—they always showed him with bongo drums, like Maynard Krebbs. But now there is a whole different head. And so Cheech and Chong comes along because we realize that there is pure humor in weed.

High Times: So you are convinced that you couldn’t have made it if it hadn’t been for people getting high and smoking dope?

Cheech: Yes, without the grass head, man, if two guys like us got on a stage in Vancouver and tried to be funny, they’d probably be dragged off by a mob of loggers and lynched.

Chong: I’ve been there when people didn’t smoke marijuana. I grew up in the Fifties. It was terrible. Guys would walk around and punch walls; they just put their fists through walls regardless of what kind of a wall it was. Those were the days of the booze mentality. Then people starting turning on, and when you get turned on you get turned in, too. You start getting into yourself; you don’t want to fight. That’s why a lot of people got divorced and changed their jobs and...

High Times: Started laughing at people like you?

Cheech: Yeah. Cheech and Chong, and giving up everything.

High Times: What is there about what you do on stage, or in a studio, that makes you funny and makes another freak not so funny?

Chong: The difference is that we’ve taken dope humor off the streets and put it into the studio or on stage. That’s all. Obviously, not too many people were willing or inclined to do that.

Cheech: I think that’s where art is: creating a frame of reference for something that hasn’t had one.

High Times: How does the momentum of your last five years strike you?

Cheech: If I can make an analogy, it’s like surfing. The first time we got into the water, we caught this big wave. Most of the time you’d have to wait all day for a big wave.

High Times: Was this wave the new popularity of getting high?

Chong: Exactly. And now that we’ve caught it, we see all these other guys trying to catch it, too, and they’re not making it.

High Times: But a lot of big name comedians are now doing routines about

dope. Where is the difference in your appeal, as opposed to someone like George Carlin, or Robert Klein?

Cheech: Carlin and those other comedians are just that—comedians. They make light of whatever is happening at the time, whatever is in the news. They're professional comedians—we're professional dopers. That makes a big difference with our audience. Because if dope wasn't around, we wouldn't be around. We didn't latch onto something, we talk about something that's always around us and everything we do revolves around it.

Chong: Guys like Jerry Lewis and Dean Martin made their living wearing a tuxedo. We can wear tuxedos if we want to, but we don't want to or need to.

High Times: What do you think qualifies a comedian as a "stoned" comedian?

Chong: I think maybe whatever comic people hear while they are stoned can be for them a stoned comedian. But when we first came on the radio with our shit between the music, all the stoned listeners went "Hey..."

High Times: That's right. I had no idea who you were when I first heard your routines on FM radio around, say 1971. I just knew that you were funny.

Chong: That's the main thing, the unwritten criteria. If you can get by that, then it doesn't matter.

High Times: Aren't you afraid that success has removed you from the kind of contact you need to stay on top?

Chong: No. You can only stay on the street for so long. But you always carry the street mentality with you. Going into other people's homes and getting going into the rich thing and seeing how they live and relate is a whole new world. Eventually it filters out in our act.

High Times: Do you ever get the feeling that you are entertaining just yourselves—that maybe you're not connecting?

Chong: No, really, because our tastes are not unusual at all. We're very, very direct and we like a lot of things. Like musically, we listen to just about everything.

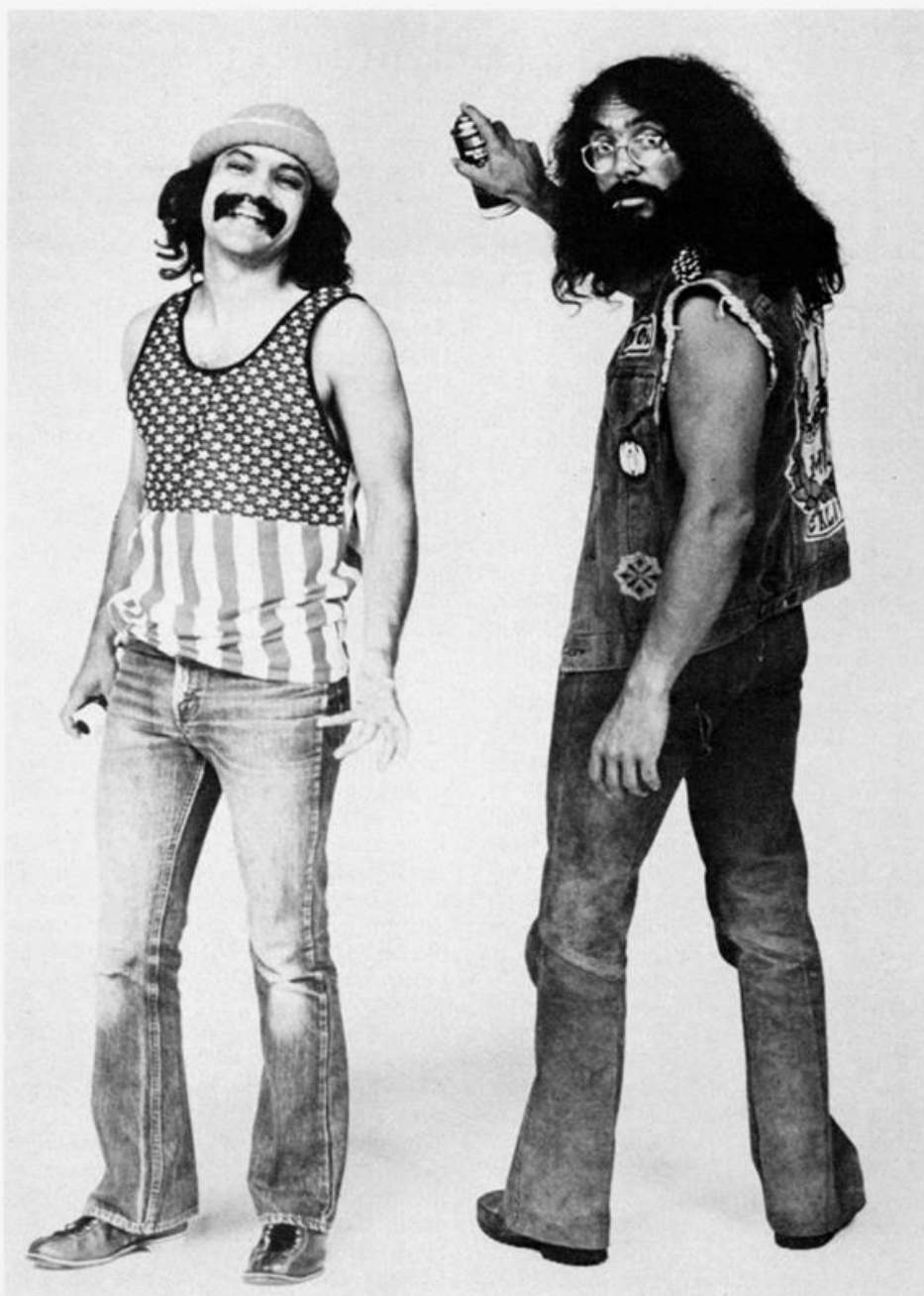
High Times: I suppose that you're considered "up" comedians, whereas some comedians are considered negative.

Chong: Yeah, but that can be appropriate too, though. I admire some of the dudes who do that. I can't do it. When people used to say comedian, that's what I used to relate to. I think Lenny Bruce was one of my favorite funny guys; not for any kind of social meaning he had, but just because he was funny.

High Times: Where do you think your appeal is now, after five years of up-from-success?

Cheech: I imagine it's the same people. I don't know of anyone that got hurt by Cheech and Chong.

Chong: It's hard to imagine who digs us out there, because we've met so many different kinds of people, just like the



"Some of the greatest comedians are in prison."

kinds of people who get high. They say, "I really dig you" for one reason or another.

High Times: What kind of different reasons?

Cheech: Well, we've had some pretty touching ones. One was this girl whose parents were down on her and her old man left her, and she was really down, and she was thinking of offing herself. Someone turned her on to us, and she laughed; we were her therapy until she got over the hump. Now she's cool. This is the absolute truth.

High Times: What did you think of that?

Chong: It's heavy, man, we actually saved her life. You know, blew her mind.

High Times: What is your concept of the hard-core Cheech and Chong fan?

Chong: (laughs) Let me tell you a story. Once we were asked to a party and we went halfway there when the driver, who invited us, says: "Are you ever going to love this party, man, they really dig you. All they do is play their records." We thought "Oh shit" to ourselves. When we got there everybody was draped all over, boozed out, doped out and smoked out. We had no idea whose house it was: who cares, right? They had *Los Cochinos* on full fucking blast, but the party noise was louder than the record. All the record did was make everybody talk louder.

"At first no one liked Cheech because he looked like a narc."

Cheech: It was one of those parties with aluminum foil on the ceiling and a revolving Christmas tree light for color going around.

Chong: So dig what happens. The record ends and over in the corner some guy who sounded just like Man or Redfreak yells "turn it over." Is that hard core, I ask you?

High Times: I read in *Ladies and Gentlemen: Lenny Bruce!!* that Lenny picked up part of his *shtick* from the characters that he palled around with in New York. Like Joe Ancis and Rodney Dangerfield. Have you consciously picked up on characters from real life?

Cheech: Oh sure, we had a guy who did the lights for us when we had the improv company in Vancouver. His name was Strawberry, and he was basically Redfreak and Man.

Chong: Strawberry was totally incompetent. Just like Man. He had big holes in his shoes, and a tattered overcoat, but we got him into lighting. He missed our black-outs all the time, and everybody would come back and start yelling at him. He'd just laugh and say (*in the voice of Man*) "I'm really fucking drunk." Or he'd tell us what we were doing wrong; tell us right up front we were terrible, and he really had some pointers to make, too.

High Times: How does this kind of doper survive?

Chong: He does pretty well on blind faith.

High Times: Whatever happened to Strawberry?

Chong: Strawberry got his act together and turned into a vegetarian artist, with a hippie old lady, real pretty, earth momma type.

Cheech: That's Strawberry. That's Man. He'll survive.

High Times: (*to Chong*) Did you ever deal?

Chong: I dealt on a very funny level, the same as a lot of people. You know, favors for dealers. I would take all the risk, got no money whatsoever. I knew they'd leave me a couple of lids for the favor. So I made out OK, but I never dealt for a living.

High Times: But incidental dealing plays a large part in this whole weedhead culture. Everybody at some point becomes a dealer. That spreads real wide.

Chong: Yeah, but I can't say that all dealers are cool. For some, it's a scam and nothing else.

High Times: But dealing and the dealing/criminal head is something that you target in your routine?

Chong: Yeah, we do. It's their mentality that's important; it's catching how somebody thinks that counts. For example, some of the greatest comedians are in

prison. They're faced with a real-life drama that is happening everyday and the only way they can cope with it is with humor. Sick humor or whatever you call it. They even think of funny ways to kill a guy, you know. (*laughs*) Really. I read in the paper about the dude who was in *Zabriski Point*...

High Times: Mark Frechette?

Chong: I think so. They said he died in a weight-lifting accident. Now dig this... a weight-lifting accident! He was found with 160 pounds across his throat.

High Times: Fell down.

Chong: I've been lifting weights for years, man, and the only way is that some guy dropped that weight there.

High Times: Do you have a following in the prisons?

Chong: Now we do, but I remember once we played a benefit in a minimum security prison; it was about four years ago, and it was really a weird trip. We went in there thinking, "Ah, we're in the joint, these guys will really love us and everything will be cool, you know"—but it wasn't like that at all, man. A lot of these guys had been in for so long they didn't even know what the styles were. One con said to another, "Is that what they look like on the outside?" They were offended by our long hair, but we cracked them up anyway.

High Times: Were your jokes to their liking?

Cheech: It wasn't so much the jokes but what we were.

Chong: In fact, some of our goods come out of prison now. Now that we play the prisons, we come up with prison material.

High Times: Were you ever busted?

Cheech: Once, in Tampa a few years ago for obscenity. It was a jive rap. There was a \$5,000 peace bond posted and if we did anything to upset the tranquility of the hall or whatever, they kept the five grand. They figured our act upset the tranquility of the hall.

Chong: They put handcuffs on us and everything.

High Times: You're probably the most visible dope comedians today. Do you ever get paranoid?

Chong: Not at home, no. Look at it this way. Why would they want to fuck with us? It's not going to do them any good. It's like hunting season: pot heads are out of season now.

High Times: Do you intend for your comedy to change people, or change the system?

Chong: We have no evangelistic trip at all. I mean, if you have only an hour and a half to entertain people, why put them through bummers? We just show people that it's good to do what you do best,

because that's what's going to make you happy. For some reason or other we ended up in comedy. We're not equipped to be revolutionaries any more than they're equipped to be comedians. I don't think we're on anybody's death list, and surprisingly enough, we've gotten away with a whole lot of shit. If the heat had really been on us, we might be long gone.

High Times: When is your new album coming out?

Cheech: We've got to get it out before Christmas. They're still working on it.

High Times: Do you plan a "best of Cheech and Chong" album?

Chong: I guess we could...

High Times: But aren't they usually just money makers—that the only reason people put them out is to stall for time?

Chong: Well, we're not above that (*laughter*)

Cheech: No, because we were just about to do that, you know.

High Times: You're planning a movie?

Cheech: We're in the process of making one. A regular feature-length film with a plot and everything.

High Times: When do you think that will be out?

Cheech: I don't know for sure... Summer?

High Times: Are there any other areas of media you'd like to get into?

Chong: I think a lot of our stuff should be animated. I think it would be great: the dogs, Sister Mary Elephant, Poncho and Man, all of them—they'd be just perfect for animation.

High Times: Didn't someone do an animated "Basketball Jones"?

Chong: Yeah, but it wasn't as professional as it could have been. I'd like to do something even more far out and progressive.

High Times: How do you feel about *High Times'* approach to getting high?

Chong: What blows us away about your magazine is that it's, like us, saying a lot of things that are so-called taboo, but yet are the only relevant things in a lot of people's lives. I imagine *High Times* is going through the same thing as we did when we started. That's why we can relate with you. You're still riding the first flash, and everybody is saying, "yeah, they're all right now, but can they hang on? What happens when this happens or that happens, blah, blah, blah..." We like you because you're a good-time magazine.

High Times: Do you ever suspect that you've ripped off the street or the dope humor for the buck?

Chong: Not at all. We don't apologize for anything. We earned it, we worked hard for it. We started out with nothing and now we've got something. ☐

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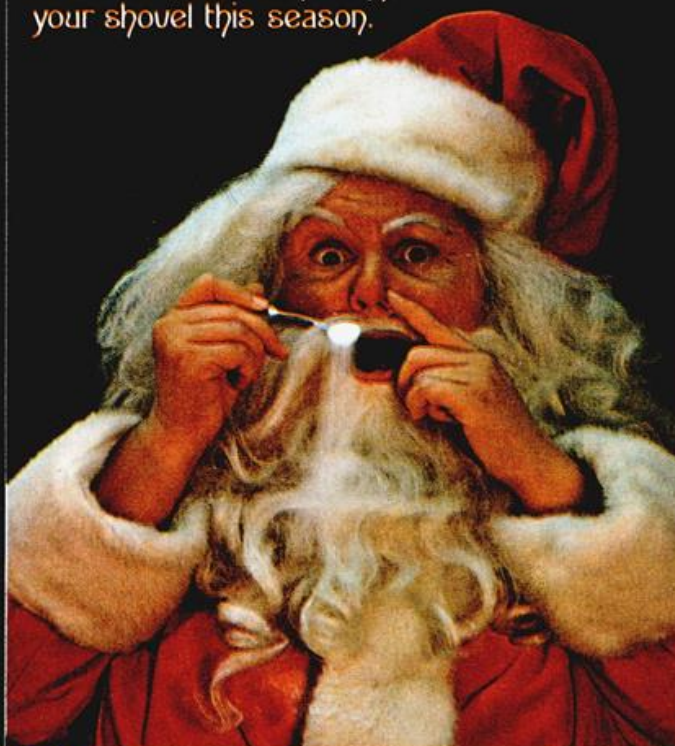


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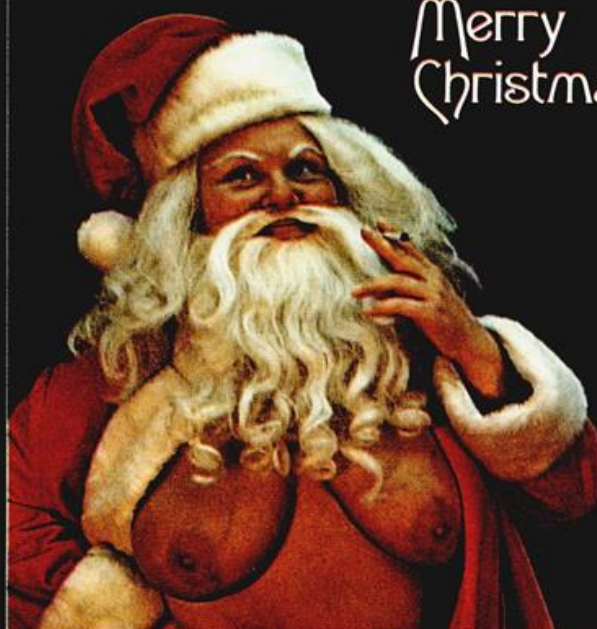
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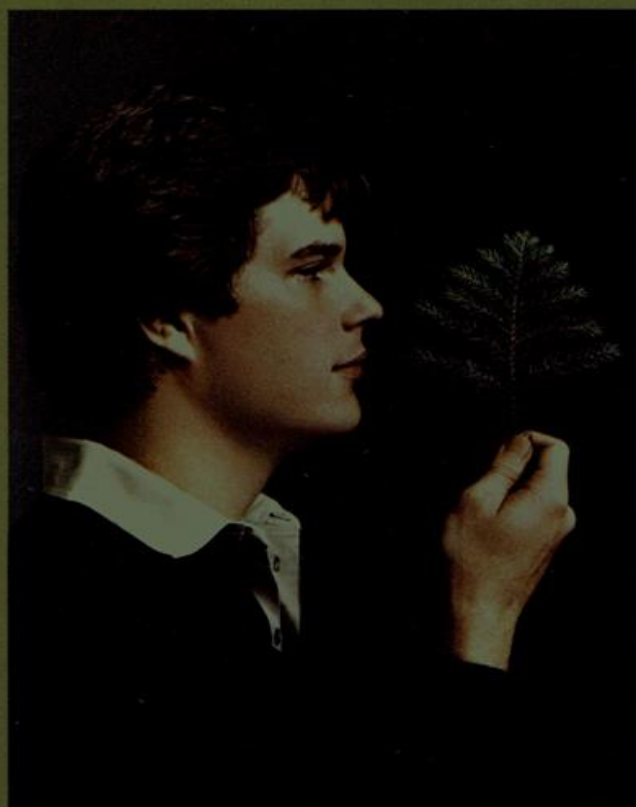
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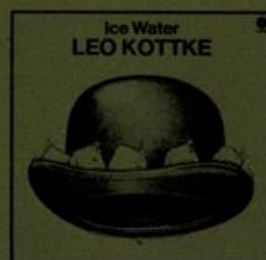
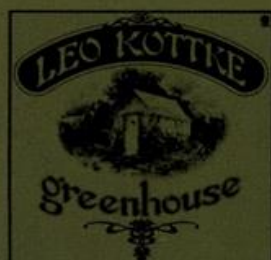
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From Belize to Bolivia flows a growing trickle of gringo tourists in pursuit of the primitive. Almost all are in their mid-twenties, wear long hair and the customary jeans; many have already wintered in Africa or Asia, and they speak Spanish flavored with the mountains of Mexico and Guatemala and seasoned with smuggler's talk. They quickly find use for their foreign experience, for the gringo trail is a rugged road to travel. While lodging, food and transportation come to little more than three dollars a day, creature comforts are sometimes painfully lacking. A host of seemingly inevitable diseases awaits even the most watchful traveler: exotic yeast infections, amoebas, viruses.

The gringo trail extends across South America along the spine of the Andes Mountains. Starting from the city of Cartegena, on the Colombian coast, it runs past Silvia to Otalvo, Ecuador. From there it winds south and upward to Machu Pichu—the lost Incan city—passes through the highest peaks in snowy Bolivia and finally trickles out near the spectacular Iguaza Falls, on the border with Brazil, Paraguay and Argentina.

Many gringos traveling south are trying to leave their carrion culture behind. But to salvage their dwindling stashes, they become traders or dealers. One American I met in Leticia, along the Colombian stretch of the Amazon, had just returned from a hundred-mile journey down river into the jungle. He had visited an aging prophet who preached a Ticuna Indian belief in a flood destined to wipe out all traces of the white race. Returning wiser and chigger bitten, the American carried three giant tortoise shells, for which he had traded a kilo of sugar.

Such trading opportunities depend on widely varying standards of living. An Andean woman may work four days to weave four yards of virgin cloth; if she decides to sell it, it might bring four to ten dollars, a rather large sum in a non-cash-oriented economy. This same cloth might bring an enterprising gringo five times that price from a well-heeled dressmaker—for the workmanship is of museum quality.

Information about travel, lodgings and local customs communicates rapidly through the expatriate grapevine. By chatting with fellow travelers in a broken-down hotel room near the Ecuadorian border, I learned the ferry schedule for crossing Lake Titicaca, met an American woman who had given up the pill for papaya seeds, picked up two remedies for amoebas (*shiatzu*—Japanese finger massages for the intestines—and eating 18 limes a day) and received a map of coca plantations in Bolivia.

Because of their similar habits and desires, gringos get a friendly if amazed reception from the Andean people. Twenty-five years ago, these Indians knew North Americans through Hollywood movies only as gangsters and cowboys; now they regard them as a continent of high-seeking hippies. This belief is reinforced by a common sight: gringo tourists wandering through virgin tropical splendors plugged in to the Grateful Dead on their portable radios or sitting in an ill-lit cave around a tape recorder badly in need of oil and furiously shredding its tapes. But no music is as rewarding as the trip itself.

On The Gringo Trail

By David Jeff Dunaway

Trips

Belize City, British Honduras

Walking down the streets of Belize City, rocking to the reggae music drifting out of the bustling late-night pubs, a gringo is likely to see a young black walk up, lower his shades an inch and ask, "Hey, kid, do you want to buy a pound—or a half?" This former British colony just south of the Mexican border is settled by Caribbean blacks who speak both English and Spanish: quite a relief to gringos homesick for familiar sounds. Living is not cheap, and the food is far from exciting; most is canned or imported. However, inexpensive accommodations are available in guesthouses.

Much of Belize consists of tropical palm-lined cays, desert islands where food—lobster and coconut—is free for the taking and the native population knows good weed when they see it. A word of caution: Belize Customs officials are notoriously unfriendly, and fancy talking is usually necessary to get more than a one-week transit visa.

Carteña, Colombia

Spanish-speaking blacks now inhabit this walled colonial town, where sixteenth-century Spanish *conquistadores* once stored their emeralds. The climate is hot, the beaches are almost tropical and the lifestyle is *muy alegre*, very lively indeed. The courageous traveler can find almost any entertainment in the sailor's quarters of the old town, where there are rows of all-night bars.

Nearby Mt. St. Marta has fields of cultivated coca on its

Beleicianos are a laid-back sort, and fine, lazy times can be had mingling, listening to sailors' tales, shipping out to the islands in the early-morning fishing boats or just lying out on a dock watching the ships unload.



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slopes, as well as some of the largest marijuana plantations in Colombia. Local rumor has it that a man with a long white beard sits by the mountain road and as you reach 7,000 feet, he provides for all needs.

Carteña was a much cooler town before Spring '74, when a gringo left a kilo of cocaine behind when he checked out. The town police have since been forced to take a more active role and are now watching the infamous Hotel Bellavista closely.



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Silvia, Colombia

When the weather in Silvia turns as wet and cold as an English autumn, the gringos wait for the sun in the tiny coffeshop on the plaza. A tall Californian, blond ponytail fraying from rubber bands, taps his boots in time to Colombian rock as he stares stonedly out the open door at the rain. A young woman from Boston, an uncut emerald gleaming on her finger, approaches the proprietor in fair Spanish and then listens intently as the native traces the shape of a mushroom on the counter. "After it stops raining and the sun shines—you have to wait a bit—go down behind the graveyard. There's a field there where they grow in a few hours. Leave the older ones alone. And don't eat too many. You might turn blue." The advice, free for the price of a cup of strong Colombian coffee, has been heeded by many a passing gringo.

Nestled in a remote valley a mile and a half up in the Andes of southwestern Colombia, Silvia is only 18 miles from the Pan-American Highway. Among its natural glories are the Indian trails that wind through the mountains and the rainbows that shimmer in the mist blown down from the higher peaks. A market town for the Guambian Indians, whose ancestors lived under Incan rule 400 years ago, Silvia's only *Norteamericanos* for many years were occasional parties of visiting anthropologists. But as the reputation for its remarkable mushrooms spread, tourism has steadily increased, much to the residents' surprise.

The mushrooms, similar in appearance to common field mushrooms, are so ripe with natural psilocybin that their stems turn bright indigo when broken. There are few cases of mistaken identity. The flush of well-being they create is



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San José, Costa Rica

If you can't make it all the way to Silvia in Colombia, try mushroom hunting in Costa Rica, that unusual Central American country where Americans are allowed to own land. Wherever the Americans live, they bring the Tastee-Freeze and the cheeseburger to go. On the coasts, however, life persists in the uncomplicated Caribbean

style. If you sleuth around—beginning at the roach-infested gringo palace, the Hotel Astorial (but only a dollar a day)—you can get directions to the mushroom fields overlooking San José. Arrive in May, during the rainy season, and you can watch from the top of the hill as the scenic city and yourself are drenched by the daily 4:00 P.M. thunderstorms.

similar to the effects of a fine burgundy, without the drowsiness. An hour after eating four or five of the two-inch mushrooms, the body is gently eased into space, the sky kaleidoscopes and the earth becomes a gentle pillow. The effects last most of a day or night.

Overall, life in Silvia is sweet. But the last year has seen an upswing in police activity in the general area. Nearby Popayan, once the most beautiful stopover on any gringo's journey through Colombia, has become a hotbed of DAS (Colombian CIA) terror. So far, however, the little *hongo* town has been spared the midnight roustings and paid informers of other head centers. Houses still rent for from \$12 to \$25 monthly, and there is an abundance of fresh cheese, raw milk and rich butter—all from the same cow pastures in which the mighty little mushrooms appear.



David Jeff Dunaway

Trips

The Amazon Region

The world's widest river is now accessible by flights to upper-Amazon river stops. Monkeys and unbelievable jungle foliage abound, where they haven't been stolen by traders, and the authenticity of the jungle has to be experienced. Leticia in Colombia, Iquitos in Peru or Manaus in Brazil—all offer the adventure of a dysentery-plagued boat ride (no swimming!) in varying degrees of comfort and expense. Once there, you can bird-watch, look for yagé, make poison arrows or explore the wonder snuffs of the jungle.

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Andahuaylas, Peru

12,000 to 14,000 feet high in the Andes of Peru, along the road to Cuzco, ancient center of the Inca empire, you will find some of the world's most inaccessible valleys and highest towns. Up here, the coca bush grows along the slopes of the mountains, and the *campesinos* are generally habituated to chewing coca leaves. The puritan socialist government would like to discourage coca use, but the Quechua-speaking Indians know it as a cash crop and part of their folkways. You will find coca in any of the mountain towns in tiny grocery stores, sitting on the counters in clearly marked 20-pound sacks. The leaves cost about 13

cents an ounce and can be chewed, eaten or smoked (weak). I rode a hundred miles by bus, sitting behind an Indian who was consuming it in all three ways simultaneously. The army colonel next to him noticed nothing.

It should be mentioned that travel in Peru is extremely trying. Roads are suddenly covered by avalanches, and train lines and bridges are abruptly shattered by earthquakes, causing months of delay. Even when the roads are passable, surface transport is impossibly slow: a half-hour trip by plane can take 48 hours by bus. Mail and phone service outside the main cities is, for all practical purposes, nonexistent.

David Jeff Dunaway

Dick Kranzler



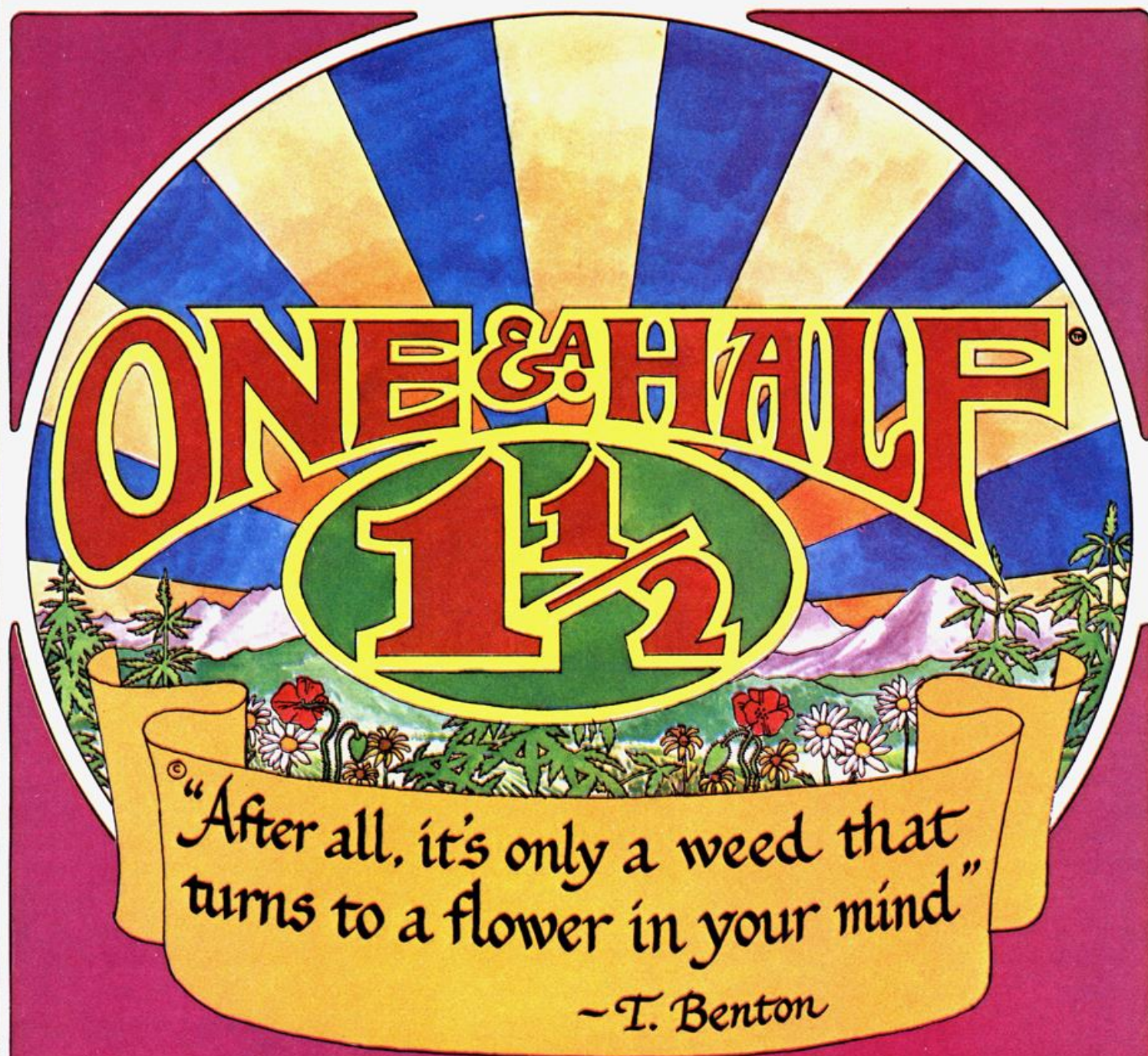


La Paz, Bolivia

Bolivia is one ear-popping national skyscraper. Life at 23,000-plus feet has endowed the Indians with barrel-shaped silhouettes, superhuman lungs in brawny brown bodies. Entirely landlocked, Bolivia does boast the highest inland body of water in the world, Lake Titicaca, where in 1972 cocaine dealers from all corners of the globe assembled for a week-long celebration of the coca harvest. Near the Yungas jungle region, wild coca bushes flourish in the remote mountains of Cochamba. La Paz itself lies some 13,000 feet above sea level on the snowy crests of the Andes and remains crisp and cool all year round.

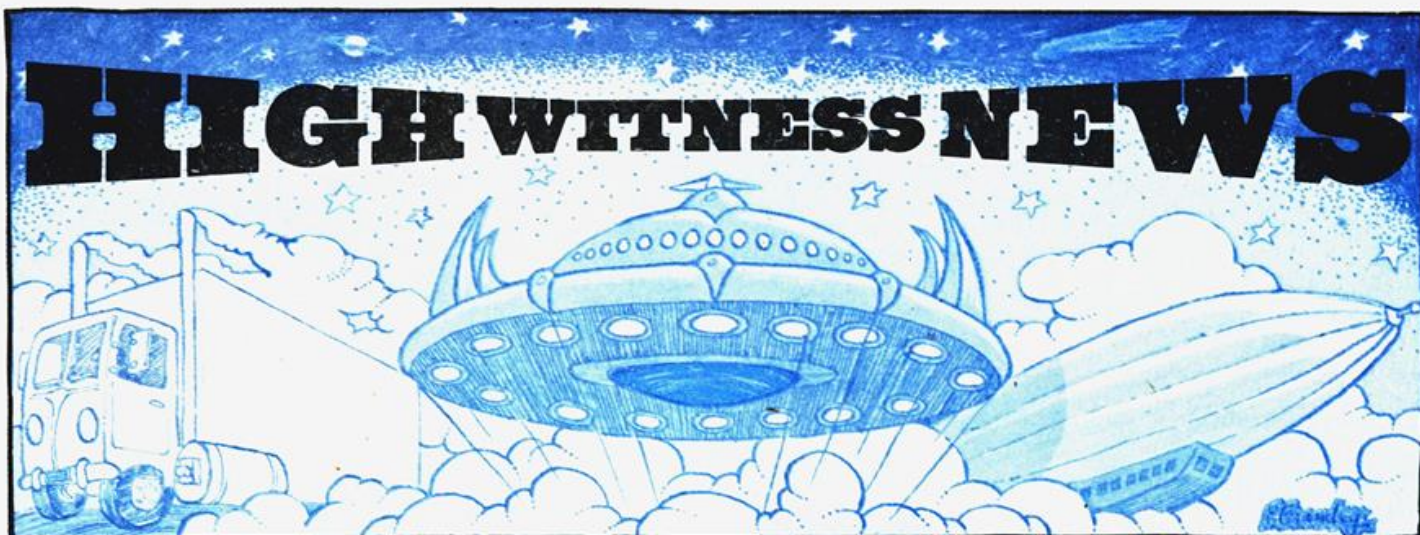
The gringo trail is not for the timid, the inexperienced or the 14-year-old runaway. It is a sudden transition into regions untouched by industrial civilization, into cultures all but incomprehensible to the Northern mind, into pestilential hostels, prisons and jungles. But the trail is marked by strange and wild beauties; it teaches gringos silence, exile and cunning. □

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Dec. '75/Jan. '76

Number 7



St. Petersburg Times

Harry "The Rock" Hoffman and Marvin Flowers being escorted to Pinellas County Jail.

Marijuana Mogul Nabbed

Harry "the Rock" Hoffman, self-proclaimed marijuana mogul, is free in Florida awaiting trial after more than a year of fugitive exile from the United States. Hoffman, 29, fled to the Bahamas last year when a statewide grand jury in Florida indicted him among 15 people accused of conspiring to import 50 tons of Colombian into the Carolinas and Florida.

"The Rock," as he is known in some circles, flew to the Bahamas, where he purchased a huge mansion overlooking the Caribbean from golf pro Jack Nicklaus. When the Bahamian government, which has no formal extradition procedure, declared him an undesirable in August, Hoffman moved to Costa Rica, Panama and then to Mexico. The house and its contents are currently being sold off

for taxes due the Bahamas.

Hoffman was arrested with Marvin Flowers, 31, in October, when the two men were stopped crossing the Rio Grande near Brownsville, Texas. Flowers came to national attention last year when he was found slumped over in the front seat of his car on a Florida highway, with \$350,000 in cash in a suitcase. Flowers was also named in the Florida indictments. The two men were taken to Pinellas County Jail in Florida, and Flowers was subsequently extradited to Michigan, where he faces dope-related charges.

Flowers is an alleged wheel in the Michigan connection, a group identified by the state's star witness Earl Follett (also under Florida indictment) as being responsible for much of the dope available

in the Midwest. Follett's testimony, however, has been inconsistent in the Michigan case, and he claims from time to time not to be able to remember key facts due to being drunk—mostly on alcohol bought for him by narcotics agents. Defense attorneys for Hoffman believe this weak testimony by Follett in Flowers' case will significantly affect the Florida cases, where Follett is again the prosecution's star witness.

Hoffman, who weighs 276 pounds and claims to be "bigger than Vesco," is out of jail on a \$600,000 surety bond. That amount was raised from \$150,000 when "The Rock's" attorney, F. Lee Bailey, flew to Florida to request a bail reduction.

The trial date has been set for November 24.

The Mississippi Connection

The University of Mississippi will become the legal worldwide supplier of standard grade marijuana, it was announced in August.

Dr. Carlton Turner, director of the university's marijuana project, said they will supply uniformly cultivated research samples of the weed for research centers sanctioned by the National Institute on Drug Abuse and the United Nations.

"Ideally, this will stop the ambiguities and differences existing in findings being released from different places and hopefully will straighten out the mess marijuana research is in today," Turner said.

"This is the first time marijuana samples for different projects around the world will come from a known geographical region, be processed by known procedures and distributed by a world body," he said.

"You will no longer see London researchers getting their marijuana from Afghanistan or Americans using Mexican material."

The project has received more than \$1 million since 1968.

—P. J. Sampson

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High Crimes

• Chatham County, Georgia, Drug Enforcement Unit agents arrested 16 persons and claim they seized 1,500 pounds of marijuana, \$97,547, and more than a pound of cocaine near Savannah. Those arrested were charged with conspiracy to distribute drugs.

Lewis A. Azar, 37, of Miami, Florida was additionally charged with possession of cocaine. Azar's girlfriend, Fonda Frell, 20, also of Miami, was charged with conspiracy to distribute narcotics.

• U.S. Customs agents seized nearly 3,000 pounds of Pakistani hashish from an American tanker, *Overseas Arctic*, near Lake Charles, Louisiana. No one was arrested because the hash was discovered in a common unit used by all the crew.

• Vero Beach, Florida, police arrested nine men and reported

seizing 1½ tons of marijuana, a yacht, two rented cars and a rented truck.

The nine were identified as: Charles Gallagher, 34, Donald W. Elrick, 29, Henry Villar, 47, Alfred Quartermaine, 62, and his son Alfred, 32, and Paul William Bower, 30, all of Miami; Leonard Jolly, 50, of Sanford, Florida; Frank Lee Owens, 37, of Tavernier, Florida, and Danny Lee Wright, 42, of De Funiak Springs, Florida.

• San Luis Obispo, California, police arrested seven men, including one Canadian, when, police say, their plane landed in a remote plains area with 1,400 pounds of marijuana aboard.

The men were identified as Scott Wilson, 25, of Arcadia, California; George Camara, 23, and Elwood Costos, 25, both of El

Cajon, California; Ronald Broerman, 24, and Rudy Farmer, 25, both of Lakeside, California; William Morris, 50, of Oxnard, California, and Anthony Foster, 43, of London, Ontario.

• Police reportedly intercepted a stolen pickup truck near El Paso, Texas, and confiscated 1,700 pounds of marijuana they claim to have found in the truck's bed.

Arrested on charges of auto theft and possession of grass were Robert E. Raleigh, 26, of Houston, and Katherine Skeele, 19.

• San Juan, Puerto Rico, undercover agents have confiscated 8,000 pounds of Colombian marijuana. Two unidentified men were arrested in the September raid.

Hector Lugo, head of the San Juan police narcotics unit, indicated the grass was intercepted en route to major mainland cities from Colombia.

• Wilmington, Delaware, police and Customs officers seized between 800 and 900 pounds of hashish aboard the freighter *Pigoanza*. No one was arrested.

• DEA agents with a Police Task Force unit were responsible for the arrests of eight people and the reported seizure of 500 pounds of marijuana in El Paso, Texas.

Charged with possession and intent to deliver the weed were: Don Larson, 22; Francisco Ramos, 21; Jose A. Coronado, 20; Guadalupe Rios Bobledo, 24; Rogelio Ordaz, 23; Warren C. Hagen, 28; John D. Paynter, 21, and Encel Hardwood, all of El Paso.

• U.S. border patrolmen arrested two men and report seizing 1,500 pounds of marijuana near Lordsburg, New Mexico. The suspects

were identified as Tommy Roy Fine, 25, of Houston, Texas, and Gregory Frank Sparrow, 24, of Los Angeles, California.

The arrests came when electronic sensors along the border warned agents that "someone" was in the neighborhood.

• DEA agents arrested three British nationals and an American in Stonington, Connecticut, when the four were reportedly offloading over a ton of hashish from a launch to a truck.

Charged with possession with intent to sell were: Herman Fine, the American; Maria Ann Przybyl, 23, Robert Henry Pervor, 33, and Pamela Goodchild, 29, from Great Britain.

• Two men were arrested on a remote road near Lake Tahoe, Nevada, when they allegedly attempted to switch a suitcase full of 150 pounds of hash from one car to another. The sheriff's department identified the two men as Edwin Michael Richmond, 27, of San Rafael, and Larry William Bourriague, 33, of Homewood.

• Bridgeport, Connecticut police arrested three men and claim to have confiscated 64 pounds of grass. They say they also found over \$100,000 in an insulated picnic jug.

Charged with possession of marijuana with intent to sell were: Bruce Crowder, 24, Frederick Baldwin, 24, and Bert Angones, 26, all of Fort Lauderdale, Florida.

• Eight persons were found guilty in Brooklyn Federal Court of conspiring to import, distribute and sell cocaine and heroin. Barbara Hinton, 31, of Brooklyn, New York, James W. Carter of Baltimore, Maryland, and John Darby of Philadelphia, were also convicted of using the phones to further a conspiracy (a Bell offense), which carries a sentence of up to four years in prison.

• Two men were arrested and a PCP laboratory seized by DEA agents in Washington, D.C. The men were identified as Dwight Tolliver, 31, of Salem, West Virginia, and Michael S. Steiner, 29, of Silver Springs, Maryland.

The lab, capable of producing 600 pounds of PCP every 24 hours, was described as the largest ever found in the United States. Agents also seized 5,000 pounds of chemicals used to manufacture PCP.

• Toronto, Canada police raided a barn used as a methamphetamine factory and arrested 15 persons. Four men were arrested at the farmhouse near Barry's Bay, and eleven were picked up elsewhere. Also seized were 100 pounds of

Nixon Named in Dope Divorce



Patricia Richardson Martinson

William Spector, an upstate New York ex-Cadillac dealer, testified before the State Senate Crime Committee that a \$2 million cash contribution to former President Nixon had come from French multimillionaire Paul Louis Weiller.

The testimony came in the wake of allegations by Spector that his ex-wife, former model Patricia Martinson, had participated in international drug trafficking operations. Weiller and Martinson are friends.

In answer to charges leveled against her, Mrs. Martinson said, "Bill Spector is trying to ruin my life. . . . I've never taken drugs of any kind. I don't even take aspirin."



Wide World Photos

An abandoned twin-engine Convair was confiscated in August at the Keystone Heights Airport, Florida, when police allegedly discovered 4,300 pounds of marijuana and 20 pounds of hashish aboard.

speed, four shotguns, ammunition, and gasoline reportedly stored to burn the barn in case of a raid. All fifteen persons were charged with conspiracy to traffic in a controlled substance.

- Maryland State Police arrested two persons near Denton, Maryland, and allegedly seized 190 pounds of marijuana. The suspects were identified as Juliette Perry, 27, and John Conklin, 34, both of Denton.

- Dale R. San Jose, 18, of Kailua was arrested and charged with distributing marijuana near Kona, Hawaii. San Jose allegedly sold the grass to three sailors from the Navy ship *Rathburne* who were found with him in his vehicle.

- Steven Hanson, 24, and Melvin Kugel, 28, both of Keauhou, Hawaii, were arrested for possession of marijuana in separate incidents.

- Police arrested an unidentified man and seized 555 pounds of Kona weed, at a Honaunau residence in Hawaii. The bust required three Jeep Wagons, a helicopter and 15 ground troops armed with automatic weapons to take away the grass.

- Three Mexicans and an El Paso man were arrested and 324 pounds of marijuana reported seized by El Paso DEA agents. One agent was allegedly injured when he was dragged 40 feet trying to stop the men's vehicle.

Charged with conspiracy to possess marijuana were: Victor Manuel Maldonado, 23; Jose Paez Macias, 21; and Sergio del Pino, 22, all of Juarez, Mexico; and Hector Manuel Valles, 22, of El Paso, Texas.

- A flatbed truck crashed on the San Bernardino Freeway in Los Angeles, revealing a secret compartment filled with marijuana.

Police charged Douglas Dalton, 27, of El Paso, Texas, with possession with intent to sell 360 pounds of marijuana.

- Customs Inspectors at the Paso Del Norte Bridge from Juarez, Mexico, to El Paso, Texas, arrested two 18-year-olds. The men were charged with attempting to smuggle 184 pounds of marijuana.

They were identified as Miguel Angel Salazar, and Arturo Carmona Rodriguez, both of Juarez.

- Edward Perry of La Jolla, California, was sentenced in San Diego U.S. District Court for conspiracy to smuggle 81 pounds of heroin into this country. Perry was arrested in Puerto Rico last April when he attempted to obtain a death certificate in his name.

He could serve up to 12 years in federal prison.

- Alexander Trocchi, the English novelist and translator, successfully appealed a six-month prison term for supplying heroin to two heroin addicts. Trocchi,

himself a registered heroin addict, was fined \$220 in lieu of the jail sentence.

- Customs officials arrested two Californians and charged them with trying to smuggle 13.6 pounds of heroin into Miami International Airport.

Barbara Ann Gaston, 25, and Charles Kyle Gray, 24, both from Los Angeles, California, were arrested leaving the airport with a suitcase reportedly containing the heroin.

- The Key West, Florida, fire chief and city attorney were among 18 people arrested on charges of conspiracy and delivery of cocaine. Chief Joseph Anthony Farto, 56, and attorney Manuel Winston James were charged as the Florida Department of Criminal Law Enforcement's "Operation Conch" came to a close.

- DEA agents recently arrested three men and allegedly seized \$150,000, 10 kilos of heroin and three cars at Point Lookout, Long Island. The men were identified as Charles A. DiPalermo, 50, of Greenwood Lake, N.Y.; Joseph A. Salvato, 29, of Brooklyn, N.Y.; and Robert LeBoy, of Paris, France.

- Three Juarez, Mexico, men allegedly carrying 223 pounds of marijuana were arrested in El Paso. They were identified as Jacobo Hugo Parra Juarez, 19,

Salvador Villa Garay, 22; and Edgar Sanchez Herrera, 19.

- U.S. Customs officers reportedly seized 1,350 pounds of Mexican grass at Garceno, Texas, and arrested two men who were allegedly floating the contraband across the Rio Grande in a boat.

The suspects were identified by Customs authorities as Mariano Garza, 48, of Los Morenos, Texas, and Enrique Munoz, 40, of Rio Grande City, Texas.

- Customs officials arrested one man and reportedly seized 3,065 pounds of dope from a flat-bed truck at Escobares, Texas. The suspect was identified as Thomas Lopez Almendarez, 51, of Carrollton, Texas. He was turned over to Drug Enforcement Administration officers after his arrest.

- Four southern California men were arrested in Oceanside, California, after a light plane returning from Mexico was reportedly found carrying 706 pounds of marijuana and 75,000 amphetamine tablets. Robert Reynolds, 33, of Oceanside, and Harvey Caron, 21, of Long Beach, were arrested at Oceanside city airport by Customs agents and local police, who met the plane. After a brief chase, police captured Ronald Edwards, 29, and John Moore, 28, both of Long Beach. All were charged with conspiracy to smuggle dope and possession of amphetamines.



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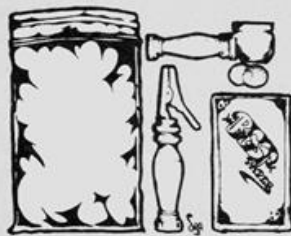
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HIGHWIT British Barbs

British physicians have clashed
with drug and law enforcement
agencies over the uncontrolled
dispensing of legal barbiturates.
The government asked that doc-
tors give up voluntarily their right
to prescribe barbiturates, which

the government claims contrib-
uted to more than 2,000 deaths
last year.

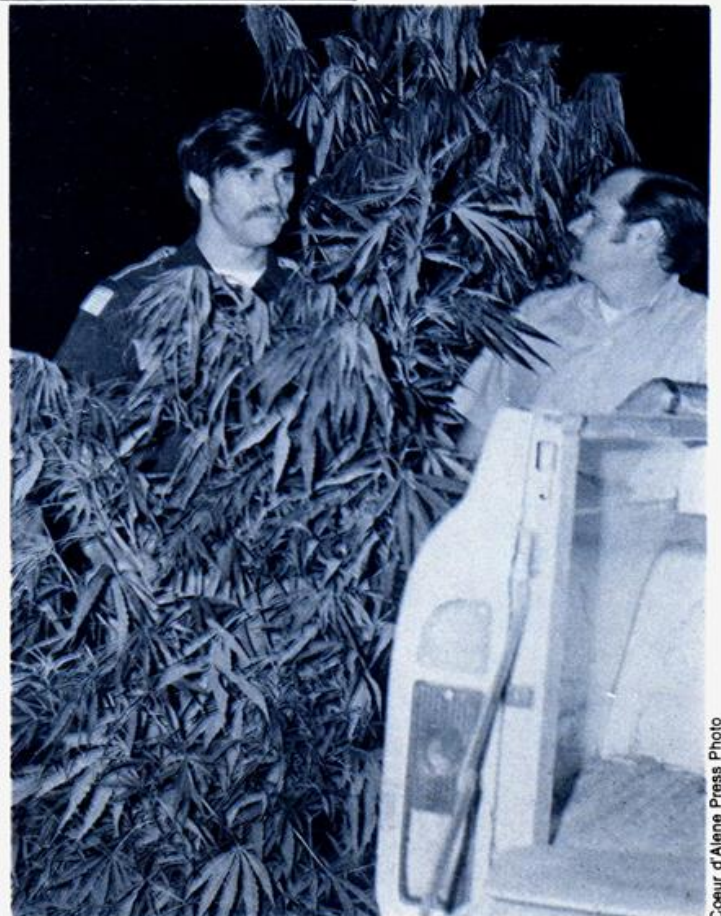
A two-year program called
CURB (Campaign on Use and
Restriction of Barbiturates) has
been set up to persuade doctors of
the need for controls. In one
London hospital, 41 out of 59
cases of OD deaths reportedly
involved barbs. Eight million bot-
tles of the drugs were prescribed
by Britain's doctors last year.

The British Medical Association
claims that a ban on prescribing
barbs would be an infringement of
clinical freedom. It adds that bar-
biturates remain the best single
drug treatment for epilepsy suf-
ferers.

One CURB study found that
young people were turning to
barbs because of soaring cannabis
prices. The street price of grass has
doubled in the last two years to
about £25 (\$50) an ounce, and
good hash now costs about £30
(\$60) an ounce—three times the
price in 1970. —Martin Walker

French Connection Claims "Kidnap"

In a widely publicized capture,
Dominic Orsini was arrested in
New York and arraigned in
Brooklyn Federal Court on drug-
smuggling charges. Orsini, alleged
to have worked with the "French
Connection," claimed he was kid-
napped in Senegal and brought
back to the U.S. against his will.



Kootenai County, Idaho, law officers check out height of eight-foot-four-
inch marijuana plant confiscated in the Coeur d'Alene River Valley.

Coeur d'Alene Press Photo



Theodore Scoufis of the Drug Enforcement Administration is shown here with part of a half-ton of marijuana seized in Salem, Wisconsin. Agents arrested five Wisconsin men and a Florida man in the bust.

Border Dope Cases Go Unprosecuted

The number of unprosecuted drug offenses is angering some Customs officials and DEA agents, who patrol the nation's borders.

The El Paso, Texas, Customs office, for example, makes an average of 65 cases a month, while only about 60 are prosecuted in a year.

DEA special agent in charge, George Pride, has said that his

office will not accept narcotics arrests at the border for small amounts of marijuana. Numerous signs posted on the approach to the border warn would-be traffickers that they could end up in jail for 5 years if convicted of smuggling, and have set up "amnesty" containers at the bridges so pot smokers can come across clean.

Killer Plants in Hassle

A French chemist claims that plant warfare is taking place around the world, and that plant strategy is strikingly similar to that employed by humans in conflict situations.

Doctor J. M. Pelt, the director of the European Institute of Ecology, told an international pharmaceutical meeting in Paris that aggressive varieties of plants, such as garlic, emit poisonous substances to de-

stroy other plants, such as endive.

To counter a garlic invasion, Pelt maintains, the common daisy can emit a chemical which keeps endive alive and immune to the garlic poison, thus driving off the garlic invader.

Pelt says we have much to learn from plants about the nature of conflict and warfare in human society.



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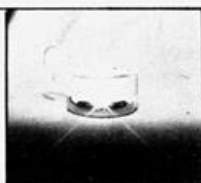
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HIGHWIT High Rollers

• Black Panther Party leader Elaine Brown was arrested and released by San Quentin officials who claim they found a vial of cocaine in her purse during a routine visitation search.

Brown's attorney claims the charge is just "another attempt to frame Elaine."

• Robin, of the Batman-Robin New York City police team that inspired the book *Super Cops*, was

• Theodore T. Jones, director of the Equal Education Opportunities Office in Newport, Rhode Island, was arrested on charges of possession and distribution of heroin and marijuana.

Jones had served on the city school committee in 1970 after serving a prison term for drug selling. He was formerly chairman of the Newport Advisory Council on Alcohol and Drugs.



Robert "Robin" Hantz



David "Batman" Greenburg

arrested in Freeport, the Bahamas.

Robert Hantz, alias Robin, was detained by Customs inspectors who found four joints in a Q-Tip box in his suitcase.

Says David ("Batman") Greenburg, his former partner: "Robin was framed."

• A former member of the defunct New York City Special Investigation Unit (SIU) was sentenced to ten years in federal prison by Manhattan federal Judge Inzer B. Wyatt.

Peter Daily, convicted of selling ten pounds of heroin, was one of two dozen members of the SIU accused of various forms of police corruption.

• Jo Ann Toney, a former executive director of the Atlanta NAACP, was convicted in federal district court there, on charges of cocaine possession with intent to distribute.

Thornton O. Hudgon and James Harvey, also of Atlanta, were convicted of possessing coke in the same case.

• Singer Flora Purim, who performed the first live musical concert broadcast from Terminal Island Prison earlier this year, is hoping to be notified of an early parole.

Purim is serving three years in the Los Angeles, California, facility on cocaine charges.

• The head of a Florida police academy told reporters he has smoked grass for two and a half years and likes it.

Robert Phillips, coordinator of the Sante Fe Community College's Police Academy, said, "I've never known a policeman destroyed by marijuana, but I've seen a hell of a lot of them destroyed by alcohol."

Phillips has been warned his stand may cost him his job.



Will Geer

• Will Geer, otherwise known and remembered as Grandpa Walton on the television series "The Waltons," admits that he likes putting marijuana in his strawberry tea.



Shelby Jordan

• A Florida attorney charged with acting as legal consultant for a band of smugglers was acquitted by a federal court jury in Florida.

Robert C. Stone was arrested last March with 11 others when a plane allegedly carrying five and a half tons of grass was seized in Dunnellon, Florida.

Cases against the others are pending.

• Clifford H. Davis, 49, was charged with unlawful possession with intent to deliver controlled substances in Omaha, Nebraska. The co-ordinator of the Urban League of Nebraska prison rehabilitation projects was arrested following a raid on his apartment during which dope was allegedly found.

• A Boston Patriots' offensive lineman was arrested with three other men on charges of selling cocaine. Shelby Jordan, 23, was arrested by DEA agents in August during a preseason team practice in Amherst, Massachusetts.

• Duane Erickson, 44, a former New Hampshire state representative, was arraigned on charges of growing marijuana.

Police reported that Erickson was turned in (not on)—by his teen-age daughter.

• Detective-Sergeant Don Wallace of the Lincoln park, Illinois, Police

Department was suspended from the force for allegedly attempting to remove 60 pounds of marijuana from the police station.

Wallace claims that his actions were prompted when the defendant in the case was fined a mere \$200. Wallace said he intended to destroy the weed on his own rather than leave it locked up in the station.

• Captain Joseph Tuttolomondo, 44, head of the Erie County Sheriff's Narcotics Bureau, has been accused in Buffalo, New York, of taking a \$750 bribe in connection with a marijuana case.

Tuttolomondo allegedly took the small bribe to influence the case of two brothers arrested by the Sheriff's department last May.

• A Jacksonville, Florida policeman has been convicted of selling marijuana to a friend and fellow officer.

Patrolman Donald P. Green, 33, was found guilty of possessing and selling 19 grams of grass for \$20.

• Five members of Doctor Hook and the Medicine Show have been arrested in Atlanta, Georgia, on charges of possessing marijuana. Band members claim the vice squad officers who entered their dressing room and allegedly found an ounce of grass did not show them a search warrant.

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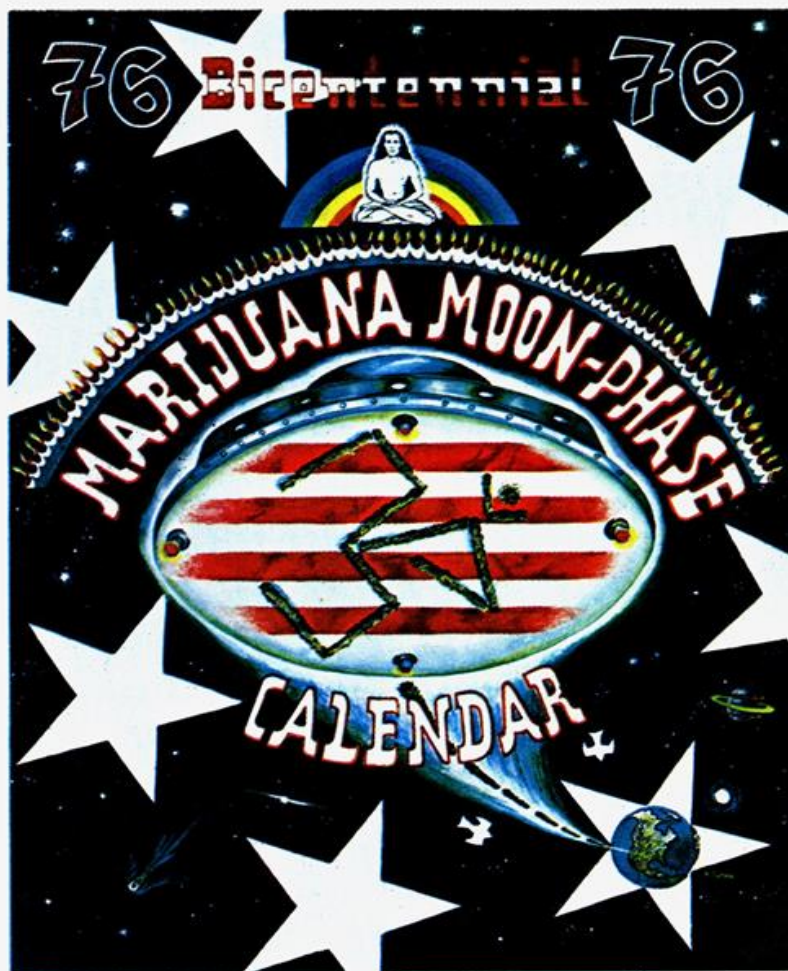


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A Christmas Kilo

It was a white Christmas Eve in Orangeseed, Florida, where nobody owned a sled. Quite a few owned airplanes, however, and the snow had been falling for an unbelievable three days. Above the drooped shoulders of the local dealers, the palm trees bent white with their unnatural burden. No dancing to "The Jingle Bell Rock" this year. There was no smoke in Orangeseed. But one man smiled, just a little smile, on this horribly cool yule. Ben Scourge had not spent his summer at the Crippled Pelican Cafe doing the hustle, nor did he laze with a *High Times* in his lap during Thanksgiving vacation; he hadn't even



splurged a little of his profits on some of the excellent Thai weed everyone in Orangeseed had been crazy to smoke. All these things weren't so bad, really. It was his awful stinginess that made him the least liked dealer in Orangeseed. It was common knowledge that Ben Scourge never turned anyone on.

Sitting around their kitchen tables, or at the Crippled Pelican, all the dealers recalled how high they'd been after their last shipments. Back then, everyone had partied hard; no one expected Mother Nature to catch them short. It was time to get to work on some new shipments. In three days a lot of acts got cleaned up. As well as a lot of engines.



Nobody considered asking Ben Scourge for as much as a toke while they waited for the snow to stop. Instead, they all prepared to make that quick run south to get something for their heads. So the blinking lights were strung high on the pine trees and the parties begun. But spirits were all rather low. As the snow began to cover the fallen coconuts, Christmas began in Orangeseed.

Ben Scourge sat in front of his scale and rolled a fat number full of some of his Christmas present to himself. He then eyed the 400 pounds of fine Colombian wacky weed. Even at this minute his turbocharged Aero Commander was cooling down. Scourge congratulated himself (no one else would); his good fortune was a complete secret, and within 24 hours he would off the load to some carpetbagging Yankee. A fat tropical December moon shone through his window and over the plate of half-eaten take-out tacos. He had no one to smoke his wacky with: no girlfriend, no dog, no partner. Ben Scourge cared little for friends or holiday socializing.

As he drifted off into a pleasant somnolence, he thought he heard the light snow drifting against the palm trees.

Rrrrinnngg! "Wha . . .," he answered, groping for the push button of the dial-a-matic phone that was his pride. "What time is it?"

"It's last year, Ben Scourge. Remember Morty, your former dealing partner? The one you fucked over on that half-ton deal

in Santa Marta? I've got some bad news for you, Scourge. You're not going to sleep well tonight. It's too bad I can't be there to hassle you in the flesh. Not too many people care to think of you, let alone talk to you. We're all with you in spirit, though. Merry Christmas, Ben."

The sharp click was followed by a shrill dial tone. Ben felt a chill in his heart like he had never felt before.

Rrrrinnngg! "Ben Scourge, it's Cricket, your buddy. You should have figured that I'd hear about your latest private deal. You can't last forever, Ben. Your customers have been getting wise to your deceit. Clean up your act or there isn't going to be one. Merry Christmas, Ben."

Another abrupt click, and the dial-a-matic's tone again filled Scourge's silent, empty room. It was hard, but Ben began to think. He clutched the phone. He had to call New York and hasten the gig.

Rrrrinnngg! "Ben Scourge?" He was afraid to admit his own name. He said nothing.

"This is Lieutenant Fotoro, of the Orangeseed Narcotics Squad. We're watching you, pal, and we know you've got the only stash in town. We think it'd be uncharitable to bust even you on Christmas Eve. Maybe we'll stop by tomorrow. It's been nice knowing you, Scourge. It'll be a pleasure seeing you in the slammer. Merry Christmas, Ben."

"Jesus," croaked Ben Scourge to no one. "What have I done to deserve this night?" He quickly reviewed his last 12 months.

There was little consolation. He realized he'd been a thorough creep.

Suddenly, Ben was roused by the sound of tinkling bells on his roof, and across the smoke-clouded room he was certain he saw a fat figure in red.

"Ho, ho, ho, Ben Scourge. I've come to ask a favor of you," the man with a long white beard announced. "The DEA and Customs have been blasted successful this year, and my Colombian elf was popped. I'm so low I haven't even an ounce left. And here I'd planned to have 400 pounds to make this holiday the best ever here in Orangeseed.

"In short, I need your weed. It will be worth it, Ben, believe me. Right now, everyone in town knows you're a shit. Think about it."

Ben thought. And lo and behold, the next morning, under everyone's Christmas tree was a note from Santa and a specially wrapped kilo of the finest wacky weed south of the snowline. All Christmas Day, Ben Scourge's phone rang with calls from his customers; even a few strangers called. They wished him good health, a long life, a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

"We don't know what happened to you, Ben," said one caller, "but you've made Christmas in Orangeseed the highest in the world." ■





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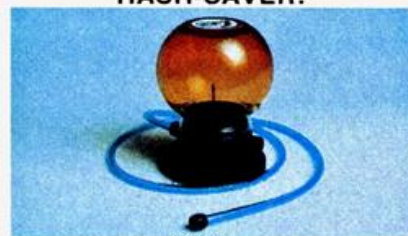
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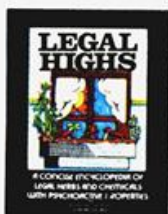
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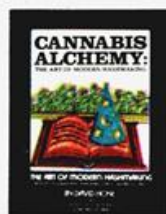
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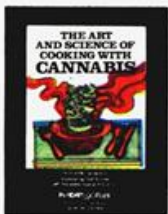
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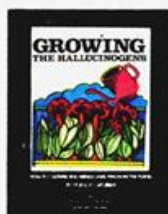
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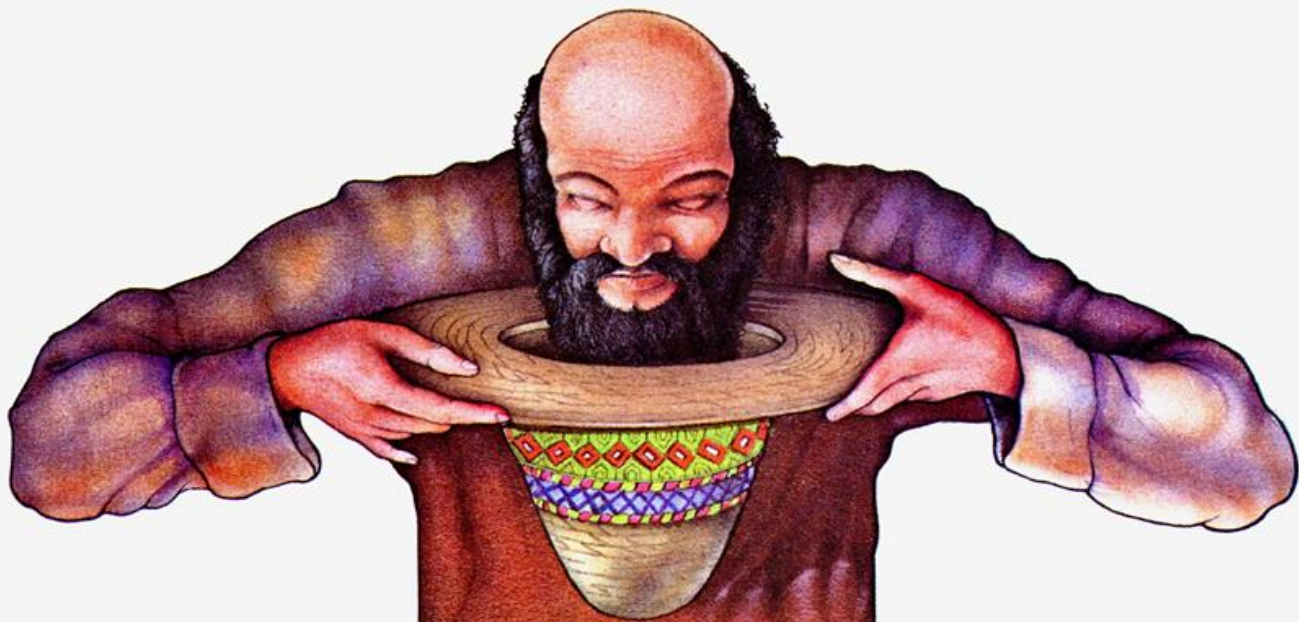
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TEPOZTLAN, MEXICO—Vomiting is extremely important because it has much to teach us about the workings of the body and the natural mechanisms for altering human internal consciousness. But there exist very emotional attitudes that stand in the way of discussing vomiting in polite company, at least around holiday dinner tables. It's considered an antisocial act in societies where natural functions are kept to the lavatory, away from public view. Individually, most of us have experienced vomiting only in association with illness and do not think of it as something that feels good, let alone as something to practice openly.

But such repugnance is not universal. For example, yoga students are urged to learn to vomit voluntarily and perform it as part of a morning ritual called *jala dhauti*, much as one would gargle mouthwash. It would seem that vomiting may be a key to the operation of the autonomic nervous system, and I would like to describe my experiences at changing it from an unpleasant process to a voluntary method of expanding self-awareness of internal functions.

Remember, vomiting is a reflex action initiated by nervous impulses that travel to a center in the brain; the impulse produced in response causes actual regurgitation of stomach contents. This vomiting center happens to be located in the very part of the brain that regulates heartbeat and respiration, a vital center of the entire nervous system whose damage may mean death to the body—the medulla oblongata. The connecting link between the lowest portion of the brain stem and the uppermost part of the spinal cord, the medulla oblongata is thought by neurologists to be the key-

Throwing Up In MEXICO By Andrew Weil

Women seem more accomplished at vomiting easily than men—perhaps they are more able to abandon themselves to internal sensation?

stone of the involuntary nervous system.

I learned this in my elementary medical training, but I was taught nothing more about vomiting except as a symptom of disease. Fortunately, an understanding of the nervous mechanism of throwing up made me very attentive to the teachings of yogis and others. It appeared possible that learning to vomit willfully could open an important channel of unconscious activity to conscious influence.

It is known that the nerve fibers that issue from the hidden vomiting center in the medulla oblongata form part of the vagus nerve in the alimentary canal. The vagus—a huge nervous highway that leaves the cranium and innervates many structures in the throat, chest and abdomen—is a principal link-up in the parasympathetic nervous system, whose function is to slow down certain internal functions and conserve energy. For example, when vagal fibers to the heart are stimulated, heartbeat slows down. When you vomit, a whole number of physiological changes occur in addition to the emptying of the stomach—all due to massive vagal discharges during the action. Might not control over the vomiting impulse ultimately be extended into the very center of the unconscious part of the brain, the medulla?

I think the answer is yes. Neurological considerations persuade me to listen carefully to yoga masters who say that learning to vomit at will is beneficial. Eastern systems of mind development like yoga are based in subjective experience of internal states, not in neurology, and yogic concepts of the nervous system are often fanciful. In contrast, we in the West know much about neurological

mechanisms but often very little about their correlation with experience. As a physician interested in alternatives to orthodox medical techniques, I was anxious to know the significance of the experience of vomiting reflex and its purpose.

In my last year of yoga training, I have practiced vomiting with sporadic success. It has been somewhat more difficult to master than the traditional postures or breathing techniques, and I find it useful to remind myself that I am not trying to remove things from inside my body, but things already outside. Proper mental imagery is essential. The image of a locus at the base of the brain that's connected to the stomach seems to be part of the secret of voluntary retching. The result has been a feeling of well-being. A profound stimulation of respiration is one side effect, probably a consequence of exercising the medulla. I associate the weeping eyes that vomiting brings with invigoration and cleansing.

Here in Mexico, I have met a number of people interested in the subject of voluntary vomiting to expand awareness, including some who have had very positive experiences. The Indians here and the people who live close to them are more accepting of the natural body processes than most gringos. However, though the Indians are perfectly willing to vomit when they feel like it, they have not the knowledge of the nervous system to motivate them to acquire a disciplined mastery of the technique.

How difficult is it to learn, what obstacles must we overcome? The difficulty is mental rather than physical, for until one gets over the idea that throwing up is dirty, unnatural and offensive, one cannot work the autonomic controls that nature has given us. Many methods are available for learning the process, from gulping warm salt water and slapping the stomach to shoving a finger down the gullet. But the goal is to be able to vomit quietly, smoothly and without the aid of external stimulation. Interestingly enough, women seem more accomplished at vomiting easily than men—perhaps they are more able to abandon themselves to internal sensation?

I have seen vomiting cause drastic changes in conscious experience in three major ways:

As a means of ridding the body of unwanted materials. Who hasn't at one time or another wished to puke up

something taken at a party or a large dinner? Keep in mind that the inside of the stomach is actually outside the body, because it is continuous with the exterior. Until they make it through the lining of the stomach or intestines and pass

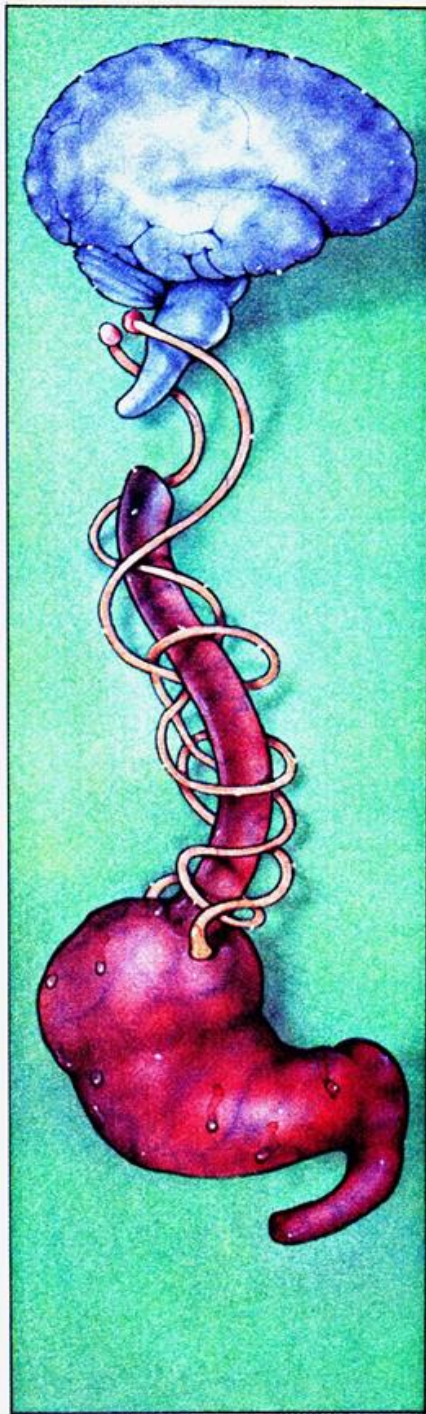
into the bloodstream, those pills or hot sausages have not entered the body. Vomiting merely escorts the offending substance back to a point outside the body, where it cannot be absorbed. Anyone who has experienced this knows how rapidly a recovery from sickness to health can be made.

As a means of ridding the body of unwanted sensations. Many people have experienced relief from seasickness or car sickness as soon as they threw up. Fewer have learned how to banish a headache by the same means. A young Indian I met in Tepoztlan described this method to cure a headache so severe that it is incapacitating: first, lie down with eyes closed and create in the mind's eye an image of the pain, preferably with discrete form, color and location; second, using the visual imagination, transfer the image to the stomach; third, expel the pain by vomiting.

As a means of ridding the mind of unwanted emotions. It is quite common for people who take psychedelic intoxicants to experience nausea and anxiety at the onset of the effects—the sooner they vomit, the sooner they can enter a high state of consciousness. Many natural hallucinogens—peyote is a good example—are supposed to trigger nausea by their direct pharmacological actions. Yet Indians who eat peyote regularly do not become nauseated. Still other drugs not known to be nauseating by virtue of their pharmacology cause some people who try them to experience severe nausea that is relieved by vomiting.


Having watched many people take many drugs, I'm convinced that nausea at the onset of a hallucinogenic drug is a physical analog of the mental resistance to "letting go"—the extreme anxiety over detaching oneself from ordinary consciousness in order to experience reality in another way. If this resistance and anxiety is concentrated as a physical sensation in the stomach, then expelled by vomiting, individuals can cure themselves of unwanted emotions.

If we are to achieve harmony of mind and body, we must synthesize intellectual and experiential knowledge in a common framework. While I am in Mexico, I shall continue to practice vomiting as one means of complementing my intellectual knowledge of the autonomic nervous system with the wisdom of direct experience. ■



Sean Daly

Return of The



Many people met their first lady dealer in *High Times* #1, when we interviewed "Lynne," a young New York City artist whose frank statements on dope, dealing and sexism caused a flurry of letters to the editor and, apparently, considerable controversy in households and dealing pads across the country.

Then, a year-and-a-half ago, a lady dealer seemed like an unusual creature. Now, the women's liberation movement has fostered a new force on the dope marketing scene: a growing army of lady dealers. Able to move through all levels of society and across borders at the donning of a skirt, lady dealers are gaining new independence from a business once dominated by men —



Lady Dealer

and more and more women are dealing with other women.

A woman can deal dope as well as the next guy, it seems, and her clientele has been readied by years of "consciousness raising." Lynne is a veteran of all this, and like many other lady dealers, she is gradually coming into her own. Dealing allows her to do things and see things that would otherwise have been off limits. To a young woman who wants financial independence, dealing has the lure of quick money, good weed and incredible freedom.

Despite the controversy of our last interview, we invited Lynne back into the pages of *High Times* to talk once again about her life and the phenomenon of the lady dealer.

High Times: How is your life different now from a year ago?

Lynne: Well, last year I was still spinning from my split-up with a man. Since then I've become much more confident and secure about being on my own. I'm living in a new place, a totally anonymous apartment building uptown. I've changed my name. But I'm still doing the same thing—dealing.

High Times: On the same level?

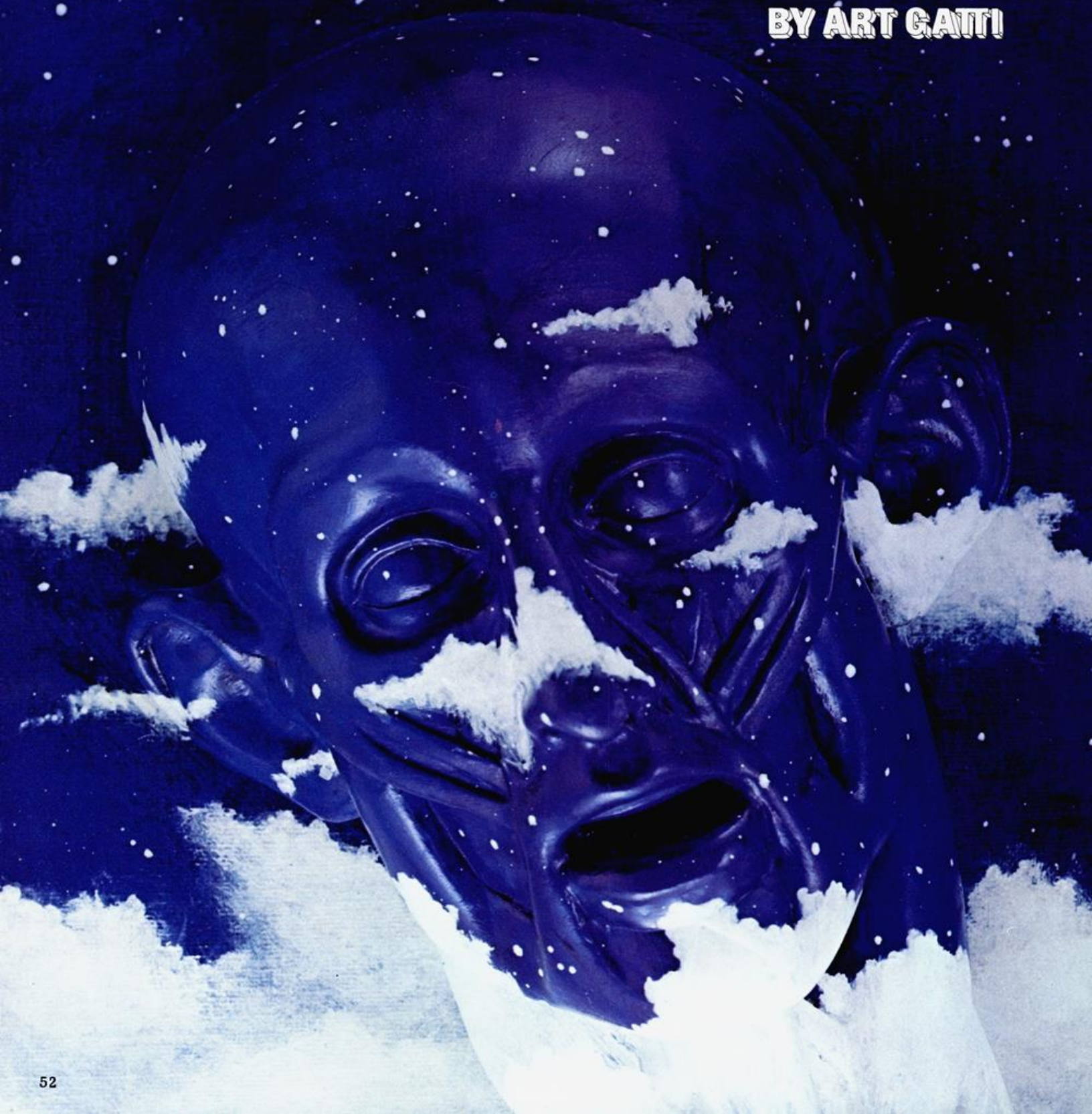
Lynne: Strangely enough, yes. For a while I was dealing five- ten- and 20-pound lots. Then the supply dried up, and now I'm back to dealing singles and fives. And, of course, ounces to those people I choose to bother with. My friends.

High Times: Any hassles with the police?

Lynne: Not directly. I was working for an association that got busted, but I wasn't there the night the raid came down. So I was safe. (continued on page 124)

ASTRAL PROJECTION/ ASTRAL PROTECTION

BY ART GATTI



OUT OF THE BODY AND INTO THE STREETS!

Astral bums are heavy. Unwilled, abrupt disincorporation makes first-timers think they've died and not gone to heaven. Triggered by dope, involuntary astral travel can be an excursion into ominous worlds that threaten the snuffing of the voyager. Astral adventurism, motivated by egotistical thoughts of private gain, career advancement, even the innocent wish to penetrate the girls' gym, can backfire and produce paranoid reverberations that may last a lifetime, and beyond. Once the body and soul part in the trance state, the body lost in the boundless ether while the soul lies naked to its enemies, the chances of reunion, perfectly congruent as before, grow smaller in direct proportion to the lack of karmic training and astral agility of the individual.

First-time out-of-body-experience (OOBE) is often an involuntary partition caused by severe, seemingly insoluble personal problems, social dislocation, culture shock, mild forms of chemical imbalance, severe shock, drug or alcohol overdoses and other forms of chemical poisoning, the shock of childbirth and similar traumas. Thus, the unprepared astronaut is likely to fear liberation from the mundane plane as a form of death and, subsequently, as a kind of insanity. At best the disillusioned parcel of spirit in flesh will decide it's bigger than both of him/her/it and never mess with that again.

At worst, astral projection may become another tool in the arsenal of political repression. A recent article by William Burroughs cited this from P. E. I. Bonewits' *Real Magic*: "There are still more reasons why as many people as possible should have access to the sort of information this book contains. Part of them have to do with a top-secret government organization known among other names as the United States Parapsychological Corps. In the United States, for example, recruits are made of various psychic occultists and others with talents or knowledge wanted. The volunteers are trained by methods of hypnosis, sleep teaching and brainwashing to increase their powers and use them for the United States. The major training centers are in the American University, Washington, D.C.; the CIA headquarters in South Carolina; some coal mines in West Virginia and ultra secret training in the Nevada desert. The Russians also have an equivalent organization trained by similar procedures. The British have been the most practical: their major center is near Monte Carlo. And the Chinese didn't invade Tibet and carry back sources of apprentices for nothing."

Although Bonewits may be getting a bit lurid there, the potential new hori-

zons for mind control opened up by psychic research in the intelligence community are considerable and disturbing: the unseen narcs in the smokeasy; the Kirilian counterspies in the cadre; the government ghost in the black box... all as invisible as flies on the shithouse ceiling while they hear every word you say, see everything you do. The prospect is scarifying.

The great problem at the moment is the underestimation of astrality by the public, which mostly sees the idea of disembodied soul travel as a pseudoidea and gimmick pulled from the hat of dream books, astrology columns and crystal balls by the usual bunch of job-lot printers and underemployed copy hacks. While this doubtless remains the source of nine-tenths of the available literature on the subject, some authors have spoken about astral travel with such clarity and scientific scruple that it is difficult (but not impossible) to write them off as prehensile nut bars.

One of the best books on astral traveling is Robert A. Monroe's *Journeys Out of the Body*. An important feature of Monroe's cautious approach to this fourth dimension of the mind is fear about the implications astral projection might have in the mundane realm of power politics.

What do you do if you discover an entirely new world? Do you report it to the authorities? Or do you stake a claim and defend it with all you've got while you explore to see what it can do for you? Monroe perceives the "Second State" as a separate but linked universe already inhabited by forces he sees as benign: angels, perhaps? or UFOs? At any rate, he found them friendly, but as liable as the nice guy down the hall in the dorm to turn out to be a cop. So he's training an Astral Air Force (in his home town of Afton, Virginia) to defend the ethereal innocents from the corruptions of civilization, including CIA recruiting drives. The Astral Air Force isn't exactly drilling to astrally project in V formation, but they are growing in numbers and quite determined to keep the Second State safe for democracy. Such zeal is born of a grim realization of what might happen if THEY establish a firm foothold on the astral plane.

**The U.S.S.R. and the U.S.A.
are avidly investigating
parapsychology; do they
intend to extend their
jurisdiction to the spirits and
vapors?**

Meanwhile, Russia has been heavily into psychical research for well over a decade, probably two. According to the A.R.E. (Association for Research and Enlightenment—Edgar Cayce Foundation) *Bulletin*, the Soviets had established at least eight psychical research centers as early as 1963, were involved in an exchange program with India to study the powers of yogis, were experimenting with telepathic messages to cosmonauts in space or on the moon and were directing their sciences to seek practical applications on all information obtained from psychical research. One of the most astounding results has been the development of the Kirilian field, in which the aura, or psychic shell—and all parts of the body's psychic energies that emanate—can actually be photographed.

What could the long arm of SMERSH—or, for that matter, the LAPD—do with the power to get about in total invisibility, without barriers to obstruct them and with an arsenal of psychic weaponry? Surveillance is the first and most likely use. They could also clutter, or "jam," the psychic atmosphere of their targets, to hinder their freedom to think and/or get about on the astral plane, as well as attacking them more viciously through obsession, possession, haunting, and so forth.

Thought, at the very least, could be made impossible for their enemies. Take away thought, and madness cannot be far behind. If strong power to affect the physical plane are developed, as the poltergeist phenomenon implies, every manner of mischief, mayhem and murder is possible. Monroe reports a single instance of having been able to pinch someone, and leaving a bruise, as well as causing him to cry out in pain.

Even if astral research is declassified and astral projection made available to every citizen, the governments of the world may try to extend their jurisdiction to the spirits and vapors. If we eventually learn to leave our bodies, what's to guarantee that we won't have a pair of ethereal bracelets slapped on our ghostly wrists? And—moreover—what's to prevent our worst enemies from zapping us earthbound types when we least expect it?

The last worry is admittedly hard to deal with. Maybe lead shields would work, maybe lead underwear. Garlic necklaces? Maybe. Force fields sound good, and you can always try a good exorcist to get *THEM* off your back, or enlist the aid of a friendly ghost, or even a dog whistle.

But the best way is to become an astral traveler yourself. Get your footing in the Second State, and you'll stand a ghost of a chance.

Without exception, every metaphysical, religious, philosophical or parapsychological approach to astral travel emphasizes that the initiate be mature. As a prerequisite to any esoteric training, you must be able to control your desires, and have no serious hangups. Without this requirement, a traveler would run aground on reefs of desire-thought-form realms that immediately confront a soul leaving the body. Fixations on mundane goals at this point could hang the astral persona up indefinitely.

One's motives for traveling generally have to be pure. Sexual motives, by the way, are not seen as impure, and many a traveler has sexual encounters either carnally or psychically. Erections during sleep, in fact, are a sure sign in men that they are astrally traveling or have just returned. Sexual drives can be a hindrance, but only in that they return you to the physical; other, far less evolved motivations will keep you at the desire reef indefinitely. Patriotism, machismo, militant racism gain nothing in the translation to ethereal energy; it is still the selfsame subhuman desire to display ultimate power over others. Impure motives dissolve and break down into their real psychoelectric components when you have no body.

On the astral plane, the moral becomes the mechanical. By remaining clearly associated with the higher of human yearnings and strivings, by conquering desires that are demeaning, you annihilate the strictest limitations on your freedom of movement.

There are also reefs of negative desire: irrational fear, absolute terror and unreasoning blind panic. Early experiences—and even occasional trips of experienced travelers—can give the impression that you'll never get back into your body, that horrors and noxious visions await and that, surely, you will die. You have to be a strong person, not just rid of irrational fears in waking life, but also free from unreasonable guilt, to convince yourself that you are in control of the whole experience. Monroe claims that the Second State contains all dead souls who, depending upon the convictions they formed in life about their just desserts upon dying, will be residing in a heaven or a hell, as each happens to see it. This is in keeping with the Tibetan Book of the Dead: if you can convince yourself that you are undeserving of hellfire and damnation, and worthy of bathing in the light of the Eternal Deity, you will transmit your soul out of darkness and into eternal contentment.

At all times, the astral tripper can return to the physical body. Slight changes in breathing can do it; movement of a finger has been known to extract people from the tightest spots. Mostly, it's just a matter of thinking of

Hash seems to be the strongest and most effective of the astral Second State vehicles.

yourself. This latter method is also the way one astrally travels: you think of people, not places.

The realms of exploration seem endless. There is, of course, the planet Earth. But the ability to eclipse illimitable domains of time and space makes mere Earth a bore. Men like Ingo Swann and Monroe have reported outer space travel—the former like a satellite full of recording equipment, the latter often accomplishing the feat by “elating”—or becoming so immense that he held entire galaxies in the palm of his hand. But even these experiences pale in face of quantum leaps into the fourth dimension.

The least impressive, yet most curious, of these is what many have referred to as the “Parallel Universe.” This realm has been described as an almost carbon-copy world in which each of us has a living counterpart. Travel to that realm means occupying their bodies, paying the bills on their 1977 steam-powered Bonanzas—seven-door, perfectly square autocars—and the like.

A third possibility is a plane that is no plane, a place that is no place, and all planes and all places, at the same time. It is the land inside the looking-glass—a realm where no natural law operates, where only thought exists and where imagination instantly becomes fact. The ancient Greeks may have been referring to this realm as Chaos, whence all things spring. Thought is primal matter; order is only a function of the physical universe. The hells and heavens I have mentioned, pulling trippers onto the shoals of desire and fixation, emanate from this primal realm. It contains the future, the present and the past, and can be explored endlessly. Thought never dies there. But the general tone of the explorations one undertakes—or has thrust upon one—is decidedly personal. Free of the embodied contradictions of the physical realm, we are what we think.

In some ways, this threefold distinction of astral realms may make no sense. Yet, metaphysically, three is a very important number. The Christian Trinity. Marx's thesis-antithesis-synthesis—we are born, germinate our thought forms, die to the great chaotic storehouse of

Since “Assassin” implies an unseen slayer, the term may have an esoteric meaning: the hash-emboldened Arabs may have struck from the astral plane.

psychic energy, then reappear once again in a parallel universe, only to repeat this process.

The purpose of life in the face of such possibilities? Monroe sees man as *cattle of the gods*—producers of emotional-psychic energies that are like a milk of life for higher intelligences. Perhaps we are meant to whirl about in the infinite figure eight of eternity, ever refining our emotional and intellectual output until, like Buddhas, we cease to relate to the physical planes that pull us like magnets from either side. Free of the “meat wheel,” as Jack Kerouac called it, we are free to associate with those higher intelligences in the great vortex of the realm of Chaos.

But ... you have to get there first. Even if you start by floating on the ceiling like a balloon. Seasoned astral travelers disdain the use of drugs and alcohol to float up to the Second State: the chemical imbalances that result lessen control of your usual cheap-thrill state of mind. However, it is through the widespread use of disorienting mind drugs in recent years that astral travel has come to the attention of the public, so a quick survey may be in order.

Almost any state of hallucinosis is characterized by periods of withdrawal from everything going on around you, the feeling that a part of you is observing your own behavior with detached irony, pleasure or alarm. This is common with kava-kava, LSD, mescaline, psilocybin, hashish, THC and many other fine drugs, not omitting good whisky and beer.

Hash seems to be the strongest and most effective of the Second State generators. Hash dreams may be real, or sidereal, in secondary worlds of the mind; it is possible that murders by the thousands were undertaken by beings in the Second State, and may still be occurring today. Modern humanity may be more or less immune to such hashish assassins, living in the 110-volt force field that is our modern living quarters. Hauntings usually occur in old houses, especially in those where the power goes unexplainably off every now and then. As many are aware, the term “assassin” comes from the Arabic “hashishin,” or hash head. Historically, we are led to believe that the hash the Arabs smoked emboldened them and made them great in stealth, the better to slay their infidel foe. But what about this: Since “assassin” implies an unseen slayer, the term may have an esoteric meaning; they may have struck from the astral plane.

Those of us who have enjoyed hash, however, know that it does not make us murderers. On the contrary, all sorts of nice things, especially loving things, can happen under its influence. And, in sufficient quantities, it can cause you to leave

(continued on page 122)

Amputee Smuggling

You've got to remember that this country has just emerged from a very unpopular and miserable war. Six million men came back from Southeast Asia. *Penthouse* is primarily a magazine read by young men. *Penthouse* was the most popular magazine for the troops in Vietnam. It is presently conducting a crusade for the treatment of veterans that've returned from the war and who the Administration is shunning, and I feel that those letters about amputees and from amputees perhaps reflect a very real concern on the part of men who came back having lost a limb of one kind or another. What would you feel like? And what would be your main concern if that had happened to you?

**—Kathy Keeton
Associate Publisher, *Penthouse* and *Viva***

By Gilbert Choate and Mark Swain

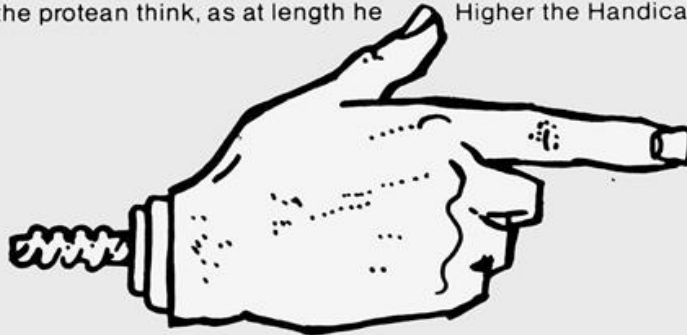
MANY A MILITARY MAN of bygone times, having lost a leg to the cannon of the enemy, rakishly used his wooden limb to double as a brandy snifter. It was ever a hit with the ladies when old Colonel "Half-Pay" Harrison of the Horse Guards nipped a snort in chapel from his "prop and stay." Today, with the aid of lightweight, usually hollow, artificial limbs, the modern war hero can pack considerably more intoxicant away.

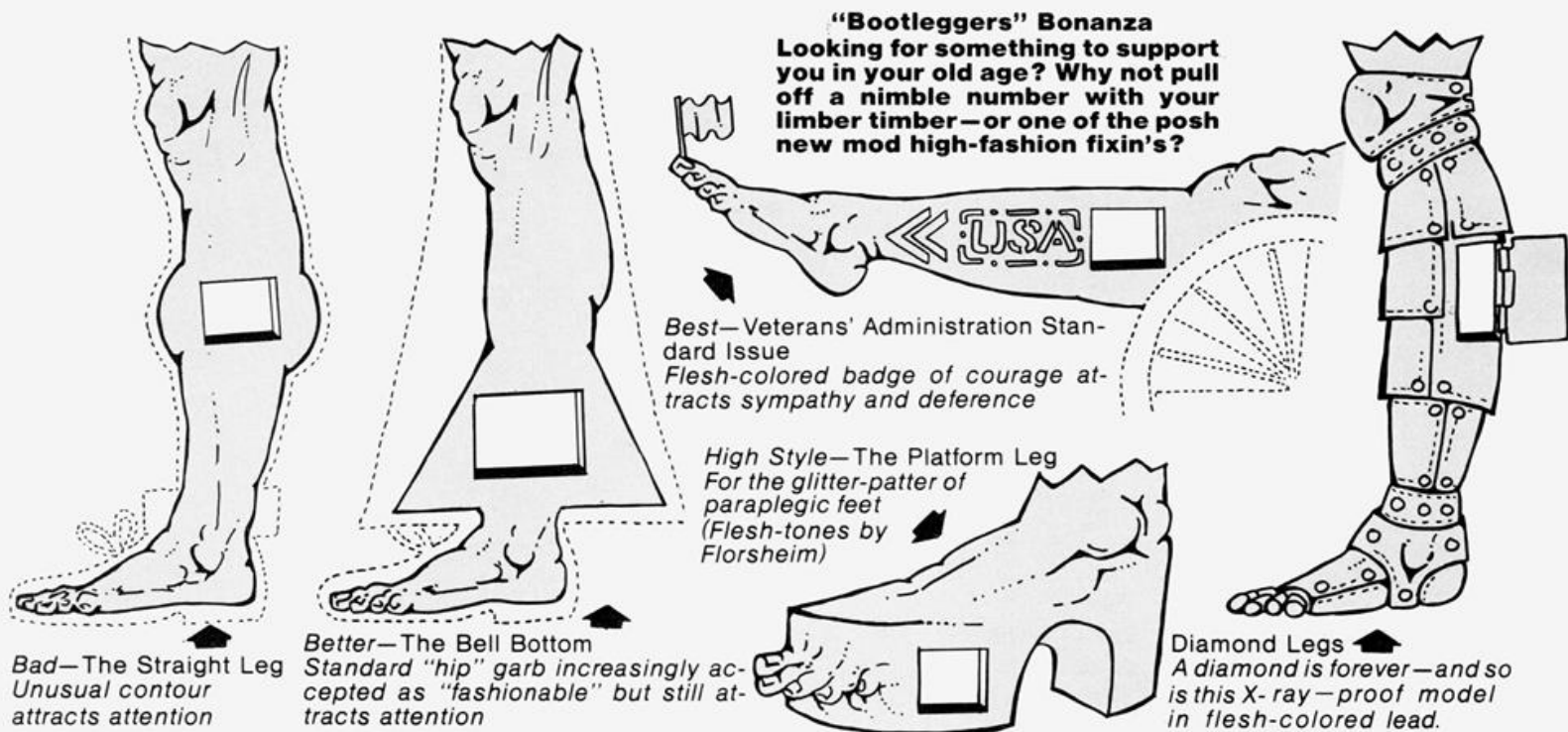
And in today's modern world of strife in commerce as well as politics, portability is half the game, though portability has long gone by the board. When the smoke of battle clears and leaves the victors to the battle of smoke, with what gratitude does the protean think, as at length he

lays his weary head to rest in his own, his native land, of his shin or forearm which reposes in another?

Wherever veterans, alienated and estranged from their extremities, foregather to toast their missing members, the amputee smuggler will hold a place of honor as he transfixes his listeners with twinkling, tinted, ceramic, Plexiglas Veterans Administration-issue eye and regales the company with tales of disabled derring-do and forensic effrontery on international frontiers. Herewith we present the first tribute to this underrated, abbreviated Tet-vet jet set, long may they wave. Stepping on a land mine can be like finding a gold mine, these days, so remember:

Higher the Handicapped!





Thirty five years ago Dom "Bambino" Dragonetti lost a leg. Life had dealt the plucky little Italian lad with the moist brown eyes as bad a hand as any kid on his block, and in New York's Hell's Kitchen the deck was stacked against most kids.

Without a leg, Dom's hopes of a happy, prosperous life seemed destined to be frustrated at every turn. He couldn't be a numbers runner; his maximum speed was four miles an hour. His first attempt to turn a dishonest dollar stealing hub caps went awry when an elderly woman rammed her umbrella through the spokes of his wheel chair.

Little Dom had pluck, though, and a certain arrogant confidence that he would make it. At the age of 14, he used his contacts at City Hall to have himself appointed the "Hire the Handicapped" poster boy.

Rapidly amassing a fortune from television appearances and lecture fees, the child seemed to be making it

But Dom knew that all good things must come to an end: he was losing his adolescent prettiness, having to shave at least thrice daily to retain his boyish good looks. He decided to become one of those gypsy businessmen ... a dope smuggler.

Dom was immensely successful.

Flying six times a year between New York and Marseilles, he imported 350 pounds of cocaine in a year.

From this early start in the narcotics trade, Dom rapidly expanded his operation, soon becoming New York's largest employer of handicapped persons. Made immensely successful and powerful by Customs officers' reticence to search or harass the handicapped, Dom amassed a huge fortune and married a two-legged blonde former model in 1962.

Today Dom lives quietly on his estate in prestigious Westchester, the father of five children, the owner of nine cars.

Cavities for Contraband
Many victims of optical and genital subtraction can put their visceral vacancies to profitable use—and enhance their own individual styles as well!

The Bismarck—
contains 200 hits of LSD

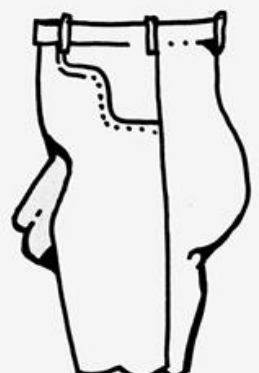
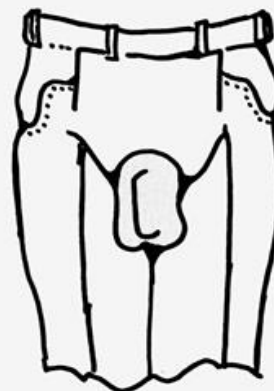


The Pirate—contains
400 hits of LSD



The Polish Pirate—contains
800 hits of LSD

The Eldridge Cleaver—
contains 22 Thai sticks



Forum

Swinging, Dope-Dealing Amputee

Dear High Times:

While I don't usually write to magazines, I am inspired to creativity by your liberated amputee policy, and want to spontaneously write down my adventure with a swinging, dope-dealing Italian girl amputee last autumn in Mexico.

Andrea was really attractive in her

Veteran's Benefits



Holders of the Congressional Medal of Honor (perfect simulacra of which may be purchased in any big-city pawnshop) are invariably treated with the utmost deference and respect by federal employees. When one of these tokens of bravery is backed up with the manifest evidence of mutilation in the line of duty, its bearer may enjoy open and unobstructed travel anywhere in the Free World.

tight khaki short shorts and sleeveless blouse, which rakishly exposed the stump of her right arm, attached with springs and straps to a jointed aluminum arm ending in a three-pronged fork attachment. Actually, on that day she was wearing a specially modified strainer unit, pressing the sweet musty grass through it by the kilo, dumping out seeds and stems.

As I say, I was attracted to her at first sight: her big black Italian eyes, her flowing raven hair, but most of all, her mysterious, intriguing artificial arm. I never did learn how she lost that arm. Anyway, we had a true harvest romance, and on the day we shipped out the last brick of pure, crisp Acapulco Gold, we agreed to drive back to the States together in her jeep. Before setting off, though, she cunningly hid 20 bomber joints in her hollow arm, saying, "Just-a soomteeng to keep-a da wheels turning easy, eh?" And off we went. Of course, we were searched extensively at the border, and the male pig Customs agent took extra special trouble to frisk Andrea "inside and out." Accustomed as she was to such indignities, I could tell her fine Mediterranean temper was at the boiling point. At length, we were allowed to pass on. But as Andrea was stepping into the jeep, the Customs agent remarked that she must be something special in the way of "giving hand-jobs." This fatally incensed Andrea, who automatically tried to give him the Finger, shouting "Fangool!" and striking her right arm sharply at the elbow—causing the straps to snap and the arm to fly pinwheeling back over her head, spewing joints and roaches. Andrea is now facing a possible five to seven in a Federal pen. Where will I ever find another girl like her?

Kent Hashpipe,

Minneapolis, Minn.

Narc Notes

Dear Sir,

Narcs have feelings too. I know because I'm one—worked my way through college that way and got straight A's at every one of 32 schools I attended, including Columbia, Stoneybrook and the Howard.

My toughest case? As an exchange student in a small Mexican agricultural college in the mountains of Guerrero. Good peasant kids, eager to learn the latest farming techniques, but the faculty faced a terrific problem: the student body had a peculiar siesta habit, one that involved death-like naps and trances deep as a well and wide as a church door, after which they claimed to have gone to *la plana del astrala*. My superiors told me it could be only Sinsemilla cannabis, the dreaded so-called *marijuana del diablo*. My Mexico City chief

was stumped, he admitted. Even his top agent couldn't figure out how the peddlers were reaching these kids, obscured as they were in the remote fastness of the Sierra Madre.

I wasn't enrolled a week when I spotted the connection: Rosita Cunario, a comely, raven-tressed *señorita* who'd lost both legs in a childhood mishap—a poorly tied *piñata* fell on her at a bullfight. But her flashing eyes more than made up for her infirmity. She was the best-looking *señorita* south of Tijuana, but her lack of gams made me wonder why she was more popular than her ambulatory sisters. Suddenly everything clicked: she was the *peddler*, or actually the *wheeler dealer*, if you catch my drift.

Well, in two weeks I had outclassed all the local Donald Juans and taken up as Rosita's steady. But since she was a properly brought-up Catholic girl, I found the swimming a mite thick, see? I'd asked her a few leading questions about where I might purchase a little Michoacan, but she just played dumb. There's an old Mexican saying that means, roughly, if you can't sell it, sit on it—and Rosita was in no position to do anything else.

Finally she agreed to a date after sundown, promising to "go all the way." I picked her up at the sorority and met Señora Muerto, the house mother, a fiery Mexican matron who carried a bullwhip and told me to take care of her little Rosita and have her back by 11 o'clock or else. I carried the unsuspecting *señorita* to my car and drove her out to the forest for a little XYZ, to be followed by an intimate session of Q&A. I wasn't planning to get rough, but I had to find out how the *contrabandistas* were pipelining in to the obscure Mexican backlands. Only that day, the school doctor had found chunks of peyote upchuck in a vomit sample from a sophomore. The poor kid had gotten his hands on the hard stuff.

Soon we were in the pinewoods, far from the village. Then Rosita gave me a big surprise. "My muy beeg gringo cowboy," she hissed, "now I weel show you a leetle something to make your mouth, how you say it, *water*."

Well, your Honor, I mean, dear sir, the felon had concealed the contraband in parts below, of which there was a limited supply, if you see my meaning. The warm, throbbing place of concealment tempted me for a moment, but never did I waver in my sworn duty. Rosita collected ten to twenty in Tabasco Prison, and she never looked prettier than the day they carried her off.

I'll wait for her.

Patrolman Clancy Kavanaugh,
Skokie, Ill. ☐

Morocco

By Richard Gold



Camels, Kif and Koran

"The exact motives of Islam Incorporated, are unclear." —William Burroughs, *Naked Lunch*

Blowing kif in the Café Sportif with a mixed bag of spacefreak and Moroccan benchbirds, stonefree in the morning sun pulsing here on the eastern side of D'jn del F'na—"the place of the dead," or the circle of the spirits—hub of the Great Pink Wheel called Marrakech, pronounced MA-raksh. The mantric quality of the city's truly spoken name suggestive of energies beyond the ordinary sense of place; more like a carefully crafted illusion with an eternal streak of misery undulating through the splashing waves of color and wailing snakes of sound. MA-raksh, MA-raksh—a great place to be high.

Just ask the cookie man, that certain steel-eyed bandit with the close-cut graying hair and gold tooth that he did not cop by peddling the ten-centime biscuits bulging in his basket. Just ask him to reach under his new djellaba for the best kif cookies in town, a durham apiece but priceless once ingested and excellent with the 20-centime special cafe au lait at the Sportif, where the radio is playing the number one smash hit by Jil Jillala, a remarkably eclectic Marrakech group whose brand of freshly contrived Arabian pop/rock is the only thing happening in the entire country, a song named "Tale of the Hippie Marocaine":

Yahk did-ee-ip yahk dah-ah

Yahk did-ee-ip dah yahk

Sound track to the passing forms of cripples, hawkers, tourists, hustlers, sufis, spacefreaks and snake charmers just beginning to unwind for another day much

like the day before in the legendary Berber citadel.

The mounting sun beats down upon the whitestone rooftop of the Hotel Provence—one of the many snug little dives nestled in the maze of alleys that ring the western side of D'jn del F'na. There a very loose crew of international gypsies are lighting up a Copenhagen big-bowled chillum packed to the brim with something very special just run down from the North by veteran Spanish cowboys with blazing black eyes, glimmering earrings and the wild laughter of free men ... BOM BOM BOLAY!! True Ketamese heaven settles over Marrakech from the cool wells of dead medina alleys up the minarets and over the shimmering squat of pastel rooftops—while down in the alley below a beggar woman sings:

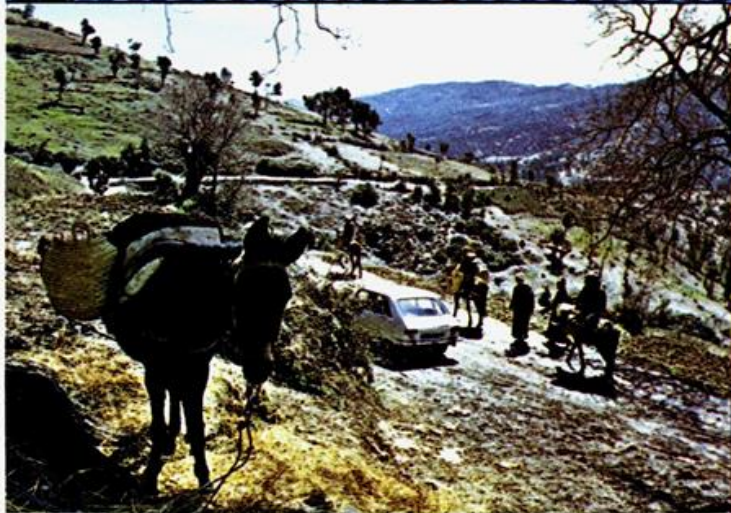
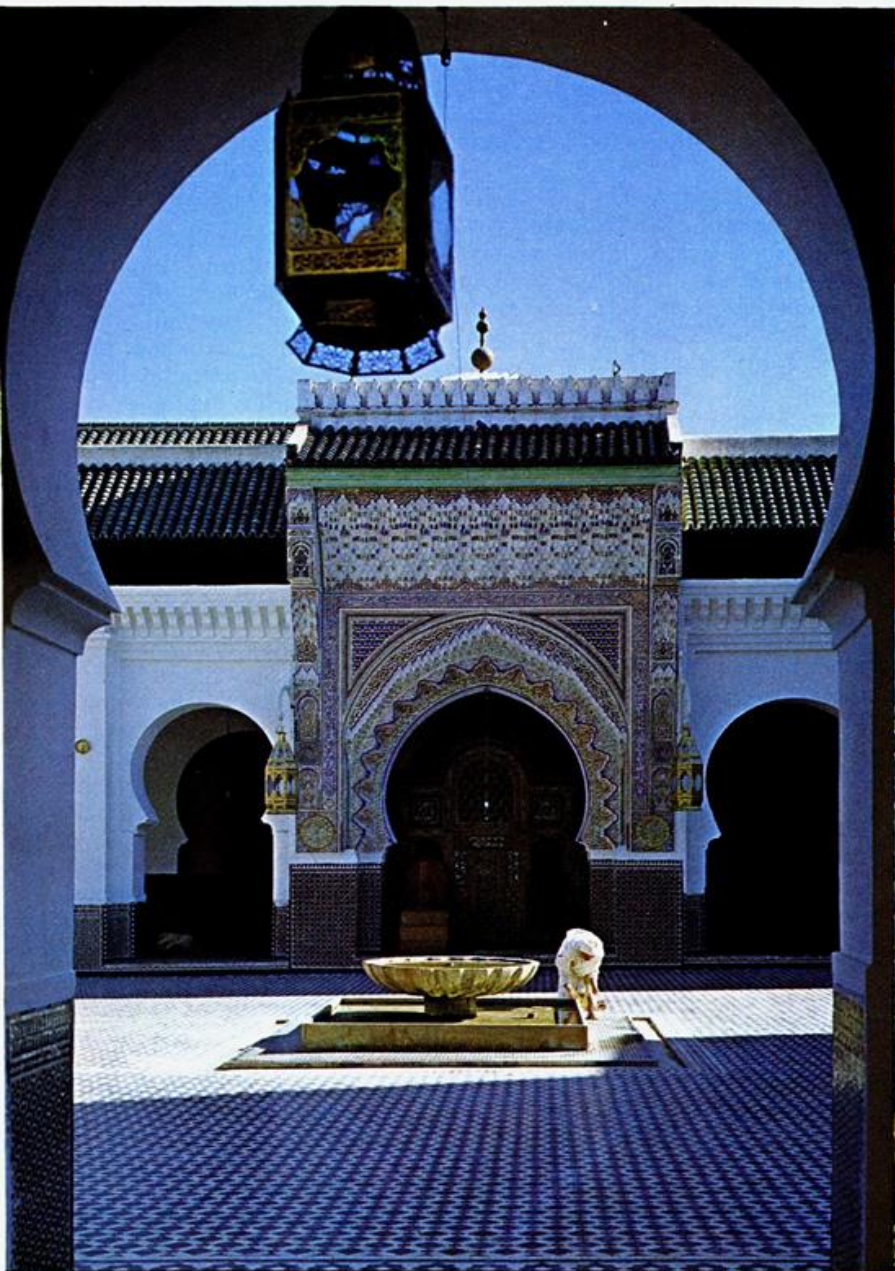
Hum dee-lay dee-lay

dee hum-DHULLA

Lay dee-lay dee-lay

dee HUM-dhulla

Who will hear her? Will the divine Setti Fatima? The saint-mother enshrined in the magic crags of Ourika Valley—a day into the low Atlas, then beyond the road through gushing rapids and the bleat of chocolate-golden mountain goats, where the people sculpt their huts from the hillside's rib. There the Berber women drop their veils to reveal a stunning tribal beauty available as bounty for marriage-minded strangers with cash for the tribesmen. And the women continue to sing, aware of nothing but their timeless role awashing in the rush-



Shostal Associates, David Stahli, Globe Photos



After four months in Morocco, every sand devil on the dunes seems to be the ghost of an Assassin, dead for 800 years.

ing gushing river and chanting like chimes alive in the Ourika sky with flocks of red-beaked crows.

But back again a century, deep in the postcurfew medina shadows, the talk is of revolution. A grim, wiry man with a sparse mustache is confessing his loyalty to Colonel Qadafi, the fundamentalist Islamic populist who exhorts Moroccans to revolution via subversive broadcasts from Libyan deserts where guerrillas are training to kill Moroccan King Hassan II, a vile despot and ruthless butcher who has executed thousands since ascending the throne.

Clearly, this is one of these very same trained guerrillas, back in Morocco and waiting for the time to strike.

But when the revolution comes, what will change? The African sun will fall in swaths upon the hard-baked dirt back alleys of Marrakech, people will retreat still to the shade to brew sweet mint tea in tin pots called *brehkts* and fill their *sepsis* with the pungent, kinky, poor-man's blow of kif and blacktobac. The essential fabric of Moroccan society is like a tightly woven quilt—apolitical, and based on fundamental tribal principles oriented toward nuclear family and the ever-ringing cry of the name *Illah-la-ill-lahla*.

So it is likely that the power of tradition will confine the revolution to the palace, banks, large landholders and universities while the essential rhythmic patterns of life remain unchanged. The kif pouch, *sepsi* and *brehkt* are not merely ornaments: for thousands upon thousands of Moroccans they are the very staple of existence, a *raison d'être*. A revolution that threatened this would be a failure. The people love their kif.

But kif is expensive for the poor natives in south Morocco, living far from the evergreen source, the Ketama region of the Rif Mountains in the distant North. Outside the great pink walls of Marrakech (where life is a circular carnival of laden traders, distant music and the swirl of hot dust) an old man begs for coins. Gratefully, he shares a few powerful kifhash *sepsis* and then, vibrating gracefully into tranquility, this stoned old Berber takes in the panorama he knows all too well and implores in halting Arabic, "*siddhi ... ahna woo-had*," the refrain of darkest terror in an Islamic lifetime, where to be alone is the great archetypal fear. Then go stoned alone with blessings, old man, go and look:

Schoof, schoof, schoof

Deema deema deema

Schoof schoof schoof....

"Looking, always looking." Now the D'jn del F'na is alive with night eaters at the outdoor tents, shifting beggars await-

ing some crumb: the inevitable radio, the inevitable wailing song singing the inevitable *plaint arabesque*, "I am always alone, I am always looking, always searching..."

Searching—some for love, some for money, some for hashish. Marrakech is seductive, a warm dream of orange-smelling skies, a finely tuned vibration, and ever so gently suspended in unreality. But the hashish and the kif fields are in the North, where the search must find its end.

We're returning to Fez: the quintessential city of Morocco—Kif City—and the gateway to the golden Rif.

The Grand Blue Gate to the Fez medina—the largest medina in North Africa shimmers in mosaic splendor, beckoning the perceiver through its arched magnet and into a rabbit warren of forced-fields unlike any other in the land.

This is Arabia. Labyrinthine alleys, peg streets and cobbled dead ends doubled back upon themselves, teeming with humanity, choked with braying burros steered by the porters of Fez, who, maybe alone, know every buried corner of this fabulous spectrum-colored mirage. Far now from the Sahara, here a black turban draws cries of "*Sara-wee! Sara-wee!*" from curious mobs of coal-eyed northern Arabs... Here everyone is curious about *azj-nah-bees* (strangers)—and the deeper one descends beyond the gate, the stranger all becomes.

This is "Kif City," all right. Here the poke is plentiful and powerful: Sno-Cone brown bags of uncut sweet kif, gummy layered slabs of shaded green or pepper-brown Ketama *nonexport* hashish, freshly resinous with the pressed power of the source. Yes, here in Fez, the gateway to the Rif, all is available once you make the right connection.

Fez is rife with hustlers, bandits and quick-flash con artists. The Arabian urban street vibrations are heavy with the restless pulse of discontent, and many an Anglo-honky tourist has turned tail in the face of it and run, never to taste the forbidden delights of the medina. But experience is the teacher and karma the guide, and a little lingo (either French or native) can be just the ticket. The truly determined can get *superhigh* in Fez.

The "*majoon*" is a native specialty, a psychedelic date-nut kifhash paste that comes on like the cake of heaven. The noble women of Fez have developed majoon to a high art form, and from their proud alchemical ovens comes a link to the very pulsing *animus* of Allah.

Here there is simply no forgetting. At the very heart of the medina stands the largest mosque in North Africa, a temple

of color-splashed tiles enclosing that meta-garden of fountained tiers wherein lies the awesome core of Islam. *Illah-la-illallah-mohammedrasullah*, "There is one Allah and Mohammed is his prophet, there is one Allah and Mo..."

Reverberations of the minarets; vibrating shades from pink through bluish green mix with the rising smells of humanity from the scum-slickened alleys and soupkitchens of the Fez J'hid, through the sculptured illusory paradise of les Jardins Publiques, soaking out and into every nook and coolly-shaded corner of the maze.

Deep along its shit-soaked cobbles, rich with the pungent overload of steaming fumes, are countless nameless tea shacks and soup holes packed with idling hangers-out blowing kif *sepsis* and watching the world pass by.

And after four months now in Morocco, back here in the labyrinth, pure evil materializes on the flashing astral line; and yet *there is nothing more intriguing now to do than play the game*. And the name of the game is Hashish.

In the finest demonic fashion, Mohammed manifests charm and egregious humanity. His handsome body, rugged mustachioed face and sparkling eyes feed his arrogance; his rich hand-tailored djellabas and robes complement his natural catlike grace. And from the beginning there is mutual agreement on one point:

"*Oui, mon ami*," Mohammed says, eyes bright with brotherly laughter, "*le monde est très dangereux!*"

Dangerous, yes. But Mohammed's offer is tempting: *agent du Ketama hashish* plus commission basis. Mohammed is a hash farmer with a spread in Ketama and a home in Fez, two wives and a jail record. In the smoky byways of the medina his reputation follows him in mocking shrouded cries of "*mafia, mafia*."

But Mohammed is philosophical about the winds of fate; he is in his business for the love of it—he is a hashish connoisseur. He appears to be seeking another connoisseur, versed in English and the local tongues, to help him meet tourists and arrange for day trips to the farm. But it quickly becomes apparent that he is *seeking something else*, playing along the sheer electroclines of mind-power determined to follow out his karma to the end. This makes him more intriguing than the run-of-the-mill Ketama hustler. Mohammed, in his own perverse way, is obsessed with being high.

His Fez wife berates him bitterly while

(continued on page 64)



Subsidized High

By Patrick Lanzing

My career as a pot guinea pig began the day this want ad caught my eye:

SUBJECTS NEEDED

To participate in a government-sponsored research project to study the effects of marijuana. To participate, you must be male, between the ages of 21–35 years and have used marijuana on a regular basis. You must be in excellent physical and mental health. The study involves living on a closed psychiatric ward for a 30-day period and receiving dosages of marijuana under close observation. Subjects will be paid for their participation. If you are interested and meet qualifications, you should come to a meeting at Langley-Porter Auditorium...

For an unemployed writer, newly arrived in San Francisco from the midwest, the ad promises a job, an extraordinary experience and possibly a story. On the appointed date and hour, I stride up to the Institute and squeeze my way into a small packed-to-capacity lecture hall.

Center stage sits Dr. Reese T. Jones, fresh from TV appearances on *Today*, *Tomorrow* and *The Advocates*, where he debated Margaret Mead, contending that marijuana should not be legalized. Backed by a young professional staff and \$358,000 of the taxpayers' money, Dr. Jones is now seeking his project's last essential ingredient: people who like to get high.

Forty-year-old Jones has risen fast in the competitive field of government-

funded research, gaining a reputation chiefly through his membership on the California Research Advisory Panel (CRAP), the very board that grants or denies state approval to drug-related experiments. Wearing a white sports shirt with broad red stripes, he is throwing his pitch, fielding questions, looking like a referee—the only one in the game who knows all the rules.

"Our study," says Jones, "is designed to test the effects of high doses of marijuana on man. Subjects will consume, in pill form, liquid marijuana extract and THC. They will take these doses on a 24-hour-a-day basis for periods as long as 30 days.

"These doses," he adds, "are ten to 30 times what a user might normally smoke."

We recruits are duly impressed. But, as I will find out too late, I've just heard the underestimate of the year:

"Probably the worst part of the experiment," continues Dr. Jones, "is confinement to a locked psychiatric ward. Living with psychiatric patients for neighbors is enough to give many *normal* people strange and paranoid ideas.

"And there are additional risks. Previous studies indicate that enlarged breasts, violent behavior, genetic damage and toxic psychosis may result from marijuana use. Before you decide to participate, ask yourself if you want to take these chances."

Dr. Jones pauses, his tone now all reassurance. "Our subjects, however, have tolerated these high doses pretty well. Generally, they've just gotten very sedated, too stoned to do anything except sleep, eat and stare at the TV."

Dr. Jones then selects his first questioner, the spokeswoman for a female contingent camped at the center of the auditorium.

"How come," she demands to be told, "I can't be in on this?"

Flashing his naked palms, the doctor explains: "I would love to have some female subjects, but this is just impossible. The government [the National Institute for Mental Health] is paying for this research, and we have to play by their rules. One of their rules says we can't give these high doses to women, primarily because of the potential pregnancy danger." Ignoring her protests, Dr. Jones's pen is pointing to the next questioner.

"Why are you giving dope pills? Wouldn't it be more realistic to let us smoke the real thing?"

Smiling patiently, the doctor parries. "It wouldn't be very realistic, now would it, to expect someone to smoke 30 joints a day? Besides," he adds, "these oral doses allow us to control the exact dosage each subject takes." Without a pause, his pointing pen recognizes another recruit.

"Aren't you out to prove that grass is bad?"

The smile is gone. "We aren't out to prove anything. As scientists, we are interested in the facts. How anyone else, including the federal government, interprets the facts is beyond our control."

"Then why," shouts someone in the rear of the hall, "are you giving the people such high doses?"

A blush is rising in the doctor's cheeks. "When it comes right down to it," assumes Dr. Jones, "the ultimate goal of this research is to find out how much marijuana it takes to make you sick."

Before leaving the meeting, I complete a two-page application and a brief psychological quiz.

Three months later, I answer a phone call from a research staff member. Can I report to the center for screening? Once there, I complete additional pencil-and-

paper psychological tests, pass a brief physical exam, am interviewed by a staff employee and smoke a king-sized joint. Finally, I fill out a 19-page Subjective Drug Effects Questionnaire. When they accept me, I remind the staff employee that I intend to write about my experiences as a research subject. "I've heard that before," she deadpans. "but the writers we've had in here have been too stoned to take notes." Seven days later, I begin my 30-day stay at Langley-Porter.

Hi, I'm Al," says the smiling psychiatric technician. "Bring your things and I'll show you to your rooms." Following him, I am stabbed by pangs of postcommitment apprehension. Minutes before, I had signed a consent form that warned of impending risks, including "seizures and death."

Mike Krummel, another subject, is determined to pocket the promised \$25 a day. We have been informed that any subject who decides to leave before his 30 days are up will be paid only \$2.50 for each completed day.

Al leads us through the white-on-white brushed-aluminum kitchen, through the dining room (two long tables

"The ultimate goal of this research," cautions Dr. Jones, "is to find out how much marijuana it takes to make you sick."

and 20 chairs dominated by an out-of-focus color TV) and into the male wing. A wild-eyed patient in pajamas and a bathrobe waits halfway down the hall, staring at us as we approach.

"Are these the guys, Al?" he begs.

The psych-tech sighs and stares at the linoleum floor.

"Well, are you the guys, or aren't you?"

A bit spooked, I manage a smile and offer a hand.

"Yeah, we're the marijuana—"

"Jeeeee!" the patient exclaims. "I wouldn't wanta be in your shoes for all the tea in China!"

"Come on," says Al. "Don't mind Ron."

Our adjoining rooms—ordinarily used to keep unmanageable patients in forced seclusion—are eight by 15 feet, furnished with only a nightstand, a small bed and one chair. The opener cranks have been removed from the dirty windows. Instead, they are fitted with thick metal jealousies that double as bars. Our rooms' steel doors are perforated by shatterproof glass portholes.

That afternoon begins a dizzying routine of scientific tests and procedures. Three times a week at the crack of dawn, blood is drawn from our arms. We are requested to urinate only in our assigned plastic jugs, to spit into graduated cylinders, to refrain from blinking while a special instrument—designed to mea-

sure interocular pressure—puffs tiny bursts of air at our eyeballs.

Pulse, blood pressure and respiration rates are checked six times daily, and Mondays our heart function is monitored by electrocardiogram. Every afternoon we take a memory test in which a taped voice recites a jumbled alphabet that we try to repeat on paper. To test our hand-eye coordination, we sit before a computerized array of flashing lights and push buttons. And so that Dr. Reese Jones can determine pot's effects on sex hormones and potency, we are expected to masturbate.

The psychological testing is even more exotic. In addition to a barrage of forms designed to measure our individual "mood, hostility and neuroticism level," we take the Minnesota Multiphasic Personality Inventory (MMPI), a computer-graded test with 566 true-false questions like these:

1. I used to like to play drop-the-handkerchief.
2. Sometimes I am strongly attracted by the personal articles of others, such as shoes, gloves, etc., so that I want to handle or steal them even though I have no use for them.
3. Christ performed miracles such as changing water into wine.
4. I have never indulged in any unusual sex practices.
5. Horses that don't pull should be beaten or kicked.

Based on our answers to these and 561 other questions, the MMPI computer at Philadelphia's Rohe Laboratories will print out "psychiatric profiles" on each of us. My profile describes my "interest patterns" as "quite different from those of the average male," and suggests that "moodiness, depression and heavy drinking are frequently found in such individuals." The Philadelphia computer also suggests that "suicide attempts are a possibility." Nevertheless, John Bachman, the staff psychologist, later advises us not to take the MMPI profiles seriously. "That computer," he says, "assumes that everyone who takes the test is crazy."

For seven days we swallow impotent "placebo" capsules seven times daily, including a double dose at midnight and another dose at 4:00 A.M.

Dr. Jones claims that his is a "double blind" experiment. Supposedly, no one except the doctor himself knows when his subjects will begin to take the superdoses. The aforementioned psychologist, however, has informed Mike and me that "about a week" would pass before we would get high. And in the project lab, a prominent calendar announces that we will begin day seven by smoking joints.

When that day arrives, we feel ready. Thick strands of smoke soon float in the air. The smell of burning hemp overwhelms the lab's antiseptic atmosphere.

"Would you guys like to smoke another joint?" asks Debbie, the lab assistant.

Mike and I, sitting on the turquoise plastic couch, decline. *Absolutely not.* Each of us is well stoned but we can't relax and enjoy the feeling, what with Dr. Jones raising hell with a technician right outside the open door.

"*This solution is just not the proper temperature,*" he is ranting. "Can't you follow simple instructions?"

"OK fellas," says Debbie, who seems to understand that Dr. Badvibes is squelching his subjects' highs. "I'll ask John to take you back to the ward for your pills."

The staff psychologist is not usually assigned as an escort; this is one more clue that our next encounter will be with the real marijuana McCoy. When we arrive at the medication room, John instructs the nurse on duty to give the subjects their noon capsules. Sorry, she answers; but she is under orders from Dr. Jones. We are to be given no pills until the doctor himself gives the word.

The scene turns into a small drama.

"On my authority!" John insists.

"Bullshit," she replies firmly.

John storms off to a red-faced Dr. Jones, who angrily orders the nurse to administer the doses.

The double blind, had it ever existed, is now blown. Mike and I open wide and swallow our first red capsules of marijuana extract.

Later that afternoon, a ward nurse clocks both our resting pulse rates at 132 beats a minute. We are not stoned in the sedated way we'd expected. An hour after each dose—at three, six and nine o'clock—intense, amphetaminelike rushes of energy charge through our bodies. Relaxation becomes impossible.

After the midnight double dose and the 4:00 A.M. pill, our night's rest is much like sleeping under the hot sun. The next morning, there is a disturbing tremor in my hands. During the exercise portion of the cardiovascular tests, my blood pressure drops precipitously and I become so faint and dizzy that I cannot complete the routines. If a moving object passes my field of vision, it leaves a tracer behind, a hallucinatory jetstream. My hearing is painfully acute.

In my journal account, a copy of which was given to the project psychologist, I describe what happened to me at two-thirty the following morning:

"I awoke to the realization that my body was in a state of extreme tension. My arms and legs were twitching spasmodically, and the muscles of my back and chest were contracted so tightly that I feared suffocation. Spasms caused my body to move in reflexive and uncontrollable whiplash convulsions.

"I walked and crawled to the shower room, hoping that a hot shower would relax my muscles. Forty-five minutes later, the seizures had subsided but I continued to shiver like a nude in the

snow. Sitting on my bed with a psychiatric technician, I received weak assurance that the condition would pass."

"It's happened before," I'm told.

That same morning it happens to Mike.

Relax, he whispers to himself as the long minutes pass. Finally, the racing in his heart begins to slow, the muscle spasms calm. But soon he feels his heart-beat fading, slowing like a dying metronome. As fear claims him, his muscles begin to jerk.

Let it go, he tells himself. *Anything is better than this.* His heart beats once, is still, beats twice in quick succession. Before it beats again, he is unconscious.

Within the next 24 hours, as a direct result of our threats to leave the study, Dr. Jones orders a break in the dosage schedule. During the next seven days, each of us experiences two more reactions of diminished intensity.

Four months later, when his experiment began to draw criticism from researchers in other quarters, Dr. Reese Jones would maintain that our reactions to the dosages were "atypical"

Our daily dose of government-issue THC amounted to 168 joints of average-potency weed.

and "probably hysterical." But the fact is that he was not present to watch any of them. He left us entirely in the hands of the staff, despite his being notified of each seizure. "You two," Dr. Jones would say, "were the only two subjects I know of in the whole world who have had such a reaction."

However, John Benedetto, a third subject, admitted to the project midway through our term in the Institute, was also temporarily dismissed from the superdoses. Four other subjects dropped out of the program despite their contractual agreement to forfeit 90 percent of their earnings. The money wasn't enough to hold them.

Of the superdose experiment at the Langley-Porter Institute, Gordon Brownell, the West Coast Coordinator for NORML (the National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws), has written:

"This federally funded boondoggle has thus far cost the American taxpayers nearly \$360,000. Conclusions reached on the basis of such drastically inflated doses of marijuana have no application at all to the regular or even the heavy marijuana user.

"Unfortunately, the federal government persists in spending huge sums of money in its efforts to 'prove' marijuana is harmful."

Just how super are the superdoses? Expert estimates, notably Dr. Jones's own, vary. In early January 1975, Dr. Jones told *San Francisco Examiner* reporter Carol Pogash that his doses equaled 80 "San Francisco-sized joints" a day. On the other hand, Dr. Sanford Feinglass, a drug researcher and consultant to the Special Action Office on Drug Abuse Prevention, says that the daily dose amounted to 168 joints of average-potency weed. "You guys," Dr. Feinglass told us, "ate marijuana extract at the rate of smoking one joint every eight and a half minutes, 24 hours a day, for 21 days."

Dr. Jones insists that his doses are not excessively high. To justify his experiment, he cites rare reports of Jamaican and U.S. Army "dope-aholics" as evidence that some people are using equally fantastic doses on a daily basis.

During our eight-month investigation into the superdose controversy, however, only one other research professional—Dr. Steven Szara, chief of biomedical research at the National Institute of Drug Abuse and overseer of the experiment at Langley-Porter Institute—would support Dr. Jones.

Dr. Feinglass contends that "this project is based on biased logic that proceeds from the question, 'Why is this stuff bad?' ... This project does not even include one of the most basic elements of drug research—a control group which goes through the experiment without taking the drug." Dr. Tod Mikuriya, one-time head of federal pot research and author of *Marijuana Medical Papers*, equates the study with "the reinvention of the wheel."

"The real tragedy of this policy," concludes Dr. Feinglass, "is this: instead of developing medical uses which could benefit the American people, we are spending tax dollars to scientifically reinforce the legal and political status quo."

In mid July, the NIDA gave Dr. Jones the approval and funds he needs to carry his scientific McCarthyism into its third year. Recently, disenchanted members of his staff resigned, and Dr. Neal Benowitz, a high-ranking member of the superdose project staff, expressed doubts as to the worth of the study. "It would certainly be fair," he told me, "to wonder if this project should have ever gotten off the ground."

Despite the criticism of his peers and coworkers, Dr. Reese T. Jones is determined to continue his experiment at all costs. In an effort to stop publication of this article, the doctor threatened to make public our computer-interpreted MMPI psychiatric profiles. "They tend," said Dr. Jones in his last interview with us, "to make you guys look a bit odd ... a little strange."

Such attempted intimidation suggests that this is one scientist who is afraid of the facts. It appears that the man most threatened by superdose research is Dr. Reese T. Jones. ■

Morocco

(continued from page 60)

serving evening tea in the cool stone chambers of his medina home. The Moroccan woman is absolute chief of the house, obligated by culture to serve the man hand and foot, but privileged to vituperate him freely. Although Mohammed keeps a wife and home in Fez for appearance' sake, his heart is in Ketama with the hashish that keeps him high and brings his bread. He absorbs his spouse's abuse in silence, his mind elsewhere, seemingly anxious to know if the American will agree to join him on a journey to Ketama.

Ahlesh la!? Why not? After four months in this country one acquires a certain immunity to danger, a kind of looseness. Why not see just how far out he intends to take it?

So it is too late to double back as the sunrise bus snakes its way higher up the rolling evergreen paradise that is the Rif and the golden mountain heartland of Ketama. When the bus crosses the line to Ketama district, a black-leathered, tommygun-toting, jack-booted police guard boards the bus to have a look around. He recognizes Mohammed, and stops to scowl at him

closely between his fingers and then implores, "S'il vous plait, donnez-moi!"

Why not? Although it's something special, this is Ketama. It would be karmic folly to refuse Mohammed this cadeau, even though now—at this very instant—it becomes clear that he will go through with his betrayal, which, when it comes, is something of a tribute to Mohammed's mastery of his game.

As the bus stops in the epicenter of an incredible green nowhere, Mohammed comes flashing to life. He points across to the very front, where two Arabs drop their djellaba hoods for a lightning crossfire of laser eyes. Suddenly Mohammed is hissing, "Ils sont mes frères, you go with them!"

We three are a good kilometer down into a huge rolling valley bowl surrounded everywhere by the life-breathing greenery of the Rif, and we are going deeper still, when Mohammed's "brothers" pause for a breath. Up until this point, since the spontaneous debarkation from the bus, no words had been exchanged. But one of the brothers, a weasly-looking thing, is suspicious about this turbaned, djellaba'd companion who certainly does not look like a businessman.

"Por favor... Cuanto kif ti quieres?"

So that is it! Mohammed has snatched a neat symbolic victory, laughing snugly on his farm many miles away, smoking that lovely piece of hand-pressed primo

in the rain, and it is stopping, now making a U-turn to demonstrate its unmistakable purpose. So we are on the bus again! No need to ask the driver or his two companions any questions. Just sprawl out along the leatherette seats of this luxury coach, light up a sepsi and watch the rain spatter patterns on the window as we roar uphill to souk Tleta Ketama, in the heart of logging country.

The Arabs sitting under the arcade know at once that this infidel has not come to chop down trees. However, their snickering and haughty negativity quickly dissolve after the customary Arabic salutations: *Koolshee la-bess alhumdullah*. And prestomagico we are dry and seated on a fruit crate, stuffed to the bursting point with fresh-fried Mediterranean sardines. Then, from freshly wiped lips the stranger whispers, rubbing palms together to emphasize the point: "Hashish!"

The sardine vendor puts finger to lips for silence, but in his eyes there is a special gleam that says that sardines are only his sideline. Soon his eldest son materializes to take over the sardine fry. The crowd of observers murmur and nod approvingly, and we are off on a three-kilometer trek over hill and dale to the hash farm of Ayeed Ahmed al-Hassan.

Ayeed is distinguished by his attitude, his bearing, his relation to himself and to the universe. He is a devotee of Allah, and day long chants the many names

The esurient fellahs were quick to add the art of hashish making to their bag of mind tricks.

and check out his companion. It's heavy.

But the guard takes his leave and the bus ascends through chilly sun-washed shades of the coolest, richest greens, good time for a hash sepsi, and Mohammed appreciates the taste of this high-quality piece copped from a British spacefreak in Fez who pressed it himself. The art of hashish making in Morocco was introduced only in this century by foreigners of many nationalities who had traveled in the East and brought their knowledge to bear upon the lush kif fields of the Moroccan Rif. Once shown the way, Moroccans eagerly took to the alchemization of kif pollen, but the very finest of their oeuvres never leave the source.

Here, Spanish is the second language, Ketama having been the fief of Generalissimo Francisco Franco in colonial days. Ironically, the Grand Old Facisto himself was responsible for improving the quality of Moroccan kif, by scorching the hills during his last retreat to Andalusia. Franco never returned to the Rif, but the kif sprouted back stronger than ever.

Unwrapped by the infidel, the power of Allah's great green weed, compressed in its freshly resinous form, sparkles anew in Mohammed's tarpit eyes. . . . He examines the gummy, gray-green square

now while the outfoxed infidel stands in total isolation confronting two very angry hash farmers whom Mohammed had deceived into thinking they were meeting a big client. They must be made to realize they are confronting a madman before they get any slick ideas about a bushwack ripoff in this valley:

"Cuno, Mohammed...yo lo mata pronto!"

But the sly Mohammed cannot really be killed: he has blended back into the illusory nature of the Moroccan life-stream. The two hash farmers depart with a wave and a hasty adios.

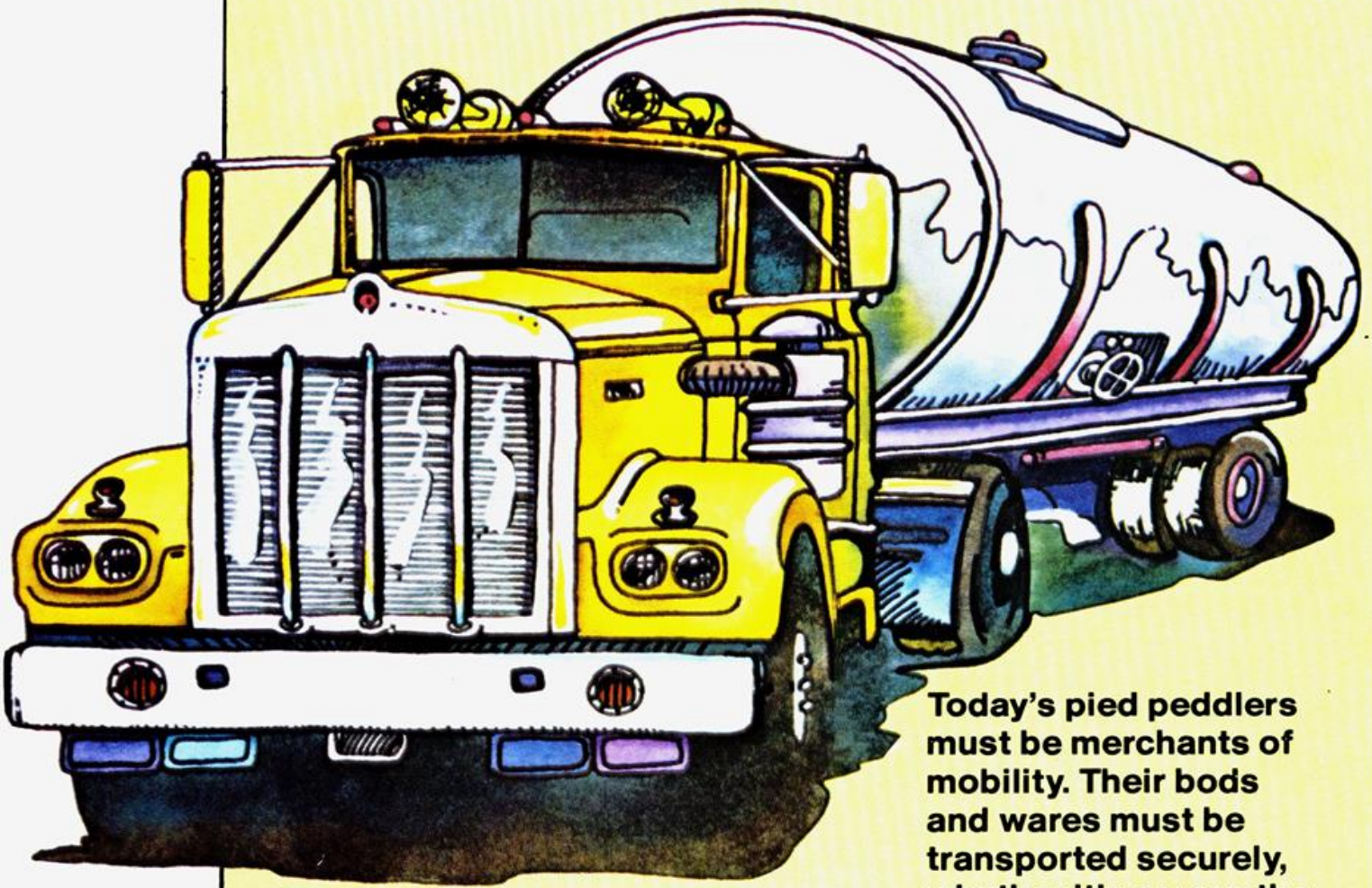
And it is all *en shallah* and uphill from here to the main mountain road, and another ten miles of steady uphill to the souk of Tleta Ketama. Although it is almost April, the Rif is chilly and raw, awaiting the full bloom of Moroccan spring while hash farmers all over the district make ready for the new season's planting. The late afternoon sky swiftly turns from lead blue to gray and is choked with rushing rain clouds. There is nothing to do but flip up the old djellaba hood and keep truckin' uphill, chanting the many names of Allah in anticipation of delights ahead. The rain comes on, a torrential ocean.

When help comes, it is hardly believable, an empty bus roaring by downroad

while he absorbs himself in the task he loves the most—the farming of hashish. He lives in grinding poverty with his aging mother, wife and three children in an evergreen setting of great natural splendor. His only possession of material value is a beaten-up auto that he seldom uses. At night his son-in-law comes down from a neighboring farmhouse with a portable radio. We listen to clandestine broadcasts from Libya and smoke the sweet phantasmic hash pollen of Ayeed Ahmed al-Hassan, while millions of stars shimmer across the spectral blackness of the Ketamese sky.

The infidel beds down on a straw mat in the hash-cutting room. Stacked along the walls are pound piles of fresh green pollen. The kif will be cleaned and cut for commercial sale to Moroccans, who will distribute it along their own network. The pollen is for sale primarily to hashish-minded Westerners. Ayeed will machine-press some of it with a wood-and-screen pressuring device he has built himself for the purpose. The best of the pollen, however, he will save for the laborious but rewarding process of hand-pressing; and some will be made into a succulent sweet paste for psychedelic ingestion. On the hash farm of Ayeed Ahmed al-Hassan, time is easy and sleep is serene. . . .

Dealers' Wheels



By
Bill Blankenship

Today's pied peddlers must be merchants of mobility. Their bods and wares must be transported securely, whether it's across the border or down La Cienega Boulevard. Their business is highly specialized and, if they are true professionals, so, too, should be their means of transportation.



◀ **Amphicar.** Imported from Germany by Hoffman, the Amphicar's advantages are obvious. This vehicle can be driven right off the beach and onto the water. Just the ticket for regular deliveries to neighboring islands. \$2,500.

Four-Wheel-Drive Van. Manufactured in Long Beach, California, this boonie basher began life as a regular production van. Berm Engineering converts the entire drive train to very heavy-duty four-wheel-drive operation (at a very heavy-duty price—\$3,000, excluding the initial price of the van) that enables this hauler to go where only jeeps dare to tread. \$7,000.



◀ **Land Rover.** This famous safari wagon from British Leyland has made more great white hunters out of gushy rich socialites than any other element under the hot African sun. Bwana, you want to save some room for that gan ja on the other side of the veldt? \$5,000.



1966 Chevrolet Four-Door Station Wagon. This is possibly the most nondescript rollin' machine ever! A gray wig and religious respect for the local traffic laws insure a safe trip in this bomb, which is usually piloted by seamstresses and retired policemen. \$500.



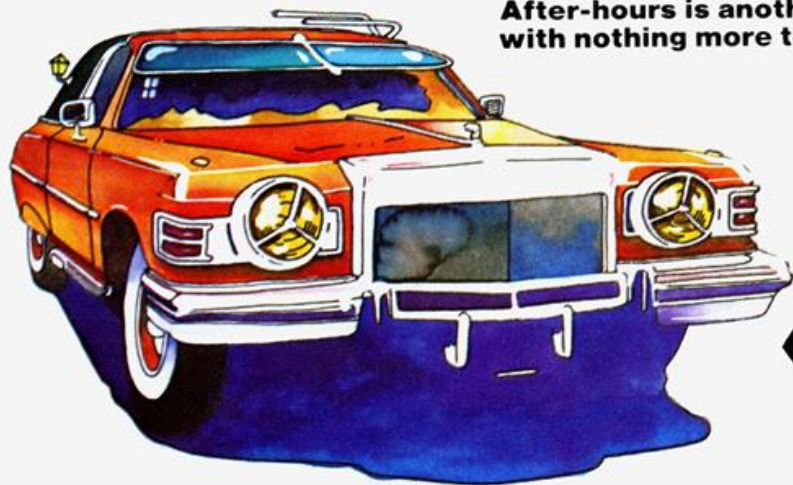
◀ **Kawasaki Z-1.** The fastest production motorcycle in the world, the Kawasaki Z-1 is capable of sprinting the quarter-mile at 105 m.p.h. in as little time as it just took you to read this sentence. Carrying capacity is limited, but you sure can haul ass with small weight. \$1,500.



◀ **1941 Ford.** Affectionately known as the bootlegger's special, this model's huge gas tank accommodated itself quite well to moonshiners' transporation needs. And its V-8 powerplant could flat outrun any fed machine down those treacherous Tennessee mountain roads. Where did they keep gas? In a gallon wine jug, of course. \$2,000.

Kenworth/Fruehauf Tank Trailer. This is that big rig you see truckin' down the highway with a few thousand gallons of petrol sloshing inside its shiny silver cylindrical womb. Unlimited hauling capacity is its claim to fame, and the cab is better outfitted

than most living rooms, with quadrophonic sound, TV, refrigerator, a big bed, CB radio (for trackin' those Smokeys in the unwrapped package) and the most sophisticated, comfortable, air-suspension driver's seat in the world. \$70,000.

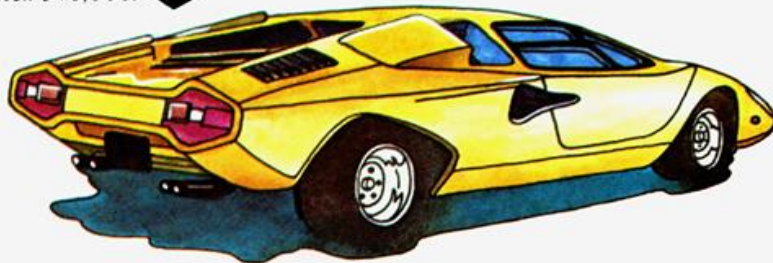


After-hours is another story, as our dealer steps out on the town with nothing more to worry about than a small, easily disposed-of stash.

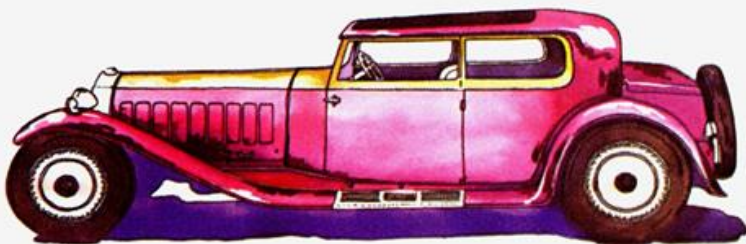
Pimpmobile. The services of this very colorful vehicle are employed by vendors of white powders and shapely organic commodities. This one practically slaps the constabulary across their collective gaping mouth. Better leave your stash at home when traveling in this much style. \$12,000.

Lamborghini Countach. You'll have to smuggle one of these into the country, since it just doesn't pass the stringent EPA emission specs; must have somethin' to do with the six dual-throat Weber carbs mounted on individual runners connected directly to each cylinder's intake ports. Introduced just last summer, this head turner can easily exceed the national speed limit three times over,

and doesn't stop 'til the speedo hovers at 175! Its transversely mounted midship V-12 engine displaces 4.4 liters. The tariff? Only \$10,000 per liter. \$40,000.



Bugatti Royale. This is strictly for the successful entrepreneur. There are only six in existence, but for the right price anything is possible. Place bids with the Harrah's Automotive Collection in Reno, Nevada, or the Briggs Cunningham Collection in Newport Beach, California. If they won't part with theirs, there are always four more that you can bargain for. \$100,000.



British-Leyland Atlantean Omnibus. This is the answer! You and a hundred of your very closest friends can go just about anywhere there's a golden ribbon of highway. The New York City Metropolitan Transportation Authority has just ordered four Atlantean double-deckers, at a grand total of \$330,000. They'll run the Fifth Avenue and Riverside Drive routes, but you can do better than that. \$82,500.



In the first half of 1975, over 61 aerosmuggling planes entering the U.S. crashed, with 23 known casualties. The numbers missing in action in remote mountains or over the ocean are unknown but probably much higher. Morgan Camacho knows how to fly low. His first piece of advice is don't do it. Barring that, he says whether you're a narc or a pot pilot, do it right. Save your life.

I have done quite a bit of bush flying in Mexico and around the Southwest, and if I ever decided to bring in a load of smoke, I'd know exactly how to go about it. The subject invariably comes up whenever bush pilots get together and start hanger flying, so all of us are reasonably up to date on techniques.

But if anybody asked, I'd advise them against trying it. They would probably get caught. Even the Border Patrol admits that 90 percent of the people it arrests are amateurs—200-hour pilots in rented planes out for a lark.

On the other hand, 90 percent of the grass flown in from Mexico—they estimate 30,000 planeloads a year—is brought in by pros. These people rarely get caught, and if amateurs want to take the heat off the pros by getting themselves caught, fine. My buddies will appreciate it.

In New Mexico alone, the government has identified more than 200 pilots who fly grass regularly, and the feds are just waiting for them to screw up once. And even the pros screw up occasionally. Last year a guy bit the dust in Arizona in a PBY—a big-ass World War Two Navy amphibian—full of prime Mexican sinsemilla. He had his thing together, and nobody knows what happened. There's talk that the feds shot him down to make an example of him, but no proof.

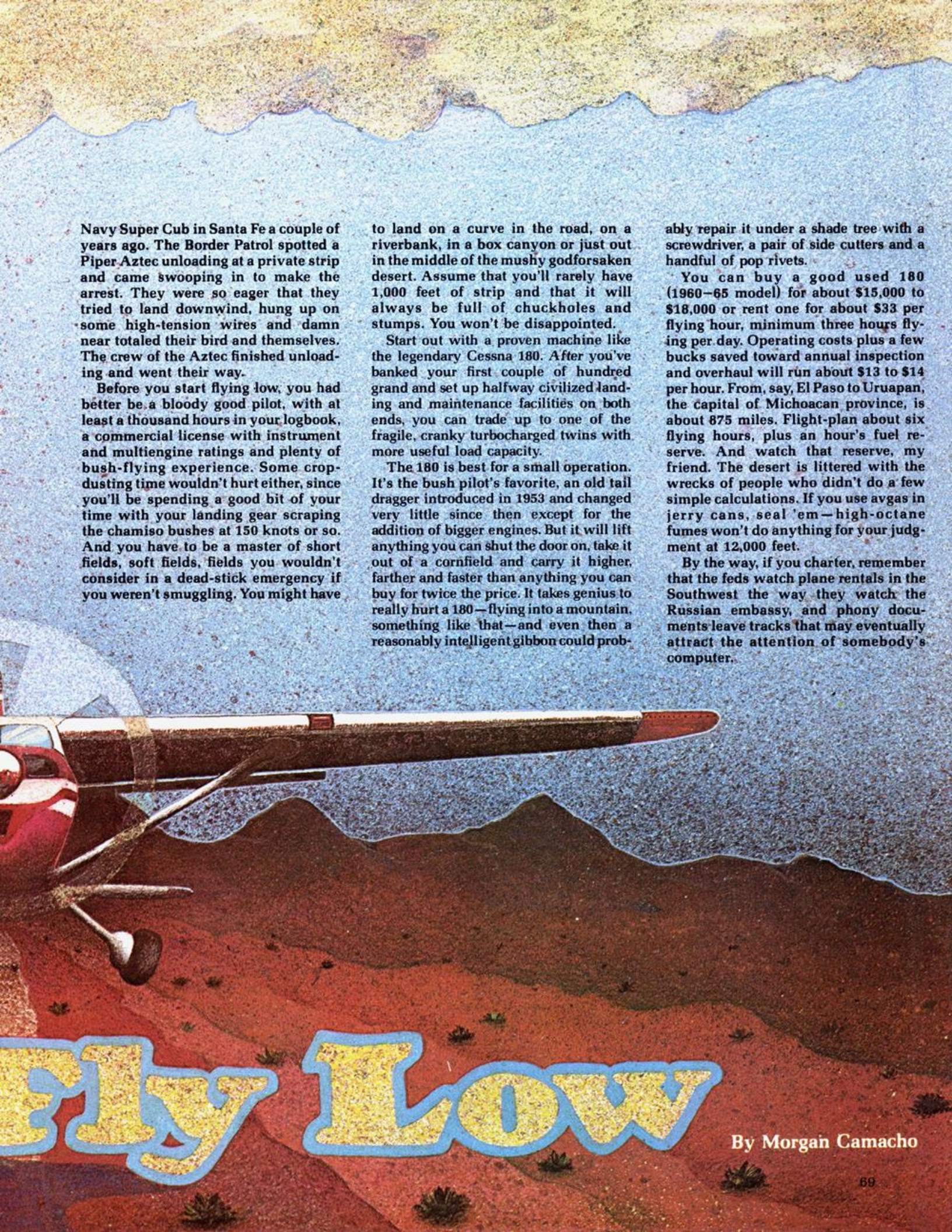
Then there's the pilot who was

whacked out of his skull and landed a hundred-grand rented Cessna 411 gear up in Las Vegas, New Mexico, in the middle of the night. Once he realized what was happening, the pilot made the best of a bad job and he and his passengers walked away from it, just a lot of torn-up sheet metal and six bent prop tips. The pilot slung his jacket over his shoulder and walked out to the road, hitched into town, rented a car and dropped out of sight. His buddy tried to offload 700 keys single-handedly and hide them in the bushes, but the local constabulary heard all the racket and caught him red-handed.

Oh sure, the pilots win a few too. Some pissed-off hombre dropped 5,000 pounds of weed on the parking lot of the Customs office in Deming, New Mexico, a while back, causing no end of embarrassment. If he had a quarter of a ton to throw away, you wonder how much he kept. And there was a wrecked



How to 1



Navy Super Cub in Santa Fe a couple of years ago. The Border Patrol spotted a Piper Aztec unloading at a private strip and came swooping in to make the arrest. They were so eager that they tried to land downwind, hung up on some high-tension wires and damn near totaled their bird and themselves. The crew of the Aztec finished unloading and went their way.

Before you start flying low, you had better be a bloody good pilot, with at least a thousand hours in your logbook, a commercial license with instrument and multiengine ratings and plenty of bush-flying experience. Some crop-dusting time wouldn't hurt either, since you'll be spending a good bit of your time with your landing gear scraping the chamiso bushes at 150 knots or so. And you have to be a master of short fields, soft fields, fields you wouldn't consider in a dead-stick emergency if you weren't smuggling. You might have

to land on a curve in the road, on a riverbank, in a box canyon or just out in the middle of the mushy godforsaken desert. Assume that you'll rarely have 1,000 feet of strip and that it will always be full of chuckholes and stumps. You won't be disappointed.

Start out with a proven machine like the legendary Cessna 180. After you've banked your first couple of hundred grand and set up halfway civilized landing and maintenance facilities on both ends, you can trade up to one of the fragile, cranky turbocharged twins with more useful load capacity.

The 180 is best for a small operation. It's the bush pilot's favorite, an old tail dragger introduced in 1953 and changed very little since then except for the addition of bigger engines. But it will lift anything you can shut the door on, take it out of a cornfield and carry it higher, farther and faster than anything you can buy for twice the price. It takes genius to really hurt a 180—flying into a mountain, something like that—and even then a reasonably intelligent gibbon could prob-

ably repair it under a shade tree with a screwdriver, a pair of side cutters and a handful of pop rivets.

You can buy a good used 180 (1960–65 model) for about \$15,000 to \$18,000 or rent one for about \$33 per flying hour, minimum three hours flying per day. Operating costs plus a few bucks saved toward annual inspection and overhaul will run about \$13 to \$14 per hour. From, say, El Paso to Uruapan, the capital of Michoacan province, is about 875 miles. Flight-plan about six flying hours, plus an hour's fuel reserve. And watch that reserve, my friend. The desert is littered with the wrecks of people who didn't do a few simple calculations. If you use avgas in jerry cans, seal 'em—high-octane fumes won't do anything for your judgment at 12,000 feet.

By the way, if you charter, remember that the feds watch plane rentals in the Southwest the way they watch the Russian embassy, and phony documents leave tracks that may eventually attract the attention of somebody's computer.

Fly Low

By Morgan Camacho

Good bush flying—and, by implication, smuggling—is a matter of doing small mundane things well. If you do it right, it ought to bore you.

If you want to build a flat-out freighter (using bush charter work as a cover) gut the interior of your 180 except for the pilot's seat. The FAA will probably make you put in tie-downs for seats and belts, but you can take everything else down to bare metal and add to your useful load. Put on a Hartzell climb prop and the full catalog of STOL (an acronym for Short Take Off and Landing) goodies from Robertson—drooped leading edges, cupped wingtips, flaperons, the whole megillah. It'll cost. It will also save your ass a couple of times.

Finally, special-order some flat beige alumigrip polyurethane paint—and repaint your bird. It's a ferocious task to do it right, but a flat finish kills most of the reflections that might give your position away to an overflying Border Patrol picket plane. Weigh that against five years of repairing rocks in a federal pen and start spraying. The ideal paint job would be brown-and-beige mottled camouflage on top and sky blue on the bottom, but this would attract as much attention as teats on a boar hog when you tie it down at the ramp.

Now you're ready to fly dope—but first you have to get some. In any case, remember that *mordida*—blood money, bribes—is not just a Mexican custom; it's an integral part of the national economy. Fuckovers are among the country's chief entertainments, and worst of all, in dope country every male child over the age of seven is armed. They're enchanted with automatic weapons—an M-2 carbine in reasonably good shape will fetch you five or six hundred U.S. south of the line, though you could regret it later.

An illustration might be in order here. The last time I was in Michoacan, the *federales* were patrolling the outback in a Huey donated by the U.S., carefully ignoring the grass and poppy fields. On the ground was a company of cavalry—genuine horse soldiers, because there are no roads to speak of from Aguila clear down to Playa Azul, only burro tracks. The company commander had made a separate peace with each grower, skimming off whatever the traffic would allow. Next, he shook down the legitimate farmers by threatening to accuse them of being growers if they didn't pony up. Then he went ahead and busted a few people so the paperwork in Mexico City looked convincing. He also took an armed guard with him to the outhouse.

A lot of my duster buddies in Mexico have had offers of government employment, even free instruction in rotary-wing ships supplied by the U.S. My

understanding is that we originally offered to divert a helicopter battalion from the Nam, but the last thing Mexico wanted was *Norteamericano* troops on the sacred soil—had enough of that shit in 1915 and 1946. The next to last thing the politicians in Mexico City wanted was to lose all that revenue from the grass trade, but they were caught between a rock and a hard place and wound up accepting a lot of shiny new flying machines and making a rather transparent show of looking for dope. It's of more than passing interest that a fellow named Kleindienst, lately of Watergate fame, did the negotiating while he was an assistant attorney general.

Anyway, are you ready to bribe all those people? Do you think you're slick enough to wade through that bucket of worms and not get dirty? Make your own decisions.

The bottom line, of course, is flying the stuff into the country. And to anybody but a pilot, that part is fairly uninteresting aside from the chance of serving one-to-five for the sin of importing a Class II controlled substance.

Good bush flying—and by extension, smuggling—is a matter of doing small mundane things well and anticipating problems before they can happen. If you do it right, it ought to bore the ass off you.

So you load up and preflight the plane. The grass will probably be half cured. Put the bricks in heavy plastic garbage bags and seal them with plenty of duct tape. They'll continue curing on route, giving off heat and fumes, and the last thing you want to be while slipping in under the radar is ripped on THC fumes. If you haven't brought your own avgas in with you, expect to be sold a watery fluid of about 12 octane with scum on top of it. *Filter it though a chamois before you top off your tanks.*

Aerial navigation in Mexico is fairly primitive. Radio beacons konk out or get shut down at odd times, so often that you'll find yourself taking bearings on commercial AM broadcasts from the larger cities. Make sure your RDF (Radio Direction Finder) can receive them.

Finally the time has come to attack the ADIZ, the Air Defense Identification Zone. The ADIZ is a network of radar that monitors the entire U.S. coastline and the Mexican and Canadian borders. Supposedly it provides an early warning against air attack—just enough time for a drink, a cigarette and a few hundred regrets before you're blown to kingdom come—but in practice it is

the government's biggest weapon against airborne drug traffic.

U.S.-bound aircraft are supposed to identify themselves before penetrating the ADIZ, and land at an airport of entry once inside the country, to undergo Customs inspection. If you don't, the Air Force scrambles a couple of fighters and comes after you. FAA sectional charts make the ADIZ look fairly narrow, but the government has lied to me before. Personally, I wouldn't get much north of Hermosillo before I started thinking about getting down on the deck.

At the same time, the Border Patrol's picket planes will be out. The federal boys claim that they have only two Maule M-5s in all of New Mexico, but if you believe that you probably believe in the Easter Bunny too. The flat beige paint job I suggested earlier will cut down your visibility some, and flying up valleys in the shadows of the mountains will make you even harder to spot. But, of course, the best of all is timing your departure so you cross the border at night.

Screaming along right down on the mesquite in pitch darkness is demanding flying, and spiraling up from the desert floor to thread your way through a mountain pass is even tougher—screw up once and cleaning up your remains will be a job for a dustpan and a rake. If you get lost or run into unexpected bad weather, you may have no choice but to climb into the radar pattern and hope you can lose the interceptors in the clouds later on.

We call this sort of thing terrain flying. Obviously you can't use the plane's landing lights, because they'd give away your position and the reflected glare would ruin your night vision. The horizon is your only visual reference, and when the horizon happens to be a mountain range, it's not a hell of a lot of use to you either. Careful reconnaissance is a must, to keep from flying into power lines and such. Pilots occasionally fly a semicircular route from Tamaulipas province on Mexico's northeast coast out over the Gulf to the Brazosport area of Texas. They're often completely socked in by fog and haze, but since they're certain of the terrain altitude—sea level—they can go on full instruments, pray that barometric pressure stays constant and count on the altimeter to stay 50 feet off the water. I haven't heard of anybody running into a ship, but I suppose it's just a matter of time.

I've talked a lot about flying low, but
(continued on page 119)

The Whiskey Rebellion



Hamilton and the Whiskey Boys

By Dean Latimer

The making of whiskey is a metamorphosis not quite so mysterious and intricate as birth or death, but for many it's a process just as awesome and fulfilling. It partakes of the seasons of the earth, and involves delicate but enormous changes of matter; impossibly sophisticated paraphernalia are required to magick the innocent, wholesome vegetable mash into brain-damaging liquor, and the transformation is so extreme you cannot watch it without getting a little drunk on the mystery of Nature itself.

In Pennsylvania, west of the Alleghenies, in what is now placid Amish country, the mash was generally corn. There was considerable rye, too, but corn is the best crop in the soggy lowlands of the Monongahela River.

Pennsylvanians performed their earth magic with a rude science called stilling. A still then was pretty much the same as it is now: a plank shanty well off from any other buildings, vomiting coal smoke and cinders night and day, a homely shrine to Vulcan and Bacchus, furnished with mysterious and terrible devices of alchemy. The heart of the device was the condensation coil, a spiral artifact as modern in design as a hydrofoil keel: from it dripped, through the hellish steam and hissing din of the apparatus, the clear, pale distillation of madness, drop by surgical drop. It was liquor. It was yours. You made it out of dirt and rain, by God, and it was good.

So the Pennsylvania Whiskey Boys said, anyway, watching the distillate drip

in the smoky shanty still, sweating and filthy but out of the black flies for a while at least, getting a hook from a jug of last season's brew. They made the best damn whiskey in the 13 Original States, by the Lord Harry. You could hardly go wrong with whiskey in western Pennsylvania. Not only were the crops ideal for it, but the hard limestone water thereabouts is the best on the continent for brewing. What's more, Pennsylvania white oak, fashioned into hogsheads, mellows out of the brew all its harsher properties, and vouchsafes to it a tart, cloudy, woodsy flavor all its own. The Whiskey Boys were fierce on the subject of Monongahela Corn: it was the best ever, sir and madam, and it was their whole life.

Of the 70,000 settlers in west Pennsyl-

Corn whiskey was real liquor. It was yours. You made it out of dirt and rain, by God, and it was good.

vania in 1790, one in six worked for one of the 5,000 stills. The other five settlers in the mean were occupied in growing the corn or drumming the whiskey off to Philadelphia, Capital of the United States, 300 miles east. Liquor was the sole product that came out of the Western Frontier, for the simple reason that it cut down transportation costs by a factor of six: whereas a mule generally collapsed under 300 pounds of feed corn, she went along right smart bearing two 25-pound kegs of corn liquor.

It was in Philadelphia they ran into trouble. The Whiskey Boys saw absolutely no advantage to dealing with money, understand. The drummer traded the Corn directly for nails, wire, axes, horseshoes, still equipment, patent medicines, books and trinkets. These, on his return to the wilderness, he traded for more whiskey. Among themselves, then, the Whiskey Boys were perfectly happy to use jugs of Corn for currency. Paper money in America had never been a dependable proposition, and very rarely, in any case, did so much as a shilling of hard cash get past the prehensile bankers of Philadelphia. The Whiskey Boys were satisfied with this arrangement. They were no fools. They knew that if money interposed itself between their selling of some whiskey and their acquisition of a cross-cut saw, then there would inevitably be some banker in there taking a piece out of that money, with the result that they got less for the whiskey and paid more for the saw.

In Philadelphia, though, the Revolutionary administration of General George Washington was busily scheming to bring precisely such a foul thing to pass. At 57, George was at the peak of his intellectual powers, which is to say, he addressed any given political problem according to whatever he had been told by the last person with whom he had discussed it. A benign and respectable old gentleman soldier, he surrounded himself with bright young Turks possessed of good looks, cultivated bearing and enthusiastic projects for keeping the rabble in line while the landed and commercial gentlemen of the new Republic established things on a solid and profitable economic base. Thus it was that the person who generally spoke last to General Washington on any important issue was 33-year-old Alexander Hamilton.

Hamilton was the first American Secretary of the Treasury, among other things. Later on, as Vice-President under Adams in 1804, he was shot dead by Aaron Burr. It was he who founded the Federalist movement in American politics, to which the likes of William Buck-

ley are forever harking back nostalgically. The triumph of the Federalists was the imposition of the Alien and Sedition Acts in 1798: a "temporary suspension" of Constitutional rights, in view of a vague military threat from France, providing for the expulsion of any suspicious aliens from Freedom's Shore and capital punishment for any treasonous utterances against the President, his friends and relations, or Congress. It was Hamilton who in 1791 sold Washington on the notion of a Federal excise tax on fermented spirits.

His professed intention was to pay off the Revolutionary War debts incurred by the States, but this fooled no one. Pennsylvania wasn't the only place that lived on liquor: Kentucky, North Carolina and Virginia were also celebrated for their whiskey, and the presence of Federal revenue agents snooping through the country would do a lot for consolidating the government's control over everyone in the land. Nowhere was the Whiskey Tax received happily, then. Where was it likely to stop, after all? "The time will come," James Jackson warned the Georgia House of Representatives in 1791, "when a Shirt will not be Wash'd without an Excise." But West Pennsylvania was unique for the virtual absence of money there.

The tax on whiskey, payable only in cash, went into effect on July 1, 1791. Under Hamilton's genius, the country was assorted into an intricate maze of districts and subdistricts, with a small army of revenuers to spread out everywhere. Before long, then, you had a federal marshal coming around to your still, measuring your condensation coil for its capacity and dipping a Dicus hydrometer into your hogsheads to determine the proof of your liquor. He also carried a branding iron to stamp each hogshead as approved for sale, providing you turned over the proper amount of tax money to him in cold cash. But there was no money in all the Allegheney Mountains, so there was a lot of liquor that couldn't be sold.

Think of it. These people had chased away or slaughtered the Wild Indians, cleared their land and set up their stills on their own, where they worked as hard and honestly as anybody. Their roads and bridges were certainly no work of Philadelphia—and neither was any other visible thing—but all of a sudden, here was this Philadelphia marshal, coming around with his holy dipstick and branding iron, demanding money. To make it worse, when summonses were given out for moonshining,

the accused was obliged to "set aside all manner of Business & Excuses" and appear in "his proper Person" in Federal court in Philadelphia, 300 miles away, on the specified date. It may have been only coincidence that most moonshine cases were scheduled during harvest season, when you went broke for a year if you weren't around—but the settlers made the natural connection, right or wrong.

Straightaway there was trouble, of course. The month of July in '91 was not over before several hundred Whiskey Boys convened at Redstone Old Fort (now Brownville, Pennsylvania) to peacefully petition Philadelphia for redress of grievances. When the petitions went nowhere, they met again in August and proclaimed that all who enlisted in the Whiskey Tax program were "enemies of the State." The local Jeffersonian Democrats (the liberal alternative to Hamilton's Federalists) promoted a righteous "call to arms" and advertised the desirability of "Committees of Correspondence," in the style of the Revolution of blessed memory.

No one was unwise enough to formally organize such a Committee, though the anonymous heroes called Tom the Tinker's Boys carried out some clandestine activities of a manifestly Revolutionary nature. They were called Tom the Tinker's Boys because they "mended" the stills of those whiskeymen who managed to pay the abominated Excise. As in any labor-management struggle, the scrabbling scabs were the first to suffer. Additionally, under the pen name of "Tom the Tinker," a sympathetic whiskey drummer named John Holcroft published regular anti-Excise tracts in the *Philadelphia Gazette*.

These Tinker papers ran side by side, generally, with pro-Excise articles of a ferociously indignant and superior tone, signed "Tully." The writer who thus presumed to adopt the formidable mantle of Cicero was none less than Hamilton himself, seething at the crimp these unwashed, purposely penniless backwoodsmen were putting into his grand economic ordination. In young Hamilton's view, anyone who balked at his program for Federalizing the Republic was simply not a real American. His propaganda machine directly commenced to accuse the Scotch-Irish frontiersmen (most of them Revolutionary veterans, by the way) of being alien agents working insidiously for the downfall of America—"the refuse of Europe," ignorantly plotting to sabotage the valiant young Republic. "Pennsylvania," quoth Tully, "need not be envied her Irishmen."

(continued on page 120)

The Big Kahuna

A full-page photograph of a tropical beach. In the foreground, there are several large, dark palm trees on the left. The beach is sandy with scattered dark rocks. In the middle ground, a person stands on a rock in the shallow water, looking out towards the horizon. The background features a steep, rocky hillside under a clear blue sky.

Like violated gods, the eight islands of Hawaii spewed forth lava from their molten hearts. For a hundred years the skies were ashen, until one day they cleared into a brilliant cerulean blue. Then, mysterious bronze wanderers arrived in long teak outriggers, bringing with them amazing seeds. Wanderers no more, they cast their lot with these shores forever.

In the firelit evening, the siren moan of the conch shell would beckon the fisherfolk home from the waves. Nets creaking with silvery ore, arms paddling lustily, they brought their offering to the royal luau, a 24-hour feast featuring suckling pigs in taro leaves, baked yams, shredded fish, pineapple and poi.


When the fishermen were just a speck on the horizon, barefooted boys and girls would gather on the sparkling black volcanic beach. Wearing delicate leis of ginger, gardenia and lehua, they danced to little tunes of conquest in *nui loa*, or much love.

The Polynesian kings have gone the way of the Pharaohs and the Khans, but the blue sky, the tall waves and the black beaches remain. There, the *haole*—foreigners—continue the tradition of the luau, rejoicing in the fruits of the islands.

Herewith, six varieties of Hawaiian herb to enrich the night and the *nui loa*. □







INSIDE THE DEA

The Supersagency Strikes Out

By Chip Berlet

The crowd clustered around the park bench playing cards and dealing dime bags of heroin is a little surprised to hear that the Drug Enforcement Administration occupies the squat gray building just across the street.

"No shit? The federal narcs, huh, well they ain't been botherin' us none." The group looks at the building and shares a nervous laugh—everyone except the dude with the eyes so bloodshot you can see the veins right through his shades. He just keeps nodding out on the brown Mexican scag, huddled up in the crisp October air, across the street from the federal agency that was to lead the government's war against narcotics.

The guard at the front desk is a friendly woman who monitors the ten television screens and the building's sophisticated electronic security system. A horn blares from a small speaker, and she jabs a button on the console. One screen shows a garage door creaking open in the depths of the building as a car speeds in. Another screen shows the car parking, and another the agents walking down a hallway.

You need an escort to walk down the hallway in one of the top 12 floors because at the end of each hall there is a locked door, and without a key, there is no place to go once you leave the elevator.

The escort apologizes about the locks and is willing to arrange an interview with a DEA official, "but a lot of people don't want to talk with the press right now. We're in the midst of a reorganization, and to be honest, we've had a few problems around here."

Those problems include: the resignation of DEA director John R. Bartels, Jr. under charges of impeding internal corruption investigations; criticism for abandoning a probe into alleged heroin smuggling by billionaire Robert Vesco; a series of scandals involving the DEA with filming suspects in sex traps; the surveillance of U.S. mail; a bizarre catalog of assassination devices; an internecine bureaucratic war with the U.S. Customs Service; and assorted charges of graft, murder, smack peddling and overzealous use of door smashing and gunslinging by DEA agents.

These incidents have obscured what is perhaps the most

serious charge against the DEA: that it launched a widely publicized war against marijuana and cocaine while ignoring the massive influx of heroin from Mexico. Critics further charge that the DEA has created what one senator called a "farm subsidy program" for dope dealers by spending almost \$10 million per year to buy evidence and information, and by concentrating its efforts on "body counts"—busting numerous small dealers instead of going after major narcotics smugglers. This was not supposed to be the DEA's emphasis. It was formed to attack narcotics traffic at its source.





NIXON'S DRUG SUPERAGENCY

Richard M. Nixon created the DEA "as part of the all-out global war on the drug menace." The new agency incorporated the Bureau of Narcotics and Dangerous Drugs, the Office for Drug Abuse Law Enforcement, the Office of National Narcotics Intelligence, those sections of the U.S. Customs Service involved with drug investigations and the drug-enforcement-related functions of the Office of Science and Technology.

The DEA was first unveiled on March 28, 1973, when Nixon sent Congress "Reorganization Plan No. 2" for the "consolidation of our antidrug forces under a single unified command." In creating the "Superagency," Nixon used the executive Reorganization Act of 1949, which was set to expire in three days. Under this Act, Congress had only 60 days to hold hearings and vote on the bill before it automatically would become law. This tactic angered some congresspeople, especially since a Senate subcommittee had already spent



Andrew C. Tartaglino



John Bartels, Jr.



Robert Vesco

Cocaine was the new "public enemy" for the DEA, even though brown heroin was blasting junkies into the grave.

three months investigating the "crazy quilt of overlapping and disorganized drug enforcement efforts throughout the federal bureaucracy." There were also two pending Senate bills aimed at a similar streamlining of drug enforcement efforts. Many saw the reorganization plan as just another Nixonian antidrug publicity stunt.

Most congresspeople agreed, however, that something had to be done about the mushrooming number of federal drug agencies. Since coming to office, Nixon had already created five new agencies; and one of Lyndon B. Johnson's last acts as president was to announce "Reorganization Plan No. 1," which created the Bureau of Narcotics and Dangerous Drugs (BNDD), the Law Enforcement Assistance Administration (LEAA) and the Justice Department's Narcotics and Dangerous Drugs section.

On top of this hopeless hodgepodge of federal agencies was a growing feud between the BNDD and the U.S. Customs Service, which until 1968 had primary responsibility for stopping the flow of drugs into the country.

According to Senator Abraham Ribicoff, chairman of the subcommittee studying the mess, the rivalry had "degenerated to actual attempted sabotage of each other's investigations, with the BNDD and Customs agents spying on one another, prematurely seizing the other's evidence, arresting the other's informants, kidnapping the other's witnesses—all for the purpose of seeking credit for the big bust."

A number of congresspeople were not convinced Nixon's plan was the solution

to the federal drug enforcement fiasco, but because of the Reorganization Act's 60-day time limit, some behind-the-scenes deals with labor leaders, and last-minute lobbying by the exective branch, critics of the DEA were unable to muster enough support to defeat the plan. On July 1, 1973, the DEA sprang into existence.

The first administrator of the DEA was 38-year-old John R. Bartels, Jr., a magna cum laude Harvard graduate and Fulbright scholar whose first job as an attorney had been defending cigarette companies against lawsuits from lung cancer victims. After stints as assistant U.S. attorney in southern New York and as the head of the Justice Department's Strike Force on Organized Crime in Newark, New Jersey, the father of five had come to D.C. to fight in Nixon's war on drugs.

Bartels announced he was going to clean up the bad image of federal narcotics agents by disciplining agents involved in warrantless raids and illegal harassment of citizens. He also issued a strict set of search and arrest guidelines restricting "no-knock" entry and use of weapons. Bartels began touring the country touting the new drug agency to the press.

TROUBLE IN PARADISE

Back at the home office in D.C., however, a palace revolt was being concocted. Andrew C. Tartaglino had already spent 23 years in the federal drug enforcement bureaucracy and had

gained a reputation for cleaning up internal corruption. In fact, there were those who thought he was a bit overzealous. Jack Anderson and Les Whitten reported that his entrapment tactics had forced the government to drop prosecution in several corruption cases, and Tartaglino admitted making a suggestion to an innocent agent who became so upset he promptly committed suicide.

Unfortunately for Bartels, Acting Deputy Administrator Tartaglino had not received the DEA post to which he felt his seniority entitled him—director. Tartaglino began investigating corruption inside the DEA with a vengeance. First, he started investigating Bartels's appointees; then he started investigating Bartels.

The most fruitful investigation Tartaglino launched was into the associates of Vincent L. Promuto, a former Washington Redskin football player who Bartels had appointed DEA's director of public affairs. Tartaglino, along with Acting Chief Inspector George Brosan, soon discovered that Promuto was hanging out at a bar with assorted felons, organized crime figures and drug traffickers. Promuto had also introduced his boss, Bartels, to a woman with two characteristics the investigators clearly remembered: she had exceedingly large breasts and alleged connections with a major cocaine dealer.

What followed was a byzantine power struggle inside the DEA with Tartaglino and Brosan raising serious charges of corruption and Bartels trying to prevent them from undermining his authority. Along the way, it seems, Bartels also impeded several legitimate corruption inquiries, especially the investigation of his buddy Vincent Promuto.

Soon, charges and countercharges were streaming out of the DEA as if it were a sieve in a sewer. In November 1974, the FBI conducted an investigation that cleared Bartels. Tartaglino and Brosan left the DEA and were banished back to the dreary halls of the Justice Department.

But the information sieve continued to drip, and newspaper accounts of DEA's internal corruption broke for the first time. Senator Henry "Scoop" Jackson, with an eye on pre-presidential-election publicity, announced he would conduct hearings on the matter. One week before the hearings were to open on June 9, 1975, John R. Bartels, Jr. was forced to resign by an embarrassed Justice Department. Vincent Promuto was later transferred to the DEA's New York office.

At the Senate hearings, Tartaglino and Brosan charged Bartels with impeding

and interfering with their corruption probes; Bartels countercharged them with bureaucratic backstabbing; two FBI agents admitted that the investigation clearing Bartels was a whitewash; and the subcommittee staff investigator, Philip R. Manuel, testified that the DEA and the entire federal narcotics apparatus was riddled with corruption.

Among the juicier DEA stories that have since surfaced are that:

- an investigation into a 200-kilo heroin smuggling deal was curtailed when the name of billionaire Robert Vesco entered the inquiry; records were lost, and a valuable informer was discredited and abandoned.

- a number of individuals with known or alleged corruption or mismanagement problems have risen to supervisory roles within the DEA.

- the DEA maintained "love traps" in New York City and San Francisco where foreign diplomats were entertained by CIA prostitutes. According to Jack Anderson, films of the sexual exploits were then used to blackmail the wilted diplomats into providing information.

- the CIA had a cozy relationship with the DEA, which hired 64 former CIA employees and then sent the CIA 13 new narcs to train.

- DEA agents electronically "debugged" Robert Vesco's home and office in New Jersey.

- Howard Hughes provided DEA agents with tens of thousands of dollars to gamble away in his Frontier Hotel in "Operation Silver Dollar." The plan supposedly was to ensnare major dope peddlers but may have been a device to keep the DEA off Hughes's back.

- The DEA's Los Angeles regional office was allegedly providing protection for Mexico's top heroin smuggling family.

- the DEA regularly opened and inspected first-class mail.

- in a bizarre incident, a DEA official attended a demonstration of assassination devices at which exploding flashlights and cigarette lighters were offered to the DEA.

- the DEA has continued to battle with the U.S. Customs Service by withholding information on smugglers and by refusing to cooperate on investigations.

- numerous DEA agents have been involved in dealing narcotics.

WHAT ARE ALL THOSE AGENTS UP TO?

With all these charges floating around, the Jackson Subcommittee wanted to know exactly what the DEA was doing with its 2,100 agents and fiscal 1975

(continued on page 83)

Jimsonweed: The

The search for exotic highs is like the temptation to bet on "propositions": of course, you know who won the World Series in 1936, how to sing the "Horst Wessel Song," or that the dude drinking pink ladies cannot pour that glass into your trousers without getting you wet. Damon Runyon summed up the smart gambler's attitude to "propositions" in his advice to Sky Masterton in *Guys and Dolls*: "Sky," he said, "some day a man is going to come along and show you a brand-new deck of cards on which the seal has not been broken, and he is going to offer to bet you any amount of money that he can make the jack of hearts jump out of the deck and squirt cider in your ear. But son, do not bet him, for as sure as you do, you will wind up with an ear full of cider."

So it goes with dope. You trek 900 miles overland into the Amazon jungle to sample yagé in its natural habitat and some unscrupulous brujo (sorcerer) sells you a skullful of leopard piss that decorticates your left cerebral hemisphere. Cosmic Danny, the most righteous dealer in Denver, sells you a dozen buttons of peyote that get you the Nobel Prize for puking. Some hand-picked coca leaves trickle into Vancouver and your fillings trickle out. After a certain number of unsuccessful experiments with these overpriced emetics, one reluctantly gives up hit-and-run highs in favor of the tried and true, and peace reigns in the troubled brain.

Still, the temptation always lies beneath the surface. Stories circulate about gentle new blends of PCP or "mescaline." Perhaps no such drug is so big in legend and so awful in the event as jimsonweed.

Wherever high trash gather to slobber over week-old roaches, jimsonweed is the dope most highly spoken of in tones of awed, appreciative speculation. I would like to put these silly rumors to rest once and for all. In my opinion, jimsonweed is, beyond the shadow of a doubt, the world's worst drug.

Jimsonweed acts swiftly and lasts long, and to the unprepared it shows no mercy. It is called the devil's weed and like the devil it claims body and soul.

The use of jimsonweed goes back thousands of years. There is an amusing anecdote about the use of jimsonweed among Mark Antony's legions in 38 B.C. Unfortunately I cannot remember it. The devil's weed does funny things to your memory.

In 1564 a well-known Spanish physician, one Monardes, received a shipment of "cacho" seeds from a fellow Spaniard residing in the new colony of Peru. After studying and cultivating them, Monardes sent some seeds to the Turkish herbalist, Lord Zouch, who in turn sent seeds to the great British botanist Gerard. Gerard classified the plant, calling it the Thorn Apple of Peru. He put it in the nightshade or *Solanaceae* family. In Latin it is called *Datura*; other names—stinkweed, stinkwort, mad apple—followed, and they all fit.

Jimsonweed has long been used by native Americans as a medicine. The Aztecs used it for centuries in poultices to soothe scalds and burns. Some Indians also used it as an anesthetic while setting bone fractures.

In this century jimsonweed extract—stramonium—has been used as a muscle relaxant, in cigarettes for asthmatics, and as a palliative for hemorrhoids. It has been used to treat rabies and to knock out intended victims of the French Revolution's guillotine and candidates for the strangling cord of India's "thuggee" death cult.

Apart from these mundane uses, jimsonweed's reputation persists as a key that can give one access to one of what Don Juan calls the "million paths of knowledge." Carlos Castañeda claims to have taken it with an old brujo and found it a sure route to heightened perception and enlightenment. I don't

know anybody else who has, but I'm here to tell you it's like snorting Drano.

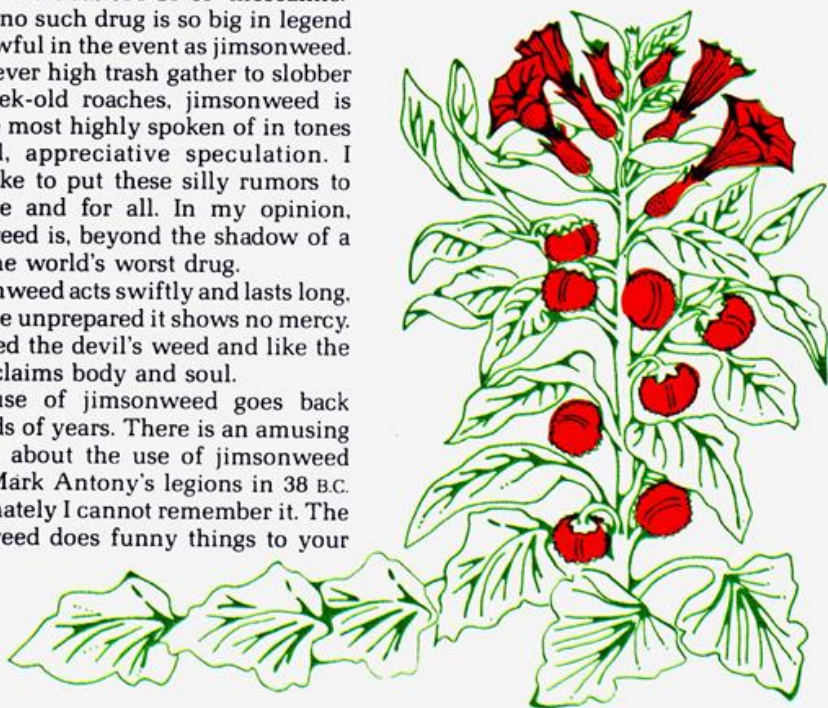
I found some *datura* growing wild on the Jersey shore. OK, so I didn't have an assignment from the *Atlantic Monthly* to study geriatric brujos in Mexico. I can pick jimsonweed and chop it up and scarf it down as well as the next guy.

After some slight nausea, itching and shortness of breath, I noticed that my heart was throbbing. Vision became blurred, hearing decreased, and my mouth was parched. I realized that death awaited me, and I was assailed by feelings of self-doubt and contrition for sins I had never imagined, let alone committed. The fear of dying grew in me and I ran over to a friend's house, gasping for help. After a while I passed out for about five hours. When I came to I was completely exhausted.

I have never experienced anything but physical pleasure and a blissful consciousness of self-acceptance and love of the world on LSD, DMT, STP, mescaline, peyote, ayahuasca, yagé, marijuana, hashish, opium, cocaine, even the heroin I snorted at Jimmy Farrell's birthday party. I don't know what got into me but it's never going to happen again. Jimsonweed poisoning, though dangerous, is not always fatal. Left alone, a victim will more than likely recover from the effects within a few days, depending of course on how much of the chemical alkaloids he has ingested.

The Department of Pediatrics of the University of Virginia School of Medicine reported in 1955, "Although distinctly less frequent than kerosene or salicylate intoxication, *Datura* has had about the same incidence as lead, barbiturates, alcohol, rodenticides, and insecticides as a source of poisoning." The incidence among children is somewhat higher than among adults because kids are attracted by the seeds, which they use as play pills. One report from Cleveland in the 1940s spoke of an entire orphanage stricken by the drug. "Some kids crawled under beds, some barked like dogs, some picked at imaginary objects from mid-air, and others just moaned or wept."

Another strange incident of jimsonweed poisoning occurred on a farm not far from Nashville, Tennessee, in the early 1960s. In this case an entire family was poisoned, and it was later learned that the farmer, unaware of the dangers, had been grafting his tomato vines with jimsonweed plants. This was done, he said, to insure that his tomatoes would ripen even in mid-fall, since jimsonweed



World's Worst Dope

By Steve Block

is hardy enough to fight off the first frost.

The farmer's tomatoes yielded 4.2 milligrams of stramonium alkaloid per hundred grams of tomato, more than sufficient to produce severe symptoms of poisoning. Neither the farmer nor his family was permanently injured by the poisoning, but they were all sick for two weeks.

The Thorn Apple grows wild: while it flourishes in moist soil and thrives in the Peruvian sun, it has also done well under more extreme climates throughout the world. Its strong acrid smell can be detected from several feet away. It is a large, fibrous, leafy plant and may grow to five feet in height. On it bloom trumpetlike flowers that remain from early spring to late fall. Only at night do its petals open wide.

The whole plant is poisonous, from leaf to root, and once the seed—which may be scattered by wind, water or beast—germinates, jimsonweed will grow almost anywhere.

There are more than 15 species of *datura*. *Datura stramonium*, *Datura meteloides* and *Datura tatula* (more purplish than the other two) are the most common on the North American continent.

The name "jimsonweed" derives from Jamestown, Virginia, where it was first used by the English soldiers in the year 1676. The tiny colony had saved itself from economic despair by growing tobacco, and the new tobacco trade had spread to Europe and even to the Orient, despite the bitter opposition of King James I.

A minor revolt against the corrupt government of the Crown was being led by Colonel Nathaniel Bacon, an outspoken gentleman tobacco planter, a man of dissolute personal habits but a determined military leader. Troops were dispatched from England to defend Jamestown. One evening, the troops' cook brewed up some local herbs, serving a bitter-tasting *datura* salad. "... the Effect of which was a very pleasant Comedy: for they turned natural Fools upon it for several Days: One would blow up a Feather in the Air: another would dart Straws at it with much Fury: and another stark naked was sitting in a Corner, like a Monkey, grinning and making Mows at them: Fourth would fondly kiss and paw his Companions, and sneer in their Faces,

with a Countenance more Antick than any in a Dutch Droll.

"In this Frantick condition they were confined, lest they should in their folly destroy themselves: though it was observed, that all their Actions were full of Innocence and good Nature. Indeed, they were not very cleanly: for they would have wallowed in their own Excrements if they had not been prevented. A Thousand such simple Tricks they play'd and after Eleven Days, return'd themselves again, not remembering a thing that had pass'd" (Robert Beverly, *History of Virginia*).

These troops, it may be noted, did not bring home the Bacon. (He died later of venereal disease.) Bacon's Rebellion eventually petered out, despite the first successful military use of a psychoactive drug.

Long before the white man had ever reached the New World, Indians had been using "wighsackan" for medicinal and spiritual purposes. The Powhattans held "huskinawing" initiation rites each spring for young males becoming braves. Given a generous measure of jimsonweed concoction to drink, the youths were sent into the woods for several days. There, under extreme hallucinosis, they underwent the secret ceremonies of admission into manhood. It must have been a caution.

Out west, too, the Zuñis, Paiutes and Walapais used the plant for similar purposes. "Among the Luiseno of California," wrote another observer, "several youths of puberty age were gathered at night into a special enclosure where they drank a concoction prepared from the roots of the weed. The effect of the drug lasted from two to four days. During that time the initiate experienced visions of spirits, which he believed gave him supernatural powers. Later, he had to descend into a pit dug in the ground, symbolic of death, and then climb out again, supposedly indicating rebirth."

Older tribesmen also took the drug. An eighteenth-century missionary, John Heckewelder, witnessed many such occasions. Of one incident he says:

"He will fancy himself flying through the air, stepping from ridge or hill to the other, across the valley beneath, fighting and conquering giants and even monsters, and defeating whole hosts of en-

emies with his single arm. He then has an interview with Maninito or spirit who lays out before him his fate. This belief in the truth of the visions is universal among the Indians. There are even some who believe in the transmigration of the soul. I have known several Indians who firmly believed they knew, by means of their visions, what was to become of them when they should die. How their souls were to retire from their bodies and take abode into those bodies still unborn."

The most famous account of Indian experience with jimsonweed is given by Carlos Castañeda's Don Juan. Admitting that the drug can give some insight into the soul, Don Juan says, "She distorts men, she gives them tasks of power too soon without fortifying their hearts and makes them domineering and unpredictable. She makes them weak in the middle of their great power."

Atropine, hyoscyamine and scopolamine are the chemicals that constitute *datura*. Alone, each is a potent drug that chemists carefully dilute for medicinal purposes. In combination they produce symptoms quite similar to those of belladonna: severe dryness and burning of the throat, extreme dilation of the pupils, delirium, nausea and wild hallucinations.

Jimsonweed is illegal in this country, but it grows wild almost everywhere. It grows best in marshy and swampy regions, but may even be found flourishing in vacant lots in big cities. It's easiest to find, though, in unweeded fields where moisture abounds.

If you will not be satisfied until you have trifled with this mephitic mind-fucker, the old Indian way of preparing jimsonweed dictated picking the fruit of the plant late in the harvest season, with, if possible, the light of the full moon falling over your left shoulder while you mutter the names of demons. Separate the leaves, stem, pod and seeds. All parts are toxic and will get you "high." Drying the leaves will rid them of their strong odor but will not affect their toxicity.

The active alkaloids—atropine, hyoscyamine and scopolamine—are available from any drugstore—with a prescription. Or just get hold of a pack of stramonium cigarettes for asthmatics, still manufactured in Europe, and boil the contents junkie style.

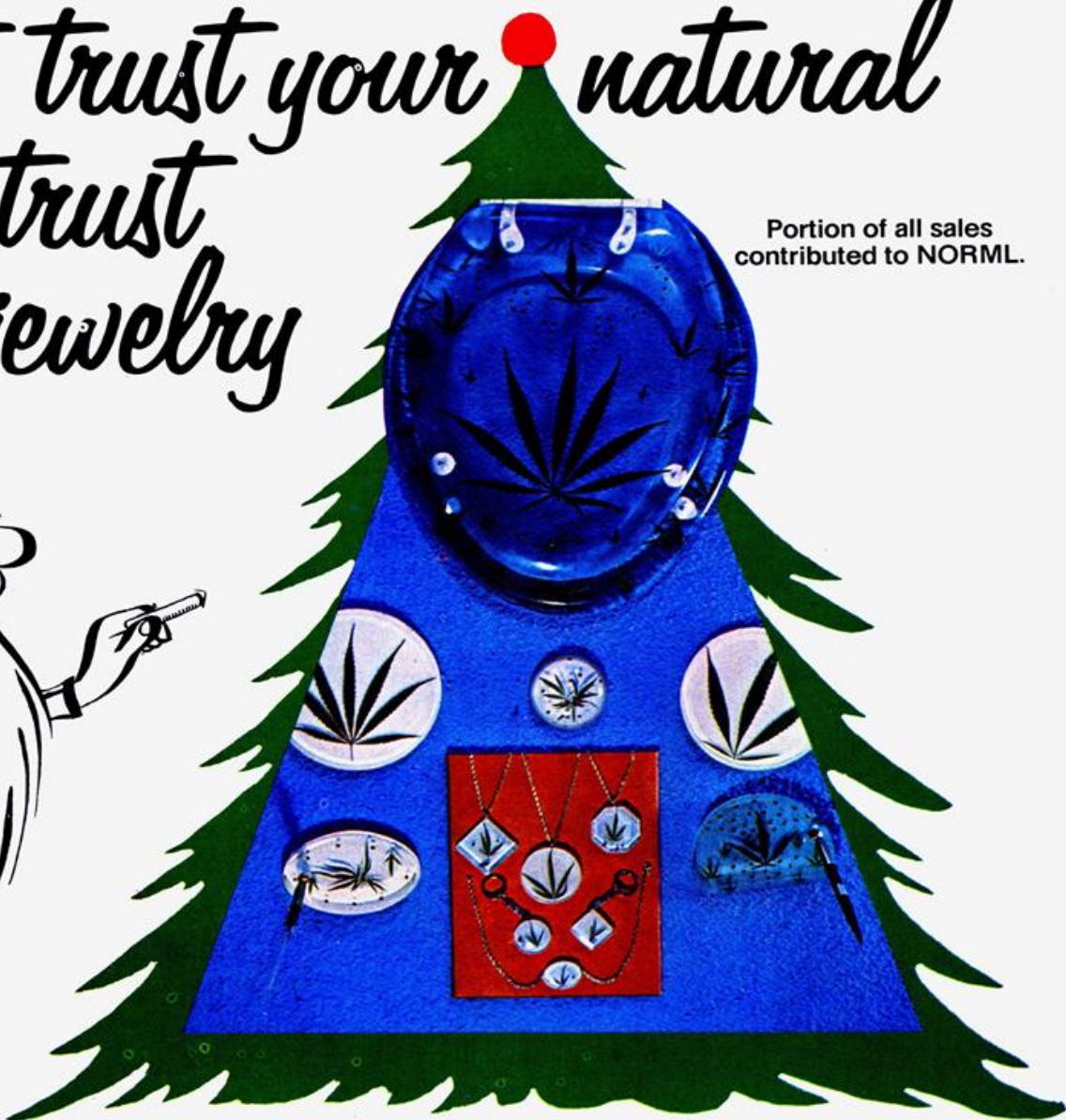
Next time someone tells me jimsonweed is far out, I'm going to agree with him. But I'm not going to take it, not the jack of hearts from an unopened deck of cards. ■



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INSIDE THE DEA

(continued from page 79)

appropriation of a staggering \$135 million. "Not only have we not turned the corner in the so-called war on drugs," exclaimed Senator Jackson, opening the hearings, "but mounting evidence from public and private sources indicates that we are being waylaid by a series of minor skirmishes."

Staff investigator Phillip R. Manuel agreed, stating, "all types of narcotics, including heroin, cocaine, hashish and marijuana, are being smuggled across U.S. borders in greater quantities than they were on July 1, 1973; and the availability of narcotics and dangerous drugs on the streets of America is greater today than when the DEA was created."

"Conversely, it is ironic that the record shows that during the period immediately preceding the reorganization—that is, from 1971 through early 1973—federal narcotics law enforcement had its period of greatest success," Manuel said.

It was during those years that the well-known French Connection for Turkish heroin was broken and the "Heroin Famine" swept the east coast. When the DEA was created, it turned its attention toward drugs other than heroin, principally marijuana and cocaine. Maybe the DEA thought the heroin problem was licked, or perhaps the new agency wanted the sensational headlines that cocaine busts and the destruction of tons of pungent weed would bring; maybe it was all an honest bureaucratic error. But Senator Jackson quoted one drug authority, Ralph M. Susman, who has a different notion:

"Heroin trafficking is a highly organized, relatively low-risk, lucrative commercial venture. As with other organized criminal activities, it simply could not continue to exist on any significant scale without the complicity and cooperation of law enforcement authorities and criminal justice personnel at all levels of government, not only in foreign countries but in the United States as well."

Some Washington insiders think Susman's thesis directly explains the massive influx of brown Mexican heroin that ended the drought caused by the severing of the French Connection.

Dr. Vernon D. Patch, the director of Boston's drug treatment program, knew when the brown Mexican smack first hit his city. "I remember vividly—it was the last week in August of 1973. A patient came in with great animation talking about the new brown stuff. He said, 'Doc, it is so good it dissolves in the cooker without any heat, in the cold water.'" (continued on page 89)

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Book Bonus

The Tales of The Ginseng

Edited by Andrew C. Kimmens

Scorned by Western medicine since its use was first reported by missionaries and traders 400 years ago, the ginseng root of the Orient has been a coveted folk remedy throughout the East for thousands of years, and legends of its miraculous powers have been popular in the Far East since its use became common, though that ancient time is now lost to memory. In the pharmacopoeia of imperial China, ginseng was considered the essence of yin. For the Manchurians and Koreans, the root itself had aspects almost divine. In their folklore, the root would come alive to do battle with evil spirits and demons that plagued life; its

The Origin of Ginseng: The Story of Ula-jan

At an ancient time, in the reign of the Emperor Yan-di, nearly three thousand years ago, in one of the great cities in the valley of the Ussuri, lived a rich and pious man called Ula-jan, a man loving, good, and wise. His joy was to do good for the poor and to cure the sick. Therefore the god Fo (Buddha) became his friend, protecting him and crowning all his undertakings with success. Ula-jan saw his prosperity grow from day to day, and soon his riches surpassed even the treasures of the Son of Heaven, the wise Emperor Yan-di.

Ula-jan was nearly a hundred years old, but in spite of this great age he remained as strong and healthy as a man of forty. In this same city lived Jang-loon, also a rich man, but evil, cruel and proud. He never helped the poor but loved to take from them what little they had. This envious man took offense at the prosperity of Ula-jan, whose great riches kept Jang-loon from all spiritual repose, kept him awake at night, and made him lose his appetite. Night and day he tried to think of a way to take away Ula-jan's goods and to destroy the good man's happiness. After thinking about it for a long time, he came upon his plan of crime. He made wounds on his legs, covered himself with rags, took up crutches, and went as a poor mendicant to beg at the *fansa* [small house in the country] of Ula-jan.

The good man, suspecting nothing, greeted the false beggar with kindness, dressed him, gave him shelter, food, and money, and cured his wounds. Jang-loon, even while accepting the kindnesses of his enemy, observed how his home was set out, so as to discover the hiding-place of his treasures. That night he plunged a knife into the heart of Ula-jan, who immediately expired, uttering no cry, as if he were waiting for death and was not surprised by the attack.

Jang-loon began at once to rifle through the cabinets of his victim. He opened the first, plunged in his bloody hand, but snatched it back with horror: the chest was full of vipers. In the second cabinet, instead of silver he found a monstrous beast. Overcome with horror, the murderer was running from the house, when all at once the *fansa* was lit with a blinding flash of light, and before the terrified eyes of the guilty man appeared the god Fo. The criminal, trembling from head to toe, fell on his face.

"Cruel and ungrateful Jang-loon!" roared Fo. "You have committed the greatest of crimes. You have killed the man who sheltered you, who cured your wounds, who dressed and

votaries were rewarded with treasures beyond value. Even today, no self-respecting Asiatic apothecary would be without ginseng.

The following selections are taken from Andrew C. Kimmens' recently published anthology *Tales of the Ginseng*, wherein are assembled and translated the ginseng lore of the Orient. The first two selections, *The Story of Ula-Jan* and *The Old Man with Yellow Hair*, are Kirin tales, or tales from the province in Manchuria where wild ginseng once grew abundantly; the third selection is translated from Polish historian Ferdinand Ossendowski's *Man and Mystery in Asia*.

nourished you. You would have stolen his treasures, but I changed them into serpents and horrible beasts, because the riches of Ula-jan were, and are still, in himself. Take up the corpse of this holy man, carry it on your shoulders into the mountains of Sikhote-Alin, and bury the precious remains under a hidden rock. As for myself, I will take care that the memory of the magnanimous Ula-jan lives as long as the world lasts. And in all that time men shall never forget your hateful crime. When you have buried Ula-jan, you will die, crumbled to a thousand pieces, and each piece of your body will change into a red wolf, so that all may see on you the blood of the man you have killed. And you will remain for thousands upon thousands of years the guardian of the treasures into which I shall change the relics of Ula-jan. Go immediately and execute my will!"

The god disappeared. Jang-loon, made speechless by the overpowering force, took upon his shoulders the body of Ula-jan and began to walk toward the mountains, as he was told. For many months, day and night, he walked without growing tired, and finally reached the range of Sikhote-Alin. Then Fo's benevolent power was manifest. Suddenly Ula-jan's mortal wound opened, and perfumed blood flowed out, drop by drop, from his miraculously preserved body. Each drop of blood penetrated deep into the earth, and from each spot there immediately sprang up the wondrous ginseng plant.

His murderer wandered for a long time in the mountains, his victim on his shoulders, searching for a deep and hidden valley; the blood of Ula-jan continued to flow, and ginseng bloomed everywhere it fell. Several times Jang-loon halted and placed the body on the ground. Immediately there grew up all around the herb *ula-zao*, Fo's second gift to the poor in memory of the holy Ula-jan. *Ula-zao* is a kind of rush, so soft and pithy that many Chinese, in winter, put it inside their shoes to serve as stockings.

Finally Jang-loon discovered the deep and empty valley, inaccessible to mere mortals, and there buried the body of Ula-jan. As soon as he threw the last clod of earth on the body of his victim he crumbled into a thousand pieces, which became a thousand red wolves. The valley changed by magic into a wondrous garden filled with plants of the miraculous ginseng. The rats and mice that came into this valley were changed into precious sables, and this was Fo's third gift in memory of holy Ula-jan, for until then the sable was unknown.

By Fo's will, the wolves will last only so long as there is one ginseng plant still not uprooted. There are a thousand wolves, neither more nor less; they neither reproduce nor die. They devour all the unfaithful Sons of Heaven [Chinese people] who

"To find the root one must wander through forest and over mountains almost on one's knees . . . you must beware of the big she-cat tiger and the panther, who also hunt for ginseng."

The Tales of The Ginseng

dare to steal the most precious Gift of Heaven, the ginseng root. Only the poor Chinese can profit from the virtues of this miraculous root which cures all ills, as the great Ula-jan did himself.

The Old Man with Yellow Hair

About a hundred and thirty or a hundred and forty years ago there was a man called Ho who lived in Shansi province. He used to hear the old folk say that "east of the pass there are three treasures." He did not know what the other two treasures were, but he knew that one treasure was ginseng, because it was said that if you eat it you never grow old. Ho always remembered this. When he had put together a little money he made his way to Jilin and looked for a friend from his own village.

He went to the region of Jiaoho and Dunhua to the southeast, and when he found his friend he did not want to do anything else but insisted on going into the mountains to hunt for ginseng.

At that time this region was still not opened up, and the mountains and dense forests were deserted. There were all sorts of alarming rumors about the many fierce beasts there, how tigers would tear a man limb from limb, how black bears would gnaw your face as soon as look at you, about wild boars in packs several hundred strong, which could crack a man's skull like a nut with one crunch of their jaws. Among the sea of trees in the dark forest you could not see the sun, you could not tell north from south, east from west. Even seasoned hunters would lose their way in these parts, and if they found themselves in the "Dry Rice Bowl" or the "Big Sauce Jar" there were only one or two chances in ten that they would ever get out again. So his friend urged him not to try his luck here, but to make a living somehow or other at home. But he had been thinking of ginseng for so many years and, like the heroes of old, he "refused to give up till he reached the Yellow River."

Ho's friend knew a very experienced ginseng hunter called Zhang, and he asked him to take them both with him. Everything was arranged and the group was formed. Ho provided himself with oil, salt, millet, and tools and set out with the others for the mountains. But after several expeditions they had not found a single good ginseng root. Even after the beginning of autumn they had little to show for all their work, but at least there was enough to pay for their necessities, and they had not worn out their shoes for nothing. The others saw that the season was finished and prepared to leave the mountains. But Ho, who had had such visions of finding some big ginseng and of being able to make his fortune and return home riding in a mule litter, was very disappointed. "I've reaped no grain and still have to carry the sack," he said to himself. Even the traveling money he had brought from Shansi was spent. It was like getting a rusty knife into a scabbard. He had heard that collecting mushrooms was a way of making a living and the season was at hand. It would be better to leave the mountains only when he had finished collecting yellow mushrooms. His companions saw that he was an honest man; out of pity they gave him their spare millet, oil, salt, and other useful things when they left.

He was alone. Every day he gathered stones to make mushroom pits and cut rushes to make baskets to carry them in.

Sometimes he went higher up the mountain in search of yellow mushrooms. When the frost came he started gathering.

One day, at dusk, when he came back from the forest, he saw that the door of his shelter was closed. At first he thought that one of his former companions had come back to see him, so he went straight in. Something was lying on his bed—and it was very big. He stepped back in fright. What on earth was it? A man? Surely not—it was too tall and covered with hair. A wild beast? Black bears look a little like humans, to be sure, but the hands and feet were not those of a bear, nor the face. Tigers, wild boars, deer, leopards—none of them looked like humans. If it was a ghost—then he was just scaring himself, for he had never believed in ghosts. The shape of the body, the face, the hands and feet, clearly showed that it was human; there was nothing frightening about it. He had his sharp ax in his hand, so what was there to be afraid of?

"Who's in there? Come out at once!" he shouted, plucking up his courage.

"Me," mumbled a voice from inside. Then the bent body of a tall old man emerged. He was about eight feet tall, and had no stitch of clothing; his whole body was covered with yellow hair two or three inches long, and the hair of his head and beard reached halfway down his chest. He had a pleasant face and stood smiling at Ho.

Ho asked him who he was and what he was doing there. The old man said he lived not far away in the valley of South Mountain. He had stumbled upon the shelter, and thinking it looked like a human habitation he was waiting for the owner to return in order to ask him something.

"What do you want to ask?" said Ho.

"I wanted to ask if the Ch'in Emperor has finished building the Great Wall yet," said the old man. "Are they still conscripting men for the work?" Ho saw that there was something mysterious about the question, so he invited the old man into the hut and lit a pine taper. Then he asked the man the reason for his question.

"I come from the state of Yan," sighed the old man. "When Dan the Heir Apparent sent Jing Ke to assassinate the Ch'in Emperor, the plot failed and the Ch'in Emperor in revenge wiped out the six states and then immediately started to conscript men to build the Great Wall. I was afraid of getting caught so I ran off into the deep mountain forests to hide. From your accent you must be from the state of Wei. Are you hiding from conscription as well?"

Ho explained that the Great Wall was finished long ago and that the Ch'in Emperor had been dead two thousand years. "Several dynasties have come and gone since then and there is no longer any need to be afraid. Now it is the Ch'ing dynasty which is in power. So now that you have the chance, go back to your old home." But the old man was still doubtful. He could not believe that so much time had passed. How could it be two thousand years? He spoke of his bitter life—how, after he came into the mountains his clothes had gradually fallen to pieces and he had grown all his yellow hair, so that he looked neither like a man nor a ghost. He no longer dared to come out of his hiding place. When he was hungry he had only grass and roots to eat, and only water from the spring to drink. In this way, one way and another, the years had passed—who knows how many? Ho felt very sorry for the old man and tried to comfort him. He told him not to be sad, that he did not need to go back to his hiding place in the valley anymore. He could stay in the

**His clothes had fallen to pieces and he had grown yellow hair,
... he looked neither like a man nor a ghost.**

The Tales of The Ginseng

shelter for a while until Ho could find a way to take him down the mountain. Then he cooked some millet, and they ate it together.

The old man asked him what he was doing in the mountains. Ho told him how he had left Shansi to come there, how he had found no valuable ginseng and had decided to gather mushrooms instead. The old man asked him what ginseng was, and Ho showed him the few tiny roots he had found. The old man looked at them, then put one in his mouth and chewed it.

"I thought it was some precious thing or other," he exclaimed. "But it's just a root I eat every day. There's nothing rare about this; there's plenty in the valley where I live. But I don't bother eating such small ones as this. Tomorrow you can come and see."

Ho was so delighted that he could not sleep. He could hardly wait for the dawn to break. He got up and cooked himself some food, took two big tubs, tied a basket on his back, and set off with the old man.

The old man walked very fast and thought that Ho was dawdling, so he put him on his back and ran. They soon reached a cliff. Here he put Ho down and said, "It's down there." Ho took one look at the steep precipice and started shaking with fear. When the old man saw that he was afraid he took the basket and just jumped off the cliff. Before long he brought up a basket full of ginseng. They were superb mountain ginseng, thick as hens' eggs, with tight skins and fine wrinkles—not like homegrown ginseng. Ho was delighted. But it was a pity that the fine end roots were broken off.

"Never mind," said the old man. "I'll get you another basketful." And he went down again. This time he brought up a basket of ginseng with unbroken roots, but still without the whiskers. Ho explained that ginseng must not be pulled up: you have to scrape around it. He even drew a picture of how it had to be done. This time the old man was a long time gone, and it was evening before he appeared again. The ginseng he brought back had both whole roots and whiskers. Ho was very pleased and urged the old man to hasten back. The old man took the baskets, tucked Ho under his arm, and with great strides went back to the shelter, reaching it when darkness had just fallen.

Ho put the three baskets of ginseng carefully to one side, admired them, and felt he could not be happier. He then lit a fire and cooked a potful of millet as well as reheating what was left over from the morning meal. He ate four bowls full, but the old man ate a whole potful and still was not satisfied. So Ho cooked some more. After eating this too, the old man licked his lips and pronounced himself satisfied, then he drank all the millet water.

Ho thought to himself how much his three baskets of ginseng were worth. His friend had told him that if five or six men could find two or three shoots like this in a season it would count as good work. "And I have all this to myself! It's all thanks to the old man." To show his gratitude he told the old man that the next day he would go alone down the mountain and get some clothes for him. Then together they would take the ginseng to the market at Chuanchang and make an equal division of whatever they got for it. Afterward they could decide for themselves whether to go home or stay in Jilin.

The old man saw that Ho was a fair-minded man and was very pleased at the proposition, particularly as he had not expected anything for himself. Having made his plans, and pleased at the thought of doing a good turn for the old man, Ho had a good night's sleep.

He got up early the next morning and made a meal but did not wake the old man yet. When the meal was ready he called several times, but there was no answer. When he shook him he found that the old man was dead. For so many years the old man had been unused to eating cooked food. The evening before he had eaten several bowls of millet and had drunk all the millet water, so that while he was sleeping the grain had swollen in his belly and killed him. Ho thought of how good he was, of his strange life, and was struck with grief to find him dead. Now he could never repay the kindness the old man had shown him. But there was nothing to be done about it, so he dug a deep grave near the shelter and buried him. For a long time he remained very sad, and when he finally left he was still in tears. He cut himself a carrying pole, tied a basket to each end, and put the other on his back. Then, with mixed joy and sadness, he made his way back to his friend's home.

When his friend and companions learned that Ho had met a yellow-haired old man and had gathered three baskets full of ginseng they could hardly believe their ears. But when they saw the proof they cursed their own luck and reproached themselves for not staying with Ho. They all said that if the old man ate nothing but mountain ginseng it was no wonder he had lived for more than two thousand years. But if a meal of millet could kill him this was proof enough that there were no immortals in the world. Though eating ginseng can make one live longer, it cannot make one immortal.

Ho got his friend to accompany him to the market in Chuanchang. When the merchants saw how excellent his goods were and learned of their mysterious origin they treated him like an honored guest, gave him good food and wine, and entertained him. He exchanged the ginseng for a great deal of silver, with which he started at Chuanchang a medicine shop, which he called "Shiyi Tang," or World Record Hall. They say he chose this name in order to commemorate the yellow-haired old man, his benefactor, the oldest man in the world, and before long many towns east of the pass had their own Shiyi Tang medicine shops.

The Red Ginseng Devil

It would be difficult, well-nigh impossible, for me to forget my expedition north of Vladivostok to make geological studies in search of coal and gold. A wild taiga, this Ussuri forest—a green ocean, a mixture of northern and southern flora. Here, on the farther bank of the Ussurian Bay, I found the silent, solitary ravines of the middle Sikhote-Alin. Forest roads, winding and disappearing, led from *fansa* to *fansa* inhabited by Russian and Chinese hunters.

Often I entered these *fansa*, sometimes received willingly and hospitably, but sometimes the owner of the hut, seeing me approach, left the house and hid in the bushes, and sometimes even a bullet from an invisible rifle sang above my head as a warning to avoid the dwelling of one not fond of human society.

One evening a light shone through the branches. I went in its direction and soon saw a little house made of logs chinked with clay. A stockade of poles with a heavy gate of crudely hewn planks surrounded this *fansa* where I called for the gate to be opened, and my Cossack guide pounded on it with the butt of his rifle. We finally heard some mumblings and dull, incomprehensible gruntings. The door slowly opened and a paper

**They were superb mountain ginseng, thick as hens' eggs,
with tight skins and fine wrinkles . . .**

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lantern first appeared, followed by the thin, terrified face of a Chinese with big frightened eyes. His pigtail was twisted around his head and a pipe was thrust through the coils.

"Ni liao hao (How do you do)?" my Cossack greeted him in his best Chinese.

The man shook his head and muttered, but we could understand nothing, even though my guide spoke the Manchurian dialect fluently. The Chinese continued to mumble in a dull, toneless voice. Finally he opened his mouth wide, holding the lantern near his face so that we saw his tongue was cut out and his front teeth were broken.

The Cossack soon succeeded in understanding the cripple and told me that our host was a seeker of ginseng and that once he was attacked in his house here in the forest by *hung-hutzes* (bandits). They ordered him to give them all he had of the precious root and, when he refused to comply with their demands, they began to torture him and finally cut out his tongue, but he did not disclose where he had hidden his precious roots. Explaining this with mumblings and gestures, the Chinese seemed to make clear to us that now after all his maiming he was afraid of nothing and would tell nobody, including ourselves, his secret.

We took up our quarters in his home and tried to be comfortable. We brought fresh grass for a good bed, unsaddled our horses and tied them under a little shed near the *fansa*, carried water from the stream, and began to prepare our supper. The Chinese, with suspicions allayed and relieved by the fact that we asked for nothing and treated him even to tobacco and sugar, brought us a basket of pheasants' eggs and a bunch of sea cabbage.

After supper and tea, which he took with us, he became more communicative. He mumbled more quickly and loudly, making gestures with his hands and looking round into all corners of the room. Finally he disappeared for a moment into some sort of hole and returned with an enigmatic face. When he neared the *kang* (the Chinese flue-heated brick bed) he held something in one hand, covering it with the other. In the light of our candle he placed on the *kang* two big strangely formed brown roots, their shape distinctly resembling that of the human body, with head, torso, feet, and hands. Even long, matted hair grew on the head. The Cossack, an expert in these things, carefully inspected the roots and said afterward with a sad sigh, "In Vladivostok or Khabarovsk one could get twice its weight in gold for this ginseng, as these are particularly valuable, old, healthy roots."

I inferred from his sigh and his regretful, meditative expression that, had I not been there, the dumb Chinese would have to undergo new tortures and would be forced to reveal where he hid his treasures, so sought for in the East.

At midnight, a second ginseng hunter, partner of the tongueless man, came in. He was a giant, with a severe, almost terrible face, with broad shoulders and the powerful neck of a bear. When he moved about the room he shook the whole establishment. He stopped before us and, after scrutinizing us, with his eyes questioned his dumb partner. The answer visibly pleased him, as he put his rifle in one corner, took his ax from his belt and, giving us a side glance, took from his pocket a little leather bag and gave it to his companion, who turned to the light and quickly untied the bag, gloating over the spoil. Evidently it was good, for he mumbled joyfully and clapped his hands like a child. The giant undressed wearily, swallowed some millet gruel and tea and, loudly groaning, flung himself on the *kang*. Soon he was snoring like a pig, while the dumb one had once more disappeared in his hole and

remained there a long time. I had the impression that I heard the noise of rolling stones and the dull rattle of iron; but perhaps it was a dream only, as I did not remember when the poor fellow returned.

We were up at dawn and had our tea with dry bread and biscuits. The giant, still grunting and terribly tired, proved to be talkative and sociable. He spoke Russian fairly well, as he had been a "boy" in Vladivostok for several years. I must say that I thought that he must have done considerable damage, as I pictured to myself this servant with the body of an elephant and the neck of a bear serving dinner, polishing Baccarat glassware or ironing fine linen.

"Our work is difficult and dangerous," he said, drinking his tea and wincing over the pains in his feet. "To find the root one must wander through forest and over mountains almost on one's knees, as the plant is small and hides in the thickest grass. Finally, when you have found the treasured root, you must carefully dig away each inch of earth. At the same time you must beware of the big she-cat (tiger) which, like the panther, also hunts for ginseng. The root gives strength and long life, and that is why these animals seek it and eat it. And when they see it in the possession of a man or a bear, they begin to fight for it and will never retreat until they get it or are killed. I have already been wandering for six years through the taiga, during which time I have killed nine tigers and two panthers, to say nothing of the bears brought down. I am not afraid of the great she-cat, for when I killed the first one, which attacked me on the Mai Ho in a meadow where the roots grew, I ate its heart and liver. But the most terrible of all is the devil who guards the ginseng. He is small and red with burning eyes. In the daytime he protects the roots by blinding the hunter; at night he sets fire to the grass and attaches himself to the breast of the hunter, sucking his blood."

"Have you seen him?" I asked.

"No, but old Fu-chiang saw him twice and his whole breast is scratched by the devil's nails," answered the giant. "It also happens that the devil takes the form of the ginseng root, which appears before the hunter; and when he approaches it, the root retreats farther and farther until the man loses his way and perishes in the forest. A similar experience happened to me last year. I was in ravine looking for the indented leaves of the miraculous plant when suddenly I noticed a big leaf and small red flowers like flamelets. The root was sure to be very old. I came nearer but could not reach it, as the distance to it remained always the same. I followed it into the woods until finally the leaf and flowers disappeared. I looked about everywhere but could discover nothing. As it was almost evening, I wanted to return to the *fansa* but could not make out the way. After wandering till midnight, I sat down, tired and sore, under a tree and was about to fall asleep when I heard some one tramping loudly through the forest. At the time I had no rifle, only an ax, but with this I made ready. Suddenly I saw a bear sniffing about. He raised his head and looked at me, advanced quite near to me, looked in my eyes, and turned and went away. I understood that he called me, and so I followed him and he led me to our stream from which I easily found my way back to our *fansa*. Yes, *ta-jen* (sir), in the taiga one can see many strange things."

He rose up with a groan, stretched his huge limbs till the joints cracked, put his rifle on his shoulder, tied his knife and shovel to his belt where already an ax was lodged, and went out. I remarked that as food for the whole day he took only two little *man-t'ou*, small Chinese steamed bread in the form of dumplings. ■

Then appeared the thin, terrified face of a Chinese with big frightened eyes, his pigtail twisted around his head and a pipe thrust through the coils.

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INSIDE THE DEA

(continued from page 83)

Patch told the Jackson subcommittee, "The downward trend of heroin drug abuse episodes was completely and substantially reversed by early 1974."

Between 1972 and 1975, the percentage of Mexican heroin in the national supply jumped from 20 to 70. And it was more potent, more deadly than Turkish. Heroin overdoses began increasing across the country in late 1973. Drug treatment centers filled and overflowed where months before they had been working at 80-percent capacity. Yet in an April 1974 interview, DEA Director Bartels told *U.S. News and World Report* he agreed with the President that the nation had turned the corner on heroin abuse. He was still boasting about how the Turkey-France pipeline was being shut down.

Dr. Patch was furious when he heard of the DEA's myopic position on heroin: "In August of 1974, when our treatment program had 50 percent as many heroin addicts waiting for treatment as we had in treatment; when brown heroin on the streets of the city was ten times higher in quality than street heroin in 1972; when the National Institute of Drug Abuse was cutting drug treatment budgets in the Boston area by a million dollars; when regional DEA officials were saying publicly that there was no upsurge in the heroin problem; then, gentlemen, I read in Boston and Washington, D.C., newspapers articles liberally sprinkled with references and quotations from DEA officials, articles headlined 'Cocaine No. 1 Drug Problem in United States.'"

"Heroin was an increasing problem by early 1974, and cocaine was a decreasing problem," Patch told the Senate committee. He cited statistics showing that during the first three months of 1974, "heroin was involved in drug abuse admissions to hospital emergency wards more than ten times as often as cocaine." Patch also told of an earlier, 1973 study that showed "drug abuse deaths associated with heroin use were 27 times greater than for cocaine."

So cocaine was the new "public enemy" for the DEA, even though brown heroin was blasting junkies into the grave. But the DEA was not cracking down on just cocaine. They were also after the evil weed.

Quick, Stomp That Roach

Senator James O. Eastland gave the DEA a forum with his hearings on the "Marijuana-Hashish Epidemic and Its Impact on United States Security."

According to Eastland, "Evidence presented by the Drug Enforcement Administration at our hearings last year (continued on page 94)

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(continued from page 89)

[1974] established that federal interceptions of marijuana had increased tenfold over a five-year period to a figure of 783,000 pounds in 1973—while hashish seizures over this same period of time had increased 25-fold to a figure of 53,000 pounds." And in 1974, federal marijuana seizures totaled a whopping 2,009,000 pounds, according to the DEA.

DEA Deputy Administrator Jerry N. Jenson testified before the Eastland committee in May 1975 concerning the perils of marijuana use and the alarming increase in dope potency. The Eastland hearings were able to establish that domestically grown weed with a THC content of under 1/5 of one percent had been edged out of the consumer's bong in 1970 by an influx of Mexican pot with a THC content of 1 to 2 percent.

By early 1974, the government began detecting Jamaican and Colombian weed with a 3-to-4-percent THC content. Furthermore, Eastland revealed, "our law enforcement authorities began seizing increasing quantities of liquid hashish, or 'marijuana oil,' with a potency ranging from 30 to 90 percent THC. This form of cannabis concentrate ... is one of the most frightening drugs on the

The first administrator of the DEA began his career defending tobacco companies against lawsuits from lung cancer victims.

market today. At an average potency of 45 to 50 percent THC, an ounce of it is enough to intoxicate over 1,000 people."

The DEA was not about to be caught napping. It had already launched "Operation Buccaneer."

Jenson told Eastland, "At the request of the Jamaican Government, DEA joined in a cooperative effort with the Jamaican law enforcement officials extending over seven months in 1974. A multitargeted campaign aimed at major violators, smugglers and cultivators resulted in the seizure of 730,000 pounds of marijuana, 8,083 pounds of marijuana seed, 65 pounds of hashish and 20 pounds of cocaine. In addition, 11 weapons, ten airplanes, 17 boats and over \$143,000 were confiscated."

"Body counts" is what Tartaglino called these kinds of statistics when he testified before the Jackson subcommittee. "This problem, 'the numbers game,' has plagued narcotics law enforcement for many years.

"For instance, sometimes agents would be taken off long-range conspiracy investigations with great potential and assigned low-level cases that would produce immediate statistics.

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"Seizures and arrests would follow, with attendant publicity to coincide with budget appearances before the Congress or Department, or to coincide with pressures from the press in certain areas," Tartaglino told the subcommittee.

Another witness, Dr. Thomas E. Bryant, president of the Drug Abuse Council, referred to other statistical games played by federal drug agencies. "When we say we have confiscated 500 kilograms of heroin ... you can downgrade that by a factor of about ten in terms of the actual heroin confiscated."

"Similarly, there is always the use of street value, saying so many millions of dollars' worth of the drug were confiscated," said Bryant.

"If you add up all the newspaper stories, we seem to have confiscated more heroin than was grown or made last year. I really think a lot of this is overblown."

Dr. Bryant went on to say, "We will continue to read often of significant drug busts of hard narcotics and of the dramatic arrests of major traffickers, which will all too often, on closer scrutiny, turn out to be unsubstantiated confiscations of nonnarcotics, roundups of drug users and petty dealers, all easily replaced, and few—very few—real big-time traffickers."

Many Small Fish vs. the Big Shark

Senator Jackson was quick to agree that the DEA was concentrating its attention "out in the street, where the pushers are, rather than at the source overseas"; and, as investigator Manuel points out, "removing 100,000 decks of heroin from street pushers may not be as significant ... as seizing one kilogram of 95-percent pure heroin" at the top of the chain.

Manuel found evidence indicating the DEA "focuses considerable effort in pursuit of lower-level dealers and in the seizure of very small quantities of narcotics of a very low level of purity." According to a preliminary General Accounting Office survey, DEA agents spent 53 percent of their time in 1974 investigating street-level dealers and users, with 91.4 percent of subsequent arrests falling into this category. "Street-level" refers to people engaged in activities below the wholesale level.

The Chicago Sun-Times conducted a sampling of DEA arrests in the Chicago area for the last six months of 1974 and came up with a March 2, 1975, article that questioned whether the stated national policy of pursuing "big-time, multikilo narcotics traffickers" was really being followed.

The Chicago Daily News conducted its own survey and concluded, the "DEA appears to be concentrating on small 'buy-and-bust' street operations that trap



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the minor pushers." The News also compared 21-month performance records of the DEA and its predecessor, the Bureau of Narcotics and Dangerous Drugs. For the Chicago area, "The comparison shows DEA's investigations resulted in 155 criminal indictments, with 87 persons going to prison. The Bureau's investigations resulted in 240 indictments and prison terms for 176 persons, double DEA's performance." Not only was the DEA chasing small-time dealers, but it was also doing a worse job than the agency it had replaced. Some DEA administrators were beginning to realize this was a serious problem.

DEA Region 14, composed of California, Nevada and Hawaii, did an internal effectiveness study and discovered to their dismay that they were spending much of their time and money on low-level traffickers. When interviewed, some of the agents admitted "they viewed routes of advancement within the DEA to be open to them predicated

The DEA maintained "love traps," equipped with hidden cameras in New York and San Francisco, where foreign diplomats were entertained by CIA prostitutes.

on the numbers of arrests they made and the amounts of narcotics they seized."

Region 14 also studied its expenditures for the purchase of evidence and information. For the first three quarters of fiscal 1974, Region 14 spent \$442,328 on such buys, 74 percent of which was spent on street-level dealers and users in "subwholesale" categories. According to this DEA study: in no case was the source of supply arrested; in none of the cases did a wholesale trafficker become a target; in most cases there was no attempt to identify the source of supply.

The General Accounting Office conducted a similar survey of DEA, covering the first six months of fiscal 1975. They found that in DEA regions nationwide, 82 percent of the funds used to purchase evidence and 44 percent of the funds used to purchase information were spent on subwholesale street-level dealers and users.

Between 1969 and 1974, the federal budget for drug-related agencies rose from less than \$100 million to about \$800 million. In 1969, \$775,000 was spent to buy evidence and information; by 1974, that figure had risen to \$6.8 million, with only \$160,200 being recovered by the DEA that year. The rest of the (continued on page 104)

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The serpent lies coiled at the foot of the spine in the subtle body, and when it is awakened by mantra and meditation it bursts through the chakras from the lowest to the highest, from the loins to the brain, to the seat of power, visions and the fire of the spirit. The lotus position is the throne of the serpent, and it is robed in coats of many colors. These vestments are palpable to the touch, yet unencumbering to the body; they are rich in hue, yet they veil nothing from the sight of the eye.

The garments are the serpents coiled at the base of the Lotus Shop position, the fashion philosophy of Michael Locasio, whose delicate, ethereal hand-painted see-through look is the last word in spiritual styling. Above: hand-rubbed and -painted one-of-a-kind leaf-patterned caftan of 100 percent acetate chiffon, \$50.



photographs by Bob Monkton



The Lotus position is the stance struck by 25 artists who work round the clock in the Lotus Shop studio, airbrushing and hand-painting unique garments for truly unique people. Above, left: Empire dress with matching scarf-shawl, batik with hand-painted jungle bird motif (enlarged detail in background), \$400. Above, center: Tightly clinging, floor-length tiger print Oriental Banlon jersey, \$200, with coordinated batik scarf, \$14. Above right: See-through airbrush rose print dress on organdy with matching six-foot scarf, \$600.

- The Lotus Shop is located at St. Marks Pl., New York, N.Y. 10003. Definitely not for premie donnas. 📍

Space, Time

Delusions

It has outrun the horse, outlasted the Hupmobile, outexercised the exercycle. Sure, the autocar had a brief flurry from 1895 to 1975, but the bike is back! Physicists say the bicycle is the most efficient means of transportation ever invented (the car and the jet plane can't even come close). A bicycle is a clean machine, silent and esthetic. Also, it never runs out of gas, although you may.

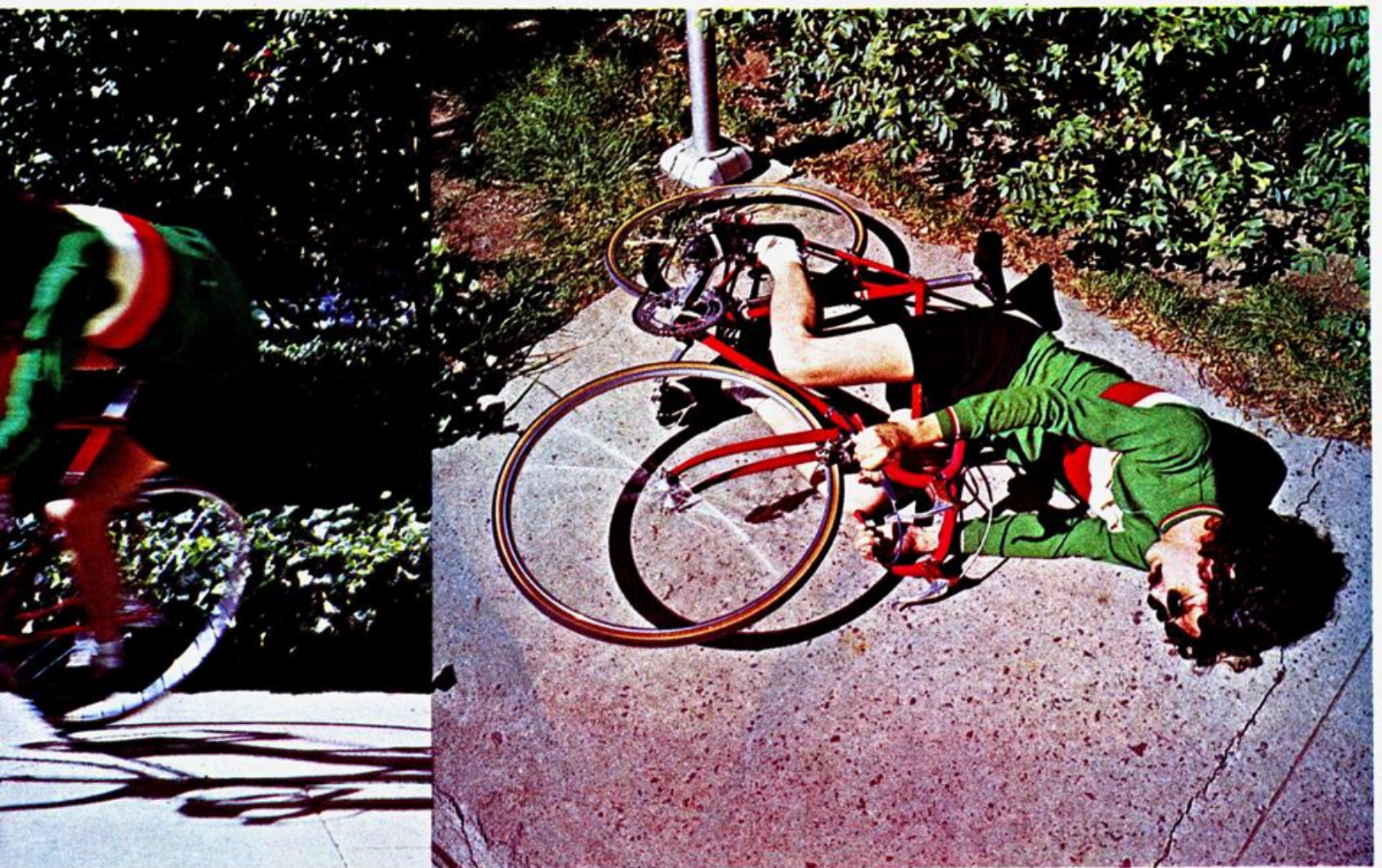
The bicycle on these pages is no ordinary velocipede. Custom crafted to your exact dimensions by Sivanio Grandis in Verona, Italy, it is generally considered to be the finest two-wheel machine in the world. Where can you buy one? You can't. The waiting list is a year long, and even then Grandis might not want to bother. He works alone in his tiny



and Bicycles of Grandis

factory, making about 20 bicycles a month from the finest parts, with cost no object. Cornering, braking, reliability, gearing and weight (20 pounds, 8 ounces) are all peerless. Professional bicycle racers vie for Silvanio's favor, for to be bestowed one of these lithe creatures gives any racer a considerable edge over even the best of your Schwinns, Paramounts, Raleighs, Puegeots and assorted mere mortal cyclery.

Street racers, bike snobs and connoisseurs of the finest in metal sculpture also try to get their hands on a Grandis, and occasionally, they do. But only if they have \$1,300. If you are stone crazy about bikes, like the guy in these pictures, then get a strait jacket or get a Grandis.





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Campy Novo Record 52- and 42-tooth chain wheels, \$35.20/pair
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Campy Piesta pedals, \$50.00/pair
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\$66.00/pair (special clamps fit
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INSIDE THE DEA

(continued from page 96)

money vanished. This 95-percent loss rate is expected to be repeated this year, when the DEA will spend almost \$10 million on purchasing drugs and tips.

These figures prompted one senator to exclaim, "It sounds like the federal government is hooked." It was Senator Jackson who characterized DEA spending as a "farm subsidy program" after Manuel expressed concern that "part of the money actually subsidizes the drug traffic at that level." Manuel explained that "since there is no limit on the supply of drugs, the government could keep buying out local inventories endlessly, because the shelves could always be restocked by smugglers."

So the superagency slated to nail big-league dealers has been beating around the bush leagues to improve its batting average.

The DEA denies these charges vigorously, stating they only go after the major dealers. They explain that they have to buy their way up the ladder to reach the biggies and that the Mexican government has been cooperating in a crackdown on heroin laboratories.

Despite DEA's stated policy of focusing on major dealers, its own studies tell a different story, and there can be little doubt the DEA failed to accurately assess the impact of Mexican brown heroin. With a new director soon to be appointed, the DEA might begin to implement their policies, but for now the superagency has struck out.

It Must Be the Pot That Makes Them Bad

The need for favorable statistics at budget hearings is an understandable bureaucratic quirk, but it fails to adequately explain the DEA's attack on marijuana and cocaine while brown heroin was sending victimized junkies on one-way trips.

Dr. Bryant gave the Jackson subcommittee one plausible analysis. He pointed out that America's paranoia about drug use is much more than a medical or legal problem—it is a social and political problem as well. He linked society's intolerance of certain drugs to prejudice against ethnic minorities. Bryant noted that morphine addiction was not uncommon in the late nineteenth century, but "the majority of addicts were white middle- and upper-class women." The fact that the addicts were primarily women bespeaks prejudice in itself, but morphine remained legal because of the racial and economic status of its junkies.

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High on Grass Stoned Youths Eat Baby

BOSTON — Twelve hippie youths smoked marijuana today and then ate 3½ lb. Baby Watson, according to Louis B. Watson, the Baby's father.

"We didn't mean to eat the whole thing," said B.Q. McCann, one of the youths, "but after one bite we couldn't control ourselves."

Baby Watson™, explained Louis, is a creamy Cheesecake made fresh daily in New York, using only "primo" natural ingredients.

When asked to comment further, Louis replied cryptically, "When a dog looks in the mirror, he sees god, but when mom and dad look in the mirror they just see mom and dad."

Formerly sold only on the east coast, Baby Watson Cheesecakes are now available by mail throughout the U.S.

"You can get 12 good hits off a ten-buck cake," Louis said. "It's the creamiest thing you ever had in your mouth."

To cop your own Baby, rush \$10 to Baby Watson Cheesecake, Dept. H, 36 Boylston Street, Cambridge, Mass. 02138.

Advertisement

When large numbers of Chinese were brought to the U.S. as cheap labor for the railroads, they brought along their opium for smoking. "Intense antagonism toward this group developed," explained Bryant, and "opium smoking was stigmatized as a means by which the Chinese were undermining traditional American values." Opium was banned.

"Similarly, exaggerated reports of the use of cocaine by blacks in the South proved a cause for grave concern on the part of Southern whites, with the development of numerous terrifying myths and frightening stories, unsupported by basic facts, as to the effects of cocaine." Cocaine was banned.

Dr. Bryant traced a similar pattern with marijuana use and Mexican-Americans.

The drugs banned by law were those used by ethnic minorities and social outsiders. The common fear was that drug use by minorities would contaminate the children of white upper-class lawmakers.

The turbulent Sixties brought this dread fear into reality. As drug use spread across the campuses and among younger people, it became associated with "new, unfamiliar lifestyles, campus

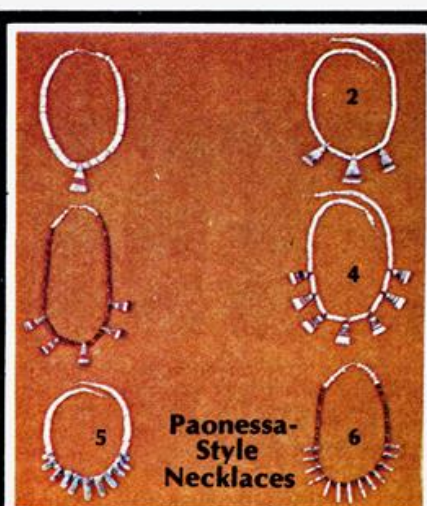
The DEA has created what one Senator called a "farm subsidy program" for dealers.

unrest and youthful defiance of the established order," Dr. Bryant explained.

"To millions who either could not or would not understand this new youthful behavior, it became easy to blame drug use for these disturbing signs of social disorder."

The government figured that if they stopped the kids from using drugs, the students would drop all this radical nonsense and return to the pressing business of administering corporate America. One DEA pamphlet tells educators and parents "to change the drug user's lifestyle so that constructive activities can replace drugs which have the central focus."

So the DEA continues to go after marijuana and cocaine instead of heroin. After all, what are a few black addicts when the main concern is saving America's white youth? Anyway, it's quite lucrative to look the other way as brown Mexican scag flows across the border and into the veins of America's junkies. The DEA needs a new plan and a new vision, and everyone knows it, from the President to senators to DEA officials to the narc on the street. No one knows what the new plan/vision is. But everyone hopes it will come soon.



CEREMONIAL BEADS

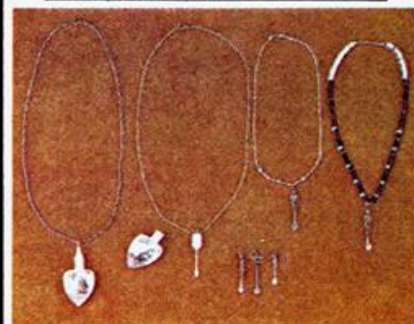
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FREE FOOD

Now Americans from all walks of life—office workers, students, executives, housewives—are eligible for food stamps. In fact, the government's food-stamp program is so generous, it amounts to giving away free food.

No longer is the food-stamp program limited to the poor. In fact, under certain circumstances you can qualify for food stamps even if you earn over \$15,000 a year. As Senator George McGovern, one of the nation's top food-stamp experts, declares, "Increasingly, food stamps are becoming a middle-class phenomenon."

Twenty million Americans—nearly one in ten—are now benefiting from food stamps. But here's the most astonishing fact of all: Twenty million others are eligible and DON'T KNOW IT!

Are you one of them? Don't you owe it to yourself to find out if you're eligible?

Exactly what are food stamps and how do you qualify for them? Food stamps are a form of "currency" redeemable at most supermarkets, groceries, and (in some cases) meals-on-wheels home-delivery food services. You buy them from the government at a discount that is determined by the size of your income, household, and living expenses. In top brackets, food stamps can triple or quadruple the buying power of your food dollar—and, if you're like the average American, food is the single biggest item in your budget.

Some families are now deriving as much as \$4,000 a year in additional buying power thanks to food stamps. Shouldn't you find out if you qualify?

The facts about food stamps are not easy to get. Senator McGovern and other experts have accused the government of deliberately trying to hide the facts in order to curtail the size of the food-stamp program. But Moneysworth, the crusading consumer-affairs and personal-finance newspaper, is pleased to announce publication of a daring, enriching, honey of a booklet that reveals all. Its title is *YOUR PIECE OF THE PIE: How To Cash In On Food Stamps*, and a copy is yours ABSOLUTELY FREE with a 32-week subscription.

How much does a subscription cost? Incredibly, ONLY \$2.99!!

In case you're unfamiliar with Moneysworth, let us explain that it is America's most authoritative, scintillating, wallet-fattening periodical dealing with consumer affairs. It is now read by over three million passionate devotees.

Each issue brims over with such high-interest, inflation-defying, Midas-touch articles as:

Earn 12½% on Your Savings
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The Nickel Phone Call Rises Again

In short, Moneysworth is a live wire sparking off hot information on the current money scene. It galvanizes readers all over the country into sending ardent letters like these:

• "Thanks to Moneysworth, I am \$5,417 richer. I battled the Social Security Administration unsuccessfully for 18 months, then finally won out by following the advice of your article 'By All Means, Appeal'."
—S. Dominguez; Waterbury, Conn.

• "Your article on air-fare 'triangular' routes was an astonisher. My wife and I saved \$100 each on a trip to New York by stopping off at Las Vegas as you suggested."
—H. Kesselman; Los Angeles.

• "Boys, you are not going to believe this, but I have parlayed \$146 into \$90,000 thanks to your informative article on breaking into real estate."
—Horace T. Pinrose; Montgomery, Iowa.

• "The government has proven itself completely impotent in the fight against inflation. My only salvation comes from advice I find in Moneysworth. It save me as much as I lose through inflation."
—Theresa Ramseier; San Francisco.

• "Your article on the 15% interest paid by Mexican banks has made it possible for me to retire in style."
—Eric T. Svenson; Fallbrook, Calif.

• "Your write-up on income averaging for tax purposes saved us \$1,100 this year. We didn't realize retirees could do this."
—Mr. & Mrs. J.W. Long; Morro Bay, Calif.

• "We salute Moneysworth for its excellent report on our free sex-counseling-by-telephone service. As a result of it, we've received calls from all 50 of the United States—including Hawaii and Alaska—and even a few from Europe and Africa."
—Community Sex Information; Boston; (617) 232-2335.

• "Your recommendation that readers reduce orthodontic bills by having the work done at a university dental school saved me \$1,350 on my daughter's teeth."
—Bob Walters; Oxon Hills, Md.

• "Your tip on flying to Europe via Afghanistan saved me \$450. You've made me a subscriber for life."
—Charles B. Fager, M.D.;

Harrisburg, Pa.

• "Your advice on Social Security resulted in a \$3,135 lump-sum cash payment to my wife, and \$171 monthly pension. The best investment I ever made was a subscription to Moneysworth."
—Dr. Herman W. Hortop; La Grange, Ill.

• "As a result of your article on nonprofit, low-cost memorial associations, we have been receiving 400 inquiries per day. You'll get an inkling of the immense amount of money your subscribers have saved when you realize that each of our members saves well over \$1,000 on a funeral."
—R.J. Stevens, President, Continental Association of Funeral and Memorial Societies; Chicago.

• "Your tip about deducting the cost of transportation between my two teaching jobs saved me in taxes at least the cost of a ten-year subscription. Not only that, but your publication is lively, off-beat, a delight to read."
—Professor Reuben Garner; State University College; Brockport, N.Y.

• "Thanks to your article 'How to Buy a New Car for \$125 Over Dealer's Cost,' I just bought a Chevy at a saving that I estimate at \$350."
—Ron Bromert; Anita, Iowa.

• "Your article 'Inaccurate Billing by the Phone Company' led me to discover four years of overcharges. I got a \$1,593 refund."
—Armand DiRienzo; Bristol, Pa.

• "Moneysworth's product ratings sure stretch the dollar. I bought the Canonet 35MM rangefinder camera you recommended, and saved 30%."
—R. Goodrich; Tucson, Ariz.

• "Your article 'How to Fight a Traffic Ticket' saved me a \$200 lawyer's fee and a ticket."
—W.R. Wendel; Hicksville, N.Y.

• "Your article on how to save \$100 on a color TV worked. Moneysworth sure knows how to hold onto the green."
—P. Allen; Dir. Student Union; Henderson College; Arkadelphia, Ark.

• "Your article on 'coupon refunding' got my husband and me hooked on the hobby. It saves us enough each year to pay for our vacation."
—Grace Ellen Feingold;

Brooklyn, N.Y.

• "You sure did us a good turn recommending Mayflower for our move from California to Minnesota. Would you believe the bill was a hundred bucks under the estimate?"
—D.J. Ganser; Owatonna, Minn.

• "Upon Moneysworth's advice, I asked the phone company for an itemized bill. As a result, I discovered that for years I had been paying for a nonexistent extra line. Result: A \$550 refund. My trial subscription has paid for itself 110 times over!"
—George Petsche; Washington, D.C.

• "Your report that dentures cost only \$40 at the Sexton-Shealy Dental Clinic of Florence, South Carolina, saved me hundreds of dollars. They fitted me up in 24 hours and I completed the entire procedure during a vacation to Florida."
—Mrs. H. Petruccio; Frackville, Pa.

• "Moneysworth is aptly named. To paraphrase Churchill, 'Never have so many paid so little for so much'."
—D. Alpern; Pittsburgh, Pa.

As you can see, reading Moneysworth is the next best thing to being born rich. It is absolute protection against the ups and downs of economic fortune.

The price of a 32-Week Introductory Subscription to Moneysworth is, as we said, ONLY \$2.99! And you get *YOUR PIECE OF THE PIE: How To Cash In On Food Stamps*—ABSOLUTELY FREE!!

To enter your subscription, simply fill out the coupon below and mail it, with payment, to: Moneysworth, 251 W. 57th St., New York, N.Y. 10019.

Get your copy of the food-stamp guide today. You're entitled to a piece of the pie—even if you're upper crust.



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EXTRA BONUS OFFER: Check this box ☐, enclose \$5 and get A **WHOLE YEAR** of Moneysworth, plus a copy of the food-stamp guide, and a copy of the booklet all of America is talking about, "Stake Your Claim! How to Work the Social Security Gold Mine."

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HIGH WITNESS NEWS



Sheriff's deputies incinerate two tons of domestic Mainebeane in Clinton, Maine.

Gridiron Doping Cited

Doping footballers are making up more defensive lines than ever before, according to former San Diego Chargers team psychiatrist Arnold Mandel.

Citing the case of Gene "Big Daddy" Lipscomb, the late Baltimore Colts linebacker who O-

D'd on heroin, Mandel said defensive players would go to any length to achieve their objectives. Aided by drugs, the defensive player can take an unbelievable beating getting through an offensive line to a quarterback.

Mandel says between 50 and 60 percent of professional football players use drugs. "It depends upon position and age. The heaviest use is in the defensive line. The younger guys can sometimes get by with little or none."

Mandel was asked to resign from the Chargers when the drug clinic he set up for players began to gain unfavorable publicity for the sport.

Vistacruiser Time Machine

Ant Farmers in Lewiston, New York, have buried a 1968 Oldsmobile Vistacruiser station wagon-time capsule, scheduled to be dug up in the year 2,000.

Members of the Ant Farm loaded the car with 30 suitcases of contemporary artifacts, and wrapped the car in four layers of polyurethane foam and two inches of tar.

If Americans are still using gasoline, the car will be driven across country when it is "rediscovered."

Seek Moonshine Ban Repeal

California moonshiner Michael Barleycorn (author of *The Moonshiner's Handbook*) has raised a cry for the decriminalization of "hootch." In the wake of marijuana, gambling and prostitution appeals, Barleycorn told a press

Stoned Driving Test Developed

University of Missouri researchers have reportedly developed a breathalyzer machine designed to determine whether someone has just smoked pot.

In a memo from the desk of Doctor Robert C. Petersen of the National Institute on Drug Abuse, it says: "It now appears likely that the use of cannabis can be detected by breath by means of a simple roadside collection device in routine equipment," and that it could be in use by police agencies "soon."

conference in Los Angeles that "it's time the government got out of the kitchen as well as the bedroom."

Moonshining in California carries a maximum penalty of five years in prison and a \$10,000 fine.

Elephants Mean When Drunk

Stephen Collins

Reuters reports that herds of wild elephants in Tanzania have been getting high on fermenting fruit. According to Mikumi Game Park rangers, the beasts then trumpet, scream and run around breaking up straw huts and Pygmy villages.

DEA Opens Mexican Office

In an effort to stem the flow of Mexican brown heroin from Mexico to the United States, the DEA has set up a "diplomatic service" branch in the U.S. Embassy in Mexico City.

19 agents reportedly operate throughout Mexico in DEA Region 15 at an estimated cost of about a million dollars.

Free the Gringo 530

A Congressional investigation of Americans in Mexican jails is under way on the initiative of Representative Fortney H. Stark (D.—Calif.). Stark has been collecting case histories of prisoners in Mexican jails, among them:

- A Ford Foundation scholar arrested with 19 grams of marijuana and sentenced in 1973 to five years in prison.

- A man arrested 18 months ago with five grams of grass who has yet to be sentenced.

Stark is concerned that the U.S. government is not more involved with getting Americans released from Mexican jails. An estimated 530 U.S. citizens are now imprisoned, and nearly 100 more are arrested monthly in Mexico.

Domestic Flowers as Shortage Continues

In times past Americans have found that grass is greener on the other side of the border. Today it is gaining superior sheen inside their backyard fences, where it has long belonged. Americans are taking to growing their own weed in unprecedented numbers as the DEA and Customs services crack down on imports.

The new garden varieties may not be of the highest qualities yet, but they are a cheap, in fact free, guarantee that people will get through times of no money better than they will get through times of no dope. As home planters become more sophisticated in horticultural techniques, the grass strains are slowly improving, enhancing the pleasure many smokers find in using a weed nurtured with tender loving care.

At the same time, police across America are turning in reports of their own: how much of that backyard crop they've intercepted before it filled the pipes and rolling papers of intrepid tokers.

The stepped-up police activity has even brought NORML to issue warnings that pot picking can be ruinous to your future. In Indiana, for example, reefer possession carries a 2- to 10-year prison sentence.

Here's a rundown on just part of what has been cut down...

- State Alcoholic Beverage Control agents report seizing 2,400 pounds of marijuana and arrested



Signs warn pot pickers that Indiana penalties for possession carry 2-10 years in prison.

- one man near Amelia, Virginia. Charged with manufacturing and possessing marijuana with intent

- to distribute was Ronnie Neal Jones, of Amelia.

- Kingston, Massachusetts, police

say they seized 178 marijuana plants from the property of an unidentified Kingston resident on September 7, when they found the herb growing in a vegetable garden. Narcotics officer John Cram said the plants seized were of high quality and ready to be harvested. Information leading to the bust was received on a "tip."

- 4,100 pounds of marijuana were harvested and burned by 11 police in Clinton, Maine, at the end of August. One man was arrested for allegedly growing the largest haul in Maine history. The 15,000 plants were said to be found growing in Canaan on the property of Andrew Samaras, 30, of Pease Road. Samaras was charged with possession of marijuana with intent to sell.

Investigation of the property came about after police received information from a confidential informant.

- 280 pounds of Long Island Gold were reportedly confiscated in Lattinington, Nassau County, and burned by police there in September. Perry J. Drivas, 22, of Glen Cove, New York, was arrested on charges of possession of a controlled substance. Narcotics Squad officers had the field staked out for several days and discovered Viet Nam-type booby traps surrounding the "farm," including up-turned rakes and boards spiked with nails.

- Anadarko, Oklahoma, police



Paulding County sheriff's deputy with bags of grass taken from wild pot pickers.



Maine cops trucked two tons of domestic weed to the Clinton County dump in September for incineration.

discovered a field of wild marijuana a mile long and 30 to 40 yards wide. Two young men questioned in connection with 12 pounds of marijuana being cured in a vacant barn in the area led officers to the field.

- A Rochester, Washington, farmer reported discovering a ten-acre field of marijuana when he went looking for a lost cow. Thurston County Sheriff Don Redmond said the cultivated plot held nearly 5,000 plants.

Authorities picked up a 15-year-old boy for questioning in the incident.

- State troopers raided a farm and charged two people with cultivating marijuana, a controlled substance, in Ripley, West Virginia. Police identified the couple as Phyllis Kachinsky, 26, and Marc Koslen, 23. Ten plants were seized, one of them seven feet tall.

- Police arrested an unidentified man and seized 555 pounds of Kona weed, at a Honaunau residence in Hawaii. The bust required three Jeep Wagons, a helicopter and 15 ground troops armed with automatic weapons to take away the grass.

- Maryland State Police arrested two persons near Denton, Maryland, and allegedly seized 190 pounds of marijuana. The suspects were identified as Juliette Perry, 27, and John Conklin, 34, both of Denton.



Roundup Record-Tribune

Sheriff's deputies with crop they seized near Roundup, Montana. Two arrests were made in connection with the seizure.

- Eugene Barton Culver, 31, of Wheaton, Maryland, was arrested and charged with growing marijuana in Seneca State Park. Police described the area surrounding the 30 by 60 foot field as "booby-trapped" with a 12-gauge shotgun.

Super Potency Possible for Domestic

High-THC-producing marijuana is dominant over low-THC-producing strains, said Doctor Coy Waller, in reviewing recent Japanese studies before Mississippi Senator James Eastland's Senate subcommittee.

The University of Mississippi pharmaceutical specialist indicated that domestic marijuana could attain strengths of untold proportions in a very short time.

To Our Readers

High Times welcomes news clippings and information sent by readers. Please accompany your newsworthy items with the name of the newspaper, date published and any additional comments. Please be brief. All material should be sent to: HighWitness News, High Times magazine, Box 386, Cooper Station, New York, N.Y. 10003



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HIGHWIT



Illustration of an ancient Etruscan warship similar to the Carthaginian warship British divers found laden with hashish.

Cocaine Confidential

Counterculture advocates of cocaine sniffing now have public confirmation of what they've known for a long time: the chief drawbacks to tooting coke are high costs and the law.

Doctor John Newmeyer of the Haight-Ashbury Free Clinic in San Francisco told a drug symposium in Oakland that "almost everything about cocaine is on the positive side from the point of view of the counterculture... it is considered pleasant, potent and stimulating, and is considered nonaddicting."

The doctor said that only cocaine's high price, sometimes 100 times its manufacturing cost, has kept use from becoming more widespread. Newmeyer also claims there is little evidence that cocaine is harmful: "Reasonable, rational people might place it in a category with marijuana."

Nevertheless, with the vigorous encouragement and financial backing of the United States, a major crackdown on Latin American cocaine producers is under way. Bolivian dictator Hugo Banzer is helping spearhead anti-dope moves there.

Banzer's drug enforcement officials hosted counterparts from Peru, Chile, Argentina, Paraguay and Brazil in Cochabamba in July to map out a multinational anti-drug campaign.

The DEA has been sending agents from Washington to La Paz to train and assist Bolivian officials. And it is no secret that Latin American dictators have been sending their police to the U.S. to become more adept at "handling" captured dealers, political dissidents and the like.

With demand increasing, this means more dope traffic from

Latin America coupled with higher risk of being busted. So look forward to continuing high prices for coke.

• Jack Floyd, an Atlanta restaurant proprietor, was arrested on September 5 for allegedly selling cocaine to local narcotics agents. Floyd was the tenth person arrested in connection with dealing narcotics to Metro Narcotics Squad agents who used special funds set aside for making "buys." He was indicted by a grand jury for violating the Georgia Controlled Substances Act.

Also arrested were James Edward Lundy, 25, of Atlanta; Linton Blackwell, 29, of College Park, Georgia; Hollie Harper, 19, Atlanta; Gary Everhardt, 25, of Atlanta; and Bruce Harper, 21, of Atlanta.

• DEA agents seized the first illicit cocaine processing laboratory to be discovered in the United States, in Laurel Canyon, California. Roberto Durand Wayer, 30, a citizen of Argentina, was arrested as he was reportedly processing 23 3/4 pounds of cocaine base.

• Customs officials at the Philadelphia International Airport arrested one man and seized 13 1/2 pounds of pure cocaine from a suitcase lining. The man, Elias Escobar, "looked suspicious" to Customs agents, who put a tail on him when they noticed his flight route took him through Jamaica on his way to Philadelphia. Escobar is a naturalized American from Colombia.

• Two Los Angeles brothers were among 20 persons arrested in Santa Cruz, Bolivia, in a raid netting authorities about 30 pounds of cocaine. Robert Johnson, 39, and his brother Sheldon, 41, were detained during a five-day operation that reportedly uncovered four il-

Pilots Pique

As part of an increased effort to intercept smuggled drugs, the Customs Service has issued a non-commercial flight requirement

Potphernalia Illegal

If you happen to be in possession of pendants, bracelets or even toilet seats in which marijuana seeds or leaves have been imbedded, watch out. Technically, the wearer is a misdemeanant for

that pilots radio U.S. officials 15 minutes before they cross the border. Failure to comply can mean a \$500 fine or more, depending on the cargo.

U.S. Customs has reportedly confiscated 114,433 pounds of marijuana during the past fiscal year.

being in possession of a controlled substance, and you may find yourself gathering flack from more vigilant foes of the herb who would rather hassle than let you go.

legal coke-processing plants.

- Three Denver men were arrested after allegedly selling a kilo of cocaine to undercover agents at the Airport Holiday Inn in Denver. The suspects were identified as Robert C. Coulson, 31, of Del Mar, California; Richard Mataschiam, 36, of San Diego, California, and Wilborn A. Row, 49, of Las Vegas, Nevada.

- Three alleged couriers who managed to pass inspectors at Miami International Airport were arrested with three others who didn't, in connection with cocaine smuggling. Agents seized 11 pounds of coke at the airport and 18 pounds more in a Miami hotel room. Police identified the five Peruvian women and one Argentinian man as: Carmen Rosa Bevenuto, 32; Roberto deGuedet, 57; Maria Jose Santos, 27; Doris deGuedet, 42; Rosa Estela Mouchard, 55, and Ida Maria Olasoaga, 51.

- Two men were convicted and a third indicted on charges of smuggling cocaine into Des Moines, Iowa, last May.

The prosecution used evidence supplied by Barbara Ann Kenworthy, who was arrested in Miami with cocaine in the heels of her shoes. Kenworthy later turned in her brother David Keith Miller, 26, of Altoona.

Also involved in the case are Joseph Patrick Carey, 29, of Booneville, Iowa, and Charles Eldon Gould, 27, of Des Moines.

- Three Bolivian nationals allegedly connected with an international cocaine smuggling ring recently pleaded guilty to conspiracy charges in Bronx Supreme Court. Jaime and Rosario Hergueta and Juanita Reedy will be deported after completing their sentences, according to District Attorney Mario Merola.

- Three Americans were arrested in Tahiti with 15 pounds of cocaine in their suitcases, according to

reports. Charged with smuggling were Robert MacDonald, 27, a California bank official; Craig Lockwood, 37, and James Murtchinson, 27, both airline officials.

- A 25-year-old woman who was arrested for allegedly selling cocaine and attempting to murder one of the agents who was setting her up for a bust is now being accused of using her seven-year-old son to smuggle coke. Assistant U.S. attorneys in Chicago have alleged that Carla J. Grovic, of Chicago, hid Colombian cocaine on her son so she could get past Customs agents undetected.

- Five persons were arrested and three are being sought by the DEA for allegedly using interstate passenger buses to transport cocaine and heroin from Arizona to Los Angeles. The five suspects were identified as Frank W. Whitney, 45, and his 27-year-old wife, Maria, of Covina, California; William Florencio de la Vega, 27, Hacienda Heights, California; Patricia Ruiz, 27, of Valinda, California; and George O. Roybal.

Sheriff's deputies and narcotics agents confiscated \$26,000, 11 rifles and one pistol in the raid.

- Customs agents working with the DEA reportedly seized approximately 24 pounds of cocaine dissolved in wine and liquor bottles and arrested five alleged Bolivian smugglers in Washington, D.C., and San Francisco.

The case reportedly originated in La Paz, Bolivia, and moved through Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, Madrid, Spain, and Dulles International Airport in D.C. Two of the suspects arrested at Dulles International Airport in Washington, D.C., were identified as Gonzalo Antonio Urquieta, 25, and Erick Fernando Vargas, 25. Arrested in San Francisco were Roberto Lopez-Soria, 25; Carlos Gonzalez Aramayo-Bernal, 25; and Antonio O. Romano, 24.

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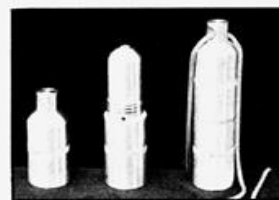
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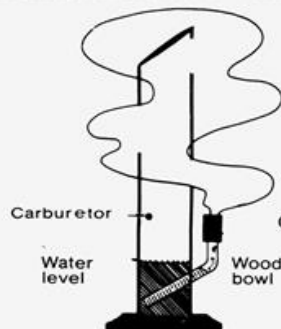
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HIGHWIT

Who's High

• "Independent" pot smokers
outnumbered Democrat and Re-
publican dopers "hands down,"
according to a recently compiled
report from the Drug Abuse
Council in Washington.

The council survey showed that
of 2,638 Americans across the
nation, 10 percent of Republicans
are smoking grass compared to 15
percent of the Democrats. Nearly
25 percent of political Independ-
ents admitted to using pot.

In another marijuana survey in
California, statistics show that al-
most three out of ten California
adults have smoked dope. 46 per-
cent of those surveyed favor de-
criminalization for possession of
small amounts of marijuana.

• Jack Ford, President Ford's son,
made public his penchant for grass
in a statement before the Western
States Republican Conference.
"I've smoked marijuana and I
don't think that's so exceptional
for people growing up in the
1960s," said Ford in an interview.

"The fact that there's so much
moral indignation over it is one of
the reasons there are so many
problems with the disillusionment
and alienation of young people in
this country."

• The National Institute on Drug
Abuse has released four new sur-
veys which indicate that marijuana
smokers may not be in the minor-
ity for long.

The surveys showed that about
22 percent of 14- and 15-year-olds
have tried, or now smoke, mari-
juana; and that as many as 56
percent of 18- to 20-year-olds use
dope.

A survey of Vietnam veterans
who returned to the United States
addicted to heroin showed that 70
percent are no longer addicted,
even though 80 percent reported
they still use it.

Dr. Robert DuPont, director of
NIDA, said the studies indicate
that "It is no longer accurate to see
drug use as an inevitable process
from 'experimentation' to 'addic-
tion.'"

Dealer Worth \$35 Million?

Information recently released by
the President's Blue Ribbon
Committee reveals that in at least
one instance, the United States
government blackmailed a fore-
ign government to achieve its
ends.

Paraguay's General Alfredo
Stroessner was threatened with a
\$35-million cut in aid if he would

not return alleged dope king
Augusta Ricord to the U.S. for
prosecution.

Paraguayan courts do not gen-
erally recognize extradition pro-
ceedings, but Ricord was taken
aboard a plane against his will and
subsequently imprisoned.

The impugned dictator kept his
\$35 million.

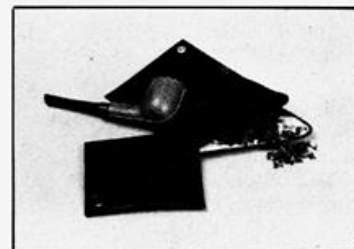
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Reefer Reform

The decriminalization issue hangs on slender threads throughout the nation this year, as legislators move closer to elections. The flags for pot are buried, out at half mast or flying high from Alaska to Virginia to Maine. And in Oregon and California, reefer reform advocates are pushing for more change in new laws—enough to give home growers the right to sow their own grass seeds in small home plots.

- The Oregon Student Association is circulating a petition to eliminate criminal penalties for cultivating as many as ten pot plants. The group also proposes decriminalization for noncommercial transport and furnishing of marijuana.

- Austin Texas, policemen are merely issuing citations to persons caught with less than four ounces of marijuana.

Mayor Jeff Friedman said the plan is designed to allow police to concentrate on truly serious crime targets and to reduce crowded jail conditions.

- The National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws (NORML) is laying plans for an autumn attack on the recently passed California decriminalization legislation.

NORML is claiming that the Moscone Bill, which decriminalized pot, is unconstitutional because its enforcement would constitute invasion of privacy. Under the Moscone Bill, "manufacturing" reefer is a felony. NORML is proposing a bill designed to make gardening of up to six pot plants a misdemeanor punishable by a maximum \$100 fine.

- The Wisconsin Council on Drug Abuse heard testimony from both sides on the issue of pot decriminalization. The consensus at the hearings was favorable to the ideas of decriminalization and/or legalization.

- The Legislative Coordinating Council in Kansas has proposed legalization of pot for private use by adults—unusual for a state that does not allow public drinking.

- The Maryland Senate Judicial Proceedings Committee voted 4 to 3 to decriminalize marijuana. If passed by the legislature, the bill would institute a citation procedure and a fine instead of arrest for simple pot possession.

- Proposed federal legislation known as Senate Bill 1 imposes tough fines and prison sentences on government workers who leak information to the press, and gives the government new wiretapping powers.

The bill also contains a section that imposes up to \$10,000 fine and 30 days in jail for anyone caught with as little as one gram of grass.

- A bill that would decriminalize pot possession has been introduced in Congress—again. The bill is known as HR 4520 and states that "it shall not be unlawful for any person to possess, within a private dwelling or other residence, marijuana for his own use or for the use of others, within such residence or dwelling, if such marijuana is not possessed with the intent to distribute, transfer or sell."

The bill makes no mention of amounts. It does make the distinc-

tion that grass found on a person shall not be subject to seizure or forfeiture by the United States.

- The Drug Enforcement Administration has denied a three-year-old request by NORML to relax federal controls on marijuana and to legalize nonprescription over-the-counter sales of the weed.

- A federal case is under way in Alaska against an unidentified man accused of cultivating marijuana. Growing pot is currently legal under Alaskan law, but is a violation of federal laws.

Outcome of the decision could have repercussions in other states that have already acted to decriminalize weed.

- The Washington, D.C., City Council ruled in October to table a measure aimed at decriminalizing marijuana. The bill will come up again for approval in 1977.

- Members of the Philadelphia Bar Association recently voted to oppose marijuana decriminalization in Pennsylvania. Several proponents of the issue expressed dismay and concern at the rejection, and suggested that personal

economic motives were largely responsible for the veto.

Michael Byrnes, a district attorney's office spokesperson, said that Philadelphia police don't generally prosecute people arrested with small amounts of marijuana, anyway.

- The Northern Virginia Drug Abuse Advisory Council voted to urge Virginia State legislators to make possession of small amounts of grass for personal use punishable by citation.

- The Illinois Economic and Fiscal Commission received alternative suggestions to decriminalize marijuana possession, but to increase penalties for drug traffickers and hard-drug users.

The report was critical of the state's drug programs. It called on the Illinois Dangerous Drug Commission to monitor and supervise private drug abuse programs to prevent scandal and further drug abuse.

- New York Governor Hugh Carey says he will recommend new laws in 1976 to reduce penalties for marijuana users.

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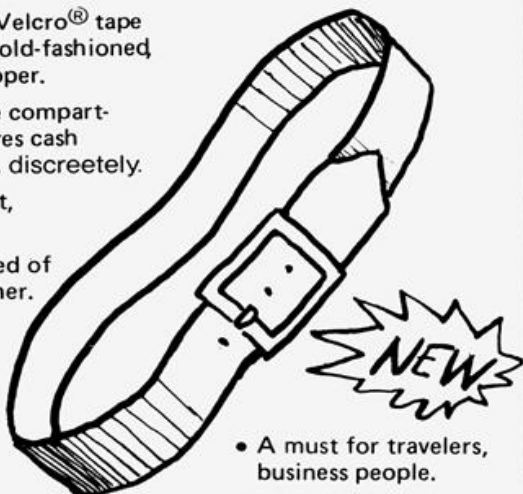
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HIGHWIT Rolling Papers Hit in Colorado

Police seized paraphernalia from three head shops in the Fort Collins, Colorado area, after city officials cited an obscure Colorado State Provision that "anything that may have been used in a crime is subject to seizure." The unlikely line was written into the recently passed Colorado decriminalization bill.

Pipes, papers, bongs, water pipes, coke spoons and even *High Times* and *Grower's Guide* were taken by police who had frequented the stores "taking inventory" a few days before the "busts."

On October 2, Puff'n'Stuff was raided by police and paraphernalia seized. On October 9, Mellow Yellow and Budget Tapes and Records were "busted." No arrests were made in connection with any of the seizures.

Two State court judges, Phipps and Shannon, are reportedly responsible for signing the Larimer County warrants used by city officials and police to raid the three stores. Defendants have filed

countersuits charging discrimination on the grounds that no other of several hundred stores has been similarly busted. The defendants also claim that the police had "no probable cause" to seize the \$15,000 worth of hard goods.

Ant Farm Transplant a Success

An Illinois woman has filed suit against Alton Memorial Hospital after she awoke from surgery to find hundreds of ants crawling on her wound.

Lorene Barnes recovered consciousness and says she felt something was wrong. When nurses peeled back the covers and bandages they discovered hundreds of the insects infesting her bandages. She later developed an infection in the wound.

Hospital officials acknowledged they had "an ant problem."

Dope Opera

What's funny about six cops busting an old man after they barge in on his property unidentified, intimidate him after lying to him and then see to it that he's convicted of assault? Not much, you say . . . but this is just another episode in the ongoing drama of "Dope Opera":

• Charlie Stoll lives in the tiny Arizona mining town called Oatman. When six men broke down his fence and came onto his private property last summer, he proudly took out his shotgun and held them at bay for an hour until he could establish their official identity.

The six men were DEA agents, two of whom Charlie had seen earlier in the day being frisked by Mohave County sheriff's deputies. He had no reason to believe they were anything but smugglers who he suspected were using his remote, private airstrip for dope drops.

Nevertheless, once freed, the agents brought charges against Stoll. He was convicted in Phoenix federal court on charges of assaulting six federal officers.

• Besides hollowed-out crucifixes

and modified champagne bottles, smugglers have been apprehended this year with: heroin in a copper engraving of *The Last Supper*; 150 pounds of marijuana in three Jamaican love seats; diamonds in a ballpoint pen; and 45 parrots, who squawked when an inspector squeezed a pile of quilts in the rear seat of a car at the Mexican-U.S. border.

—P.J. Sampson

• A Madison, Wisconsin, narc who has been variously accused of shooting dogs, shooting at fleeing partygoers, roughing up motorists and pulling guns on *Take Over* newspaper hawkers is now under the gun himself for grilling a four-year-old boy on his marijuana habit.

Leonard Preston, of the Madison Police Department, plied the young doper with questions about his habit after an "anonymous tip" from the child's next-door neighbor.

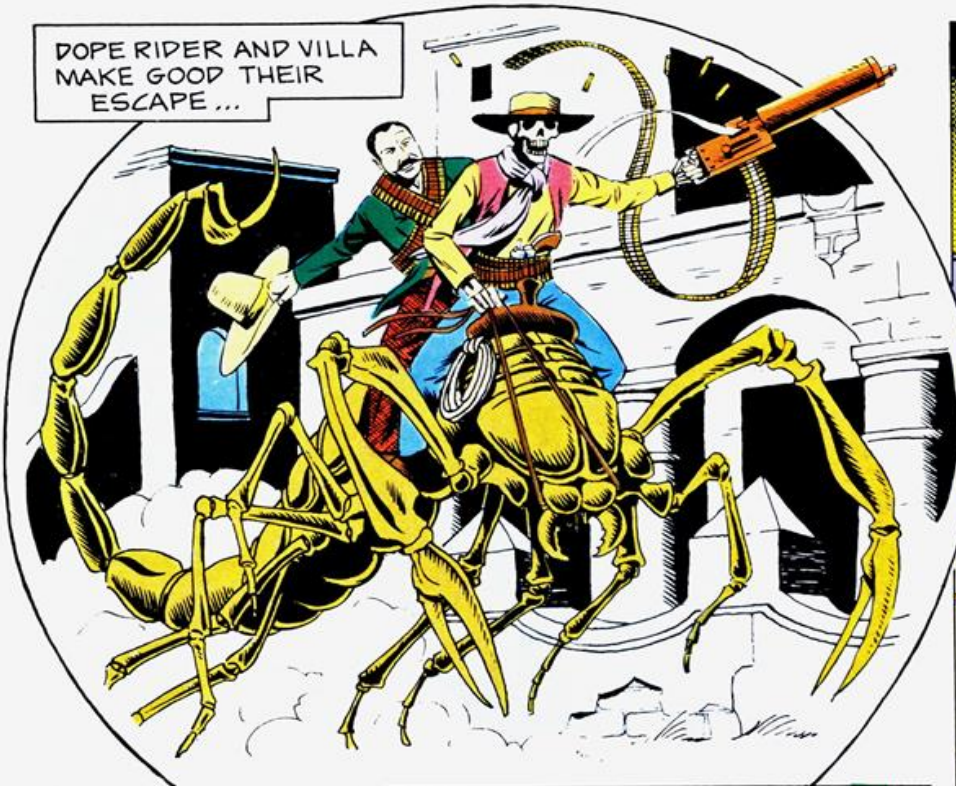
The neighbor also informed police that the boy's mother locked the child out of the house whenever she had sex or "wanted to shoot heroin."

DOPE RIDER IN "BEANS FOR ALL"

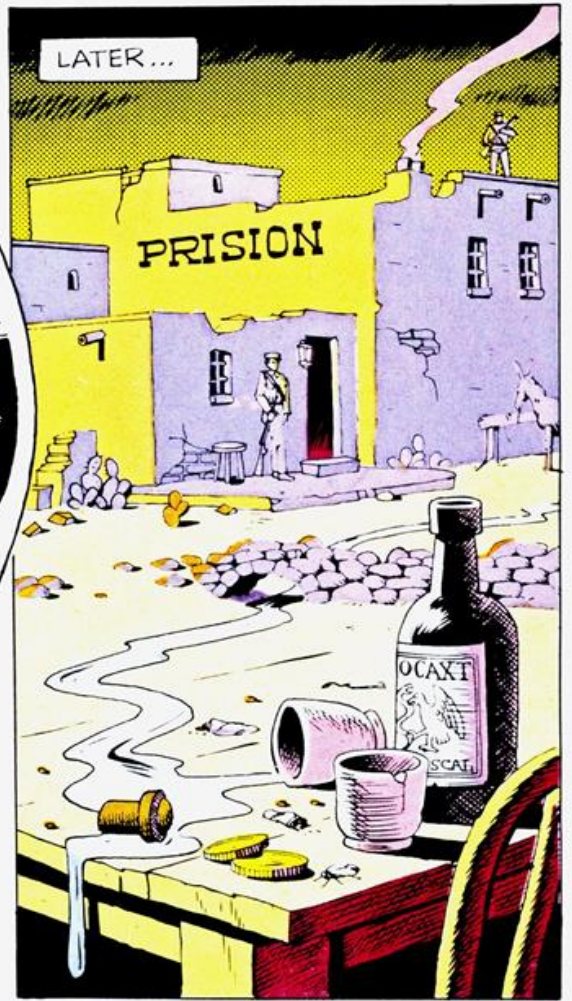
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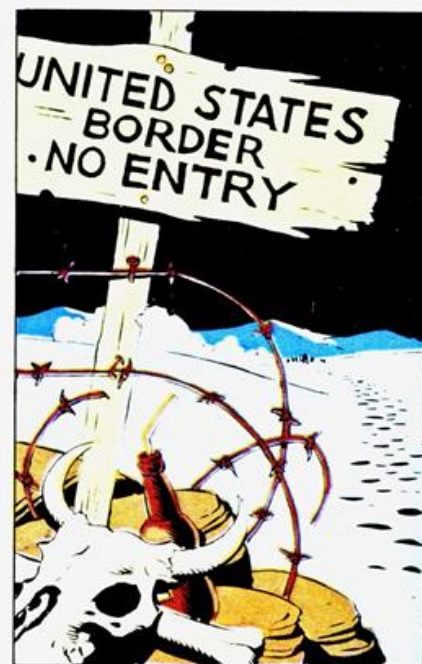
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How to Fly Low

(continued from page 70)

I've never explained why it's important: because the radio waves used in radar can travel only in straight lines. If they run into something along their path, they're reflected back to the antenna and a "blip" appears on the operator's monitor screen. One of the best ways to avoid detection is hugging the ground so that, due to the curvature of the earth, you stay below the path of the beam. Another is to fly in the radar "shadow" behind terrain obstructions such as mountains.

The feds are making this more difficult all the time. They've mapped out 157 prime crossing points along the 1,500-mile Mexican border and have started using soldiers from Ft. Bliss, Texas, and Marines from Twentynine Palms, California, to watch them with portable battlefield radar. Locations are changed often to keep smugglers guessing, and—they hope—provide a deterrent. The only guaranteed clear routes left are narrow, twisty little valleys high up in the mountains where the military thinks it's too much bother to hump in their portable radars. Unpredictable weather and the necessity of flying at night make this miserable, dangerous flying, and if the government goes ahead with the radar picket plans it's talking about, it could soon be out of the question entirely.

So how do you get dope into the country? By guile. If you can't avoid the radar entirely, you have to make yourself look like something other than a dope smuggler. For example, you can fly up a canyon near Nogales, staying below the rim and out of the radar beam until you get to the airport on the American side. Then you pull out of the canyon and blast down the runway, climbing to a normal cruising altitude. On the radar monitor in Phoenix you'll look just like a normal takeoff, and nobody will bat an eyelash.

But my favorites are the guys who come across at Columbus, New Mexico, after dark, flying right up Route 11 from Las Polomas, low and slow enough that the radar operators usually mistake them for cars on the road. It's a wicked routine—landing gear and flaps down, stall-warning horn bleating, controls mushy because they haven't got enough air flowing over them to get a good bite, and you can bet the pilot's pucker factor is almost at redline. It terrorizes motorists too.

So there you have it: less glamorous than it's cracked up to be and a lot more work. As for me, I'll let somebody else take the risks and pay them the going rate when they get the smoke on the ground this side of the border. At least that's my story, and I'm sticking to it. ☐



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Hamilton and the Whiskey Boys

(continued from page 72)

At first the conflict was mainly carried out on wall posters and in the Philadelphia press. The press was decidedly, almost symptomatically, liberal. The Whiskey Boys' main Capital spokesman was Benjamin Bache of the *Pennsylvania Daily Advertiser*. He loudly deplored the intransigence of the Treasury Department in accepting nothing but cash for payment of the Whiskey Tax, insisting that there must be a more convenient way of ordering this thing—as though the specific *intention* of Hamilton's tax was not the imposition of closer political control on the backwoodsmen through a medium of currency.

At the same time, poor Bache was just terribly embarrassed with the Whiskey Boys for behaving so all-fired obstreperous. "The Question is not," he kept dithering, "whether the Excise is a proper or improper Mode of collecting Revenue. It is *Constitutional*," he thundered, "and it becomes the Duty of every Citizen to give his Aid, if call'd upon, to enforce its Execution."

Oh, there was surely no lack of liberal support for the Whiskey Boys in Philadelphia. Jefferson himself allowed that the Excise was "an infernal law," and his young aide-de-camp Albert Gallatin (later Treasury Secretary under Jefferson, and every bit the liberal equivalent of Hamilton) was vociferous in his anti-Excise rantings, for a while anyway.

The possibility of Congressional action against the Whiskey Tax was carrot-sticked before the Whiskey Boys for two years by the Jeff Dems. Every time Congress met, the law was "moderated" in one insignificant way or another: in 1793, the authority for prosecuting moonshiners was actually handed back to the state courts, so that the Boys no longer had to schlep all the way to Philadelphia to pay their fines with money they didn't have.

But again, the Whiskey Boys were no fools. By this time they'd escalated their tactics considerably. The customary procedure was a leaf out of the Liberty Boys book of Sam Adams, who exercised it against King George's stamp agents: the nosy revenueur was ambushed, shaven, tarred and feathered, and relieved of all his tax papers; his horse was stolen if it was any good, or its ears were clipped so that it was crazy for months. Just such a thing happened one night to Robert Johnson, subcollector for Allegheny and Washington Counties, when he was waylaid by a mob of Boys disguised as women. When later that week Johnson's personal catchpole rode out with a clutch of assault warrants for the blackguards involved, they dealt the same with him,

and left him tied high up in a tree for a couple days. Similar enormities were recorded the length and breadth of the land. In Philadelphia, a delighted Alexander Hamilton began selling Washington on the idea of armed intervention.

Here arose a problem. Besides isolated garrisons guarding old Revolutionary War ordnance dumps, there really wasn't much of a national army just then. Most Continental soldiers after the battle of Yorkville had taken one look at the pitiful pension offered them by a grateful America and lit out for the deep woods to brew liquor. Give Washington credit for apprehending the perils inherent in oppressing an armed population of battle-tested veterans who had a very legitimate grievance: he insisted Hamilton at least offer Amnesty first.

Hamilton was nothing loath to do so, either. After he had offered Amnesty to all involved in the late troubles—except for some few diverse unregenerate rebel leaders with whom the State could never contemplate a reconciliation—he waited while the fattest chestnuts tumbled anxiously into his lap. Gallatin and Bache were among the first liberals to come

"It is long," Hamilton told critics of the Whiskey Tax, "since I have learned to hold popular opinion of no value."

over, and even Holcroft followed at the last minute. Each of them was anxious to emphasize that he had only trafficked with the Whiskey Boys in order to exert a moderating influence on the *real* blood-and-thunder Whiskey Anarchists. Of course, when no one came over to Amnesty admitting that he had plotted the whole thing, Hamilton was forced to inform the President that the Amnesty Program was a failure: it must be discontinued forthwith, and harsher measures invoked against the *real* insurgents.

Still, a solid motivation was required. In the absence of a Federal standing army, Philadelphia would have to get its troops from the militias of the various States, and there was a good question whether the free citizens of New Jersey, say, would take up arms against their peers in Pennsylvania to the manifest advantage of the Federal Government over all the States. Happily for Hamilton, the Whiskey Boys in early 1794 published a hilarious manifesto that played straight into his hands.

Remember, to a Western Frontiersman, any place east of the Alleghenies was bound to be infested with aristocratic coupon clippers and effeminate bourgeoisie. And just as Monongahela

liquor was the best on the planet, so too was anything else Pennsylvanian. In a curious tract published shortly after Hamilton began his saber rattling, then, a coalition of moonshiners calling themselves the "Six United Nations of White Indians" expressed their chauvinism in a long letter to the *Philadelphia Gazette*. "Brothers," they warned the East, "we have that Pow'rful Monarch, *Capt. Whiskey*, to Commend us. By the Power of his *Influence*, & a Love to his Person, we are Compell'd to ev'ry Great & Historick Act... Brothers, you must not Think to Frighten us with *Infantry, Cavalry & Artillery*, compos'd of yr *Water-Melon Armies* from the Jersey Shores; they wood Cut a much better Figure in Warring with th' *Crabs & Oysters* around the Cape of *Delaware*."

So much for solidarity among the states. The New Jersey wags fired back that they possessed some 10-inch artillery howitzers that were famous "for throwing a *Melon* very Usefull for *Curing a Gravel* occasion'd by *Whiskey*," and the board was spread for bloodletting. All Hamilton now required was a reasonable pretext for an incursion, and in July of 1794 he got one.

Late in that month, a retired Revolutionary general named Robert Neville, chief revenue collector for western Pennsylvania, took a federal tax marshal to the still of a certain Henry Fuller. Now, Fuller had been wounded at Yorkville as a soldier under Neville's command, had stumped for Neville in two Congressional elections, and now Neville, executing his orders like any dependable old war-horse, was leading the wolf to Fuller's door. "I was Consum'd with a vengeful Passion," Fuller admitted later.

He wasn't the only one, evidently. On the way back to his palatial estate at Bower Hill near Pittsburgh that night, General Neville was fording Mingo Creek when he was suddenly fired on by a dozen country militiamen. He reached home early next morning unharmed, to find there an armed delegation from the Whiskey Boys, led by the still-unrepentant Holcroft, who demanded his commission and his tax papers. Neville broke away and reached his mansion through a hail of musket fire.

Inside, Neville and his house servants put up a spirited fight through the windows, but the Whiskey Rebels closed in inexorably, until a peculiar thing happened. From the double row of slave cabins on their flanks, the rebels were suddenly enfiladed by a withering cross-fire that prompted their hasty retreat, leaving one dead and four wounded in Neville's front yard. No one seems ever to have determined who it was that cut down the Whiskey Boys from the slave cabins. Presumably, it was Neville's slaves did the firing.

We are entering on a rather mysterious

episode here. On the morning after this incident, a retired Revolutionary major named James McFarlane rode up to Neville's house and besieged it with a force of local Whiskey Boys. During the night, a dozen guardsmen from nearby Fort Fayette had reinforced Neville's slaves and servants, but a prolonged exchange of gunfire resulted presently in their surrender. Major McFarlane was the only rebel killed in this Donneybrook. His men claimed afterward that he was shot *after* the white flag went up over Neville's house, but this is undoubtedly just propaganda. The rebels found Neville nowhere around when they broke into the place: after looting his carpets, eight-day-clock and other dandified luxuries, they allowed all the prisoners to escape and went home smashed on Neville's whiskey.

McFarlane's funeral, of course, was the occasion for some tearful martyr talk. Oddly enough, the loudest mouth of all was that of the Washington County prosecutor, David Bradford. Invoking passionate curses on "the murderers of McFarlane," Bradford called on every free citizen to resist the tax with "head, heart, hands and voice." At the conclusion of the obsequies, he announced a mass convention of the west Pennsylvania militia at Braddock's Field, in the Pittsburgh suburbs, for the next week. All able-bodied males were to show up fully armed, with four days' rations.

It was the county fair of revolutionary assemblies. Nearly 7,000 militiamen showed up, and there was plenty of good old Monongahela Corn going around. There was lots of splendid loud gunfire, too: a mass turkey shoot left a cloud of gunpowder that hung in the humid Pennsylvania air all afternoon. Bradford, naturally, was acclaimed Commander-in-Chief by enthusiastic voice vote: in a grand powder-blue uniform, mounted on a great white gelding, he trotted around waving his saber all afternoon, execrating Pittsburgh as "a Second Sodom" and calling for its invasion forthwith.

The Whiskey Boys moved out in the late afternoon. In a column two and a half miles long, they staggered whooping into Pittsburgh, where the residents had already buried the silver plate and locked up the young ladies. Plank tables, in fact, had been set up, from which the rebels were fed heaping plates of hot venison, turkey, ham and bear, washed down with high-octane Pennsylvania hooch. The rebels extorted from the Pittsburghers a pledge to expel the more noted Federalists among them, and curled up contentedly in the storm drains and passed out.

Later on that month, a "scrub Congress" of Whiskey Boys met at Monongahela to discuss the composition of a new Constitution that would sever their district forever from the United States of America. Under Bradford's direction, though, the discussion dwelt mainly on

the horrid reprisals the Feds were even now plotting against the Whiskey Rebels; the delegates went home in a very gloomy state of mind, except for David Bradford, who moved directly to French Louisiana and ended his days peacefully as a planter. Where, nobody ever asks, did he get enough money to buy a plantation?

Whatever the real story, Alexander Hamilton was now perfectly justified in moving against the Whiskey Rebels. Washington himself was hot to trot after these recent scandals. Fifteen thousand troops were requested from the militias of Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Maryland and Virginia. It's an indication of how unpopular the Whiskey Boys had become that 13,000 of these levies actually converged on Bedford, Pennsylvania, in the first week of October 1791.

Washington wasn't there. In Carlisle, a delegation of frantic locals had assured him there would be absolutely no resistance to his troops anywhere in west Pennsylvania, and they really needn't bother looking around for people to shoot and loot to plunder. Washington asked Hamilton whether maybe the locals didn't know how best to handle the

The rebels extorted from the Pittsburghers a pledge to expel the more noted Federalists among them, then curled up contentedly in the storm drains and passed out.

situation. "It is long," Hamilton responded, "since I have learned to hold popular opinion of no value."

So Washington returned to Philadelphia, leaving his handsome young protégé in command. Hamilton's left wing was composed of Maryland and Virginia troops under the command of the revered General Henry "Light Horse Harry" Lee, Governor of Virginia. The right wing was the vengeful New Jersey and Pennsylvania contingents, marshalled by New Jersey Governor Richard Howell. It must have been a grand and edifying spectacle, the broad-shouldered young Turk in dipping plumes and crimson dragon uniform, between these two hoary old beloved patriots, the three of them on stallions so purely white and evenly matched they could've served for the Czar's *troika*. Through the dazzling autumn arches of Pennsylvania forest they passed, cantering through the fallen leaves before a hideous host of heavy cavalry, light infantry, engineers on wagons bearing howitzers and mortars, and a host of shamefaced mountain men in ragged deerskin bringing up the rear. They were prepared for anything, this first field army of the American Republic.

Well, the weather was universally acclaimed as gorgeous. Among the dashing young patricians of the Virginia militia was Meriwether Lewis (of Lewis & Clark fame, later on) who wrote ecstatically to his mother about "mountains of beef and oceans of whiskey" in Pennsylvania. Chicken coops were plundered, cattle were liberated and illicit whiskey was confiscated and consumed for over a month before Hamilton decided he'd had enough amusement. To wrap things up appropriately, on the night of 13 November some 20 "Individuals fit for an Example" were siezed out of their beds by the Jersey Blues. They were tied back to back in their nightshirts and force-marched all the way to Philadelphia.

The main part of Hamilton's army escorted these "Yahoos" to the Capital, while a garrison was left permanently near Carlisle as the nucleus of a standing army. In Philadelphia, the wretched prisoners were subjected to a kind of Triumph ceremony straight out of Ciceronian Rome: with banners reading "*Insurrectionists*" trailing from their three-corner hats, they were marched through every street in town by the Philadelphia Horse Guards. Finally they were jailed.

Whether or not these "fitting Examples" really had much to do with the Whiskey Rebellion is uncertain. It is also immaterial, from the Federalist point of view: as Examples they filled the bill as well as anybody might. They sat in jail through the winter, spring and summer of 1795, while the army howled for their blood. Remarked Samuel Hodgson, the U.S. Commissary General, "We all Lament that so few of the Insurgents fell—such Disorders can only be Cur'd by copious Bleedings..."

Most of the Yahoos were quietly released without trial after ten months, although two of them were eventually sentenced to death by military tribunal. To demonstrate his magnanimity, General Washington then pardoned both, and it was all pretty much over. The government had spent \$1,500,000 on the adventure—no less than a third of the total whiskey revenues realized in the lifetime of the act, before it was canceled by Jefferson in 1806.

The wonderful thing is how the crushing of the Whiskey Rebellion so perfectly achieved Hamilton's purpose: to extend effective Federal economic control over the Western Frontier by imposing currency media there. All those well-to-do young militiamen from Virginia and Philadelphia, you see, took with them into Whiskey Country a good supply of hard and paper money. Once it began circulating, it was the veritable serpent in the garden: the Whiskey Boys perforce began using money in all their transactions, and things were just never the same again. ■

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ASTRAL PROTECTION

(continued from page 54)

your body. In short, while full conscious faculties are preferable in most astral traveling, simple OOBs may be experienced through hash or other strong concentrations of tetrahydrocannabinol.

But there is no easy way to get good at astral maneuvering. If you want to do more than catapult yourself into the unexplainable, and if you want to recall and record and grow by what you experience, you'll do it "clean." Below are some basic exercises.

Exercise One: Lie down in a quiet, dark, warm and comfortable place with your head pointing to magnetic North. Keep your eyes closed for 20 minutes without falling asleep. The first several attempts to complete this exercise will probably end in failure, so don't give up too quickly.

When you finally concentrate enough on accomplishing this seemingly simple feat, you will get past the pull of sleep and be able to remember the images that flashed through your mind while your eyes were closed.

Exercise Two: Record those thoughts. In the early stages this will prove a tremendous help in distinguishing normal thoughts from dreams lapping the shores of the conscious mind. Later, you'll see how thinned-out all thought images become as your log progresses.

Exercise Three: Fear and Desire. To overcome these may take years or minutes, depending on the individual and the method of psychic repair; anything from psychoanalysis to Zen might be necessary. But it is best to vanquish these demons before you begin serious astral traveling, because there are plenty more pitfalls where you're going.

Exercise Four: Lie back, as prescribed, and think of nothing for 20 minutes. How do you tell exact time when your eyes are closed? It may be best, during basic training, to have someone gently knock on the door when the time has elapsed. Once you've developed the ability to lie back and instantaneously "get off," you will lose almost all sense of time while in the astral state. Above all, when doing these exercises, be sure you are not pressed for time. Do everything with no respect whatsoever for the passage of time.

Once you have mastered the art of relaxation in this manner, you are ready to let things happen. Remember, astral projection is hardly unnatural; accounts go back to the beginnings of recorded history of people "flying" and performing the feats now attributable to the astral body.



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(Scott and Eric, where are you?)

To be ready to leave our bodies, we need only satisfy the prerequisite of getting out from under the psychological addiction to so-called reality. Much of this is the conditioning of centuries that tells us we cannot do what we are attempting, or that we are *really* trying to die. We are told that the "death wish" is always unhealthy. However, in the light of parapsychology we may have to begin to study the death wish as a natural human urge to leave the body on occasion.

The Vibrational State: You always knew there was something pure and true in the vague notion of "good vibes," right? Instinctively, a whole generation picked up on the occulted truth behind the concept. The nature of the universe is vibration.

Once the relaxed state has been mastered, breathe slowly and deeply. You will feel the vibrations coming on. Some people can simply put their heads down and close their eyes and it begins, just like that. It needn't take anywhere near 20 minutes. That figure was arbitrary to accomplish the difficult initial steps; you may be able to totally relax in half a minute. All that went before was simply to prepare your body to feel the vibrations—or, metaphysically speaking, to convince your soul that your body's demands have been stilled long enough for it to become the center of attention and the focal point of the will.

Numbness creeps over your limbs from toe to head, you will feel as though you are unable to will any part of the body to move. If you can avoid panic at this point, the vibes will begin. They sweep over you like furtive ripples at first. Train yourself to modulate the frequencies—to speed them up so that you won't have to wait through several toe-to-head-to-toe "waves." How? You simply will it to speed up, and it does.

The surge has been described in various ways by various log-keeping trippers—a sheath of electricity, a round doughnut of energy sweeping up and down (or, over a prone body, north and south), etc. What matters is that you're now ready to leave your body.

Keep your eyes closed. There'll be less to distract you. (If you really don't want to be distracted, put a Gerald Ford speech on TV.) Roll gently out of your body, left, right, left, gently... soon you'll be doing the hustle, the bump, the frug, the monkey and the only dance there is. Or just reach slowly down and put your hand through the floor. The first time out, don't try to fly around Mount Everest—better stay close to home.

You're on your own. Nothing stands between you and the traumatic annihilation of your sanity but common sense and whatever kind of karma points you've been racking up. Free-associate. Think warm thoughts. Signal before making a turn. You will to have a wonderful time. Prepare to beam down. ☐

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(continued from
page 51)

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High Times: What did your duties entail?

Lynne: Taking orders, filling them, counting the money, recording the transaction, and the usual social amenities that any broker has to go through with a client.

High Times: Did you like working for the association?

Lynne: I loved it. I've never seen so much dope, of all kinds, in my life. And as an employee, I was able to get it at a substantial discount.

High Times: Did you encounter sex discrimination in your work for the association?

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people we dealt with were pretty fucked up, though.

High Times: For example?

Lynne: One time I went to deliver a sample to a dealer. He took it but refused to consummate the deal with me, because he said he didn't deal with women. I went back and told the chairman of the association, and he called up the dude and told him that we wouldn't deal with anyone on that basis and that he'd have to deal with association women or be cut off. The dude quickly changed his mind.

High Times: It sounds like the association was pretty powerful.

Lynne: Not really. They were relatively small—even their weights were small—but they were well organized. It was a business of the future. It was fun working with them.

High Times: What happened to them?

Lynne: After the raid, which was brought down by an accident of some type, the association dissolved.

High Times: How has the dope supply been lately?

Lynne: It's been harder and harder to get. Sometimes the price jumps a hundred dollars a pound in one day! I can't get weight any more, even though I have

"The association called the dude and told him that he'd have to deal with women—or be cut off."

excellent connections. But I've learned not to judge my success by the amount of weight I move. The amount of money I'm making is the real index of success, and the time and hassle it takes. I'm much more pleasure oriented now, instead of success oriented.

High Times: Why's that?

Lynne: Because I think now I have more security, more confidence in my ability to survive. Knowing, really knowing and accepting that my survival is covered. I can lay back and reevaluate my scene.

High Times: What has this meant in your case?

Lynne: For one thing, I've cut off a lot of people who were annoyances to me. People who had psychological problems that surfaced in the way they dealt with me. You know, picky people, people who tried to cut corners, pull little ripoffs, people who didn't pay their debts—I consider this kind of behavior a manifestation of psychological problems.

Another way that I have changed my scene is that I don't let dealing dominate my life the way it used to. People used to call me at all hours of the day and night. I waited and kept other people waiting for hours—there were constant phone calls

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back and forth about availabilities, prices, descriptions, delivery arrangements and so on. Now, I refuse to even talk on the phone. People come over, bring money, do a transaction on the spot. If I tell them to come over, then I have the stuff. If I don't call them, they're instructed not to bother me unless they have something to sell. As you might imagine, it's sort of a seller's market, so I can get away with this. Which is good, because before, my whole life was built around dealing. Now I deal only in the mid-evening, and never on weekends. I find that I move much more dope in the long run at much greater profit, with minimum hassle, no incriminating phone calls. I have now put dealing in proper perspective—it's an important part of my life, but not all pervasive. I spend a lot more money on myself, rather than reinvesting it in "the business," and I try to plan ahead to have nothing but a good time.

High Times: Do you think women have been feeling this dope shortage more than men?

Lynne: Well, it's probably true that

"I used to be on call day and night to make deals. Now I deal only in the mid-evening and never on weekends."

women have had less dope to deal and smoke lately than men, but men feel the pinch more. They need it to boost their egos and to treat their girls.

High Times: Are women doing anything to alleviate the shortage?

Lynne: In my own case, I have arranged with several other women to score weed for me and transport it back here to the city. One of them sits on the source of supply, another one does the courier service, and I do the selling.

High Times: I also understand that you're putting a smuggling trip together.

Lynne: I'm trying. I've hired a captain, and crew who have a boat, and I picked up a connection in Jamaica. All we're waiting for now is all the pieces to line up.

High Times: If it works out, maybe we can do an interview with a lady smuggler.

Lynne: Either that or a lady inmate.

High Times: Do you think there are more women dealers now than two years ago?

Lynne: Definitely.

High Times: Why?

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Lynne: The same reason there are more women working in all other areas, plus one additional reason. Women are locked out of many conventional jobs. Many women are forced to work far below their natural level, but in dealing, you can go as far as you're able.

High Times: Are you saying there's no sexism in dealing?

Lynne: Of course not. In fact, dealing is one of the last preserves of machodom. The fact that it's a crime puts so many guys on a Bogart trip, and after all it is the, you know, underworld—the dealing scene is never entirely free of plain violent human misfits that really need all that secrecy and sense of danger. But women can deal to other women, you know. And there are many, many dealers who are glad to buy and sell with anybody who has good weed at good prices. The outlaw nature of the business makes us all outlaws together, and there is a camaraderie that transcends, for the moment, the sexist conditioning we're all given. It's nice.

High Times: Have you encountered any violence in the last year?

Lynne: No physical violence, although plenty of mental violence.

"Women are locked out of many conventional jobs and forced to work below their natural level of abilities, but in dealing, you can go as far as you're able."

High Times: What do you mean by mental violence?

Lynne: Oh, I guess I mean people who do cruel things that are just as unjust, destructive and intense as a smack in the mouth, like being ripped off in the middle of the night for dope.

High Times: How do you deal with violence? What would you do if someone tried to rape you in the middle of a deal?

Lynne: What would you do?

High Times: It's never happened to me.

Lynne: Me either. I think I'd throw up.

High Times: Do you have any way of protecting yourself? Karate? A gun?

Lynne: No, the only thing I would use would be something incapacitating but nonviolent. I have a can of mace I carry in my purse. I've never had to use it. Any scene that looks like trouble, I get away from it. There are too many safe and honest scenes to bother with fucked up people.

High Times: Do you ever deal anything besides smoke?

Lynne: No. I like cocaine, and I do it occasionally, but I won't deal it. The people into it are usually pretty heavy, and so are the laws, the cops and the

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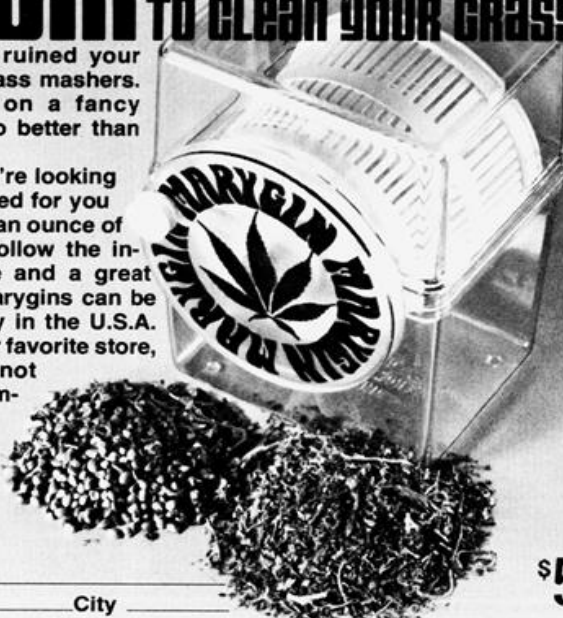
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Lady Dealer

judges. I don't need it, so I don't take any risk I don't have to.

High Times: How about other kinds of dope?

Lynne: Mushrooms occasionally. I used to deal speed very heavily in the mid-Sixties, but no more. No, I'm a weed dealer.

High Times: Do you think dealers smoke better weed than the public?

Lynne: There's no question about it. The dealers are by definition closer to the source of supply, and there's an extremely limited supply of the very best smoke, and it's so expensive that few people other than dealers can afford it. Little of the connoisseur-level stuff gets to the public. I know that I smoke much better stuff than my nondealer friends, unless they bought it from me. On the other hand, my main connection probably smokes better stuff than I do.

High Times: Has it been harder to get where you are because you're a woman?

Lynne: For sure, but it's not nearly as rough in dealing as it is in the art world.

"Women dealers live by the code more than men, because they have no protection but their honesty."

It's much better, now that I have some capital, than it was a year ago, when I needed credit fronted. I still see men getting better deals than me, and getting preference in choice and so on, but smart businessmen don't fuck with me.

High Times: Do women deal differently than men?

Lynne: Yes. I think they're into accuracy more. They live more by the code, because they have no protection except their honesty.

High Times: Haven't you ever heard of lady dealers who were into violence?

Lynne: I've heard of instances of women taking on violence, but never of women initiating it. The only time I personally know of a lady involved in violence, it was an offshoot of a deal her old man had made.

High Times: Do you think marijuana causes violence?

Lynne: (Laughter) Only in bed. Have you ever noticed how much sexuality there is in pot smoking? You know, two

(continued on page 131)

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London's Pot PR Man

If the sweetly familiar smell of burning reefer is becoming more familiar in London's West End these days, give a nod to that pioneering Johnny Appleseed of pot who likes to be known as Peter Boo. Unlike in the U.S., where marijuana has infiltrated enough to become quasi-legal (or, at least, acceptable, as in New York, Berkeley and L.A.) the weed is still strictly a no-no across the water, although the demand, if not the supply, is comparable. Which is why Peter Boo, a 28-year-old carpenter, is performing what he claims to be a social service.

"The dope situation in England right now," he says, "is what it must have been in the U.S. a few years ago: people still ducking into the loo [toilet] for a quick drag and so on. The main job, as I see it, is to encourage more public awareness of it being smoked right out there in public. The leaflets that I've been leaving around remind smokers of what I call psychological safety pockets—when the car chase begins, for example, in a movie, or in a crowded theater lobby at intermission when nobody can track down where the smell's coming from but they all want some. The no-smoking compartments of underground trains are fine; the people who glare at you for smoking don't know or care what it is."

Heeere's . . . Gershon

Gershon Legman is a brilliant, quirky chronicler of such sociological matters as oral sex, erotic folklore and censorship. He once worked as bibliographer for the Kinsey Institute and, for the past 20 years, has been writing what amounts to a history of the dirty joke. The second volume of this massive work, *No Laughing Matter* (Breaking Point Inc., Wharton, N.J., \$18) has just appeared and contains in its 987 pages more than 2,000 scatological tales skillfully interwoven with hundreds of thousands of words of philosophical text.

"It may be stated as axiomatic," he says, "that a person's favorite joke is the key to that person's character; a rule-of-the-thumb all the more invariable in the case of highly neurotic people."

Unfair as it may be to hoist the author upon his own petard, it would be even more unfair not to quote any of the jokes at all. So what better example than an anecdote ("not precisely a joke," he comments) from his own childhood in Scranton, Pennsylvania, in the mid-Twenties:

"The sailors on a whaling ship mastur-

bate into a barrel during the whole voyage. On docking, this barrel is mixed with the other barrels of sperm oil, and candles are made from it. A whole establishment of nuns gets pregnant from it."

Legman says that the story, which he has been able to trace back "only" as far as 1846, is typical of the plural-impregnation episodes that occur "curiously often" in stories about nuns and other imprisoned and captured women. He suggests that it is probably a folk recollection of earlier sexual rituals or orgies.

'At's a Spicy Cobblestone

Italian authorities are still trying to devise means to stop antiquity freaks from stealing the ancient highways. Thieves who literally take to the road have already stolen a full kilometer of the Appian Way (built circa 312 B.C.), and in recent years, two or three hundred feet of the equally venerable Via Cassia have disappeared. Usually the paving blocks turn up adorning villas and driveways in nearby Viterbo, but stones from the Appian Way have been found for sale as far away as the U.S.

Apple Pie-eyed

Applejack Brandy

One peck of fresh apples (core and peel). Cook and let stand until it has finished working (five or six days). Add a very small amount of brown sugar, one can of malt, and one pound of yeast. Takes seven to nine days to make this brandy.

This recipe is not to be found in your everyday cookbook, but is one of a dozen authentic moonshiners' recipes (some of the others are for tomato brandy, blackberry wine and "poor man's whisky") listed by Ruby Allen in a reminiscent piece, in *Kentucky Folklore*, on the state's celebrated mountain people.

In days gone by, a gallon of good moonshine would fetch anywhere from \$2 to \$10, a valuable and necessary addition to the income of the poor families who earned but a tithe of the crops they raised on sparse land for wealthy landlords.

There were numerous ingenious ways of getting the product to market. Allen recalls, most of which involved covering the jars in the wagon with mustard greens, rhubarb, lettuce and dozens of eggs. One moonshiner sold his liquor openly on the streets for years, after thoughtfully painting a batch of fruit jars white to convince bystanders that the only thing changing hands was milk.

Hot Rats

Emancipation moves into the laboratory via a recent piece in the *Psychological Bulletin* entitled "A Cry for the Liberation of the Female Rodent," by Pennsylvania University's Richard Doty. Seems that "the female rodent plays a more important part in the initiation and maintenance of courtship and copulatory activities than has been generally believed," and Doty's plea is for checking this out. Meanwhile, over at New York State's Rockefeller U., Dr. Neal E. Miller's been getting some flack over his frustration/aggression studies. Male rats apparently get aggressive when frustrated; but nobody's been experimenting with females, so maybe we'll never know about their reactions.

Diamond Dog Days

Most of America's troubles for the past 17 years may have resulted from a Hindu curse, according to a writer in Britain's *Atlantean* magazine. Betty Wood says that in 1958 the President, as regent of the Smithsonian Museum, officially became custodian of the Hope Diamond, which has traditionally brought disaster to its owners.

The diamond's history appears to begin with its theft from an Indian temple by French adventurer Jean Tavernier, who smuggled it out of the country and sold it to Louis XIV in 1668. Tavernier, struck by various misfortunes, eventually died trying to recoup his losses on a second trip to India. The sapphire-blue diamond then went through a macabre history of magicians, mistresses and the blood of Marie Antoinette, from which it was confiscated at the beginning of the French Revolution.

Stolen from the French Treasury, it disappeared until the nineteenth century, when it turned up in London much reduced in size (it is now just over one inch long by just less than one inch wide). It was bought by English banker Henry Thomas Hope for around a quarter of a million dollars. Owned next by the Turkish Sultan Abdul Hamid and then by Washington socialite Evalyn Walsh McLean, it was bought by New York jeweler Harry Winston and given to the nation in November 1958.

Two months after the Smithsonian Museum acquired the Hope Diamond, Fidel Castro took over Cuba, setting up a communist dictatorship about which U.S. hawks have been paranoid ever since. ■

OMELETTES

Nature has provided us with many recycling devices that are ecologically sound, nutritionally balanced and spiritually uplifting. One of the best of these is the lowly chicken, who is in fact a benevolent goddess whose products and by-products have only positive effects.

It matters not which came first—chicken or egg—for in tasty tribute, humankind has created the omelette. A well-turned omelette is guaranteed to set any appetite cackling.

If you really get into omelettes, you should splurge and procure a good copper or stainless steel omelette pan. The difference in the end result will be a thrill and a delight.

Procedure: Whip out your pan and heat a chunk of butter or margarine (about/at least 1 tablespoon) until it just begins to brown over medium heat (*don't use oil!*). Pour whatever egg mix you've prepared (see following recipes) in a circular motion into the pan. *Immediately* begin to shake and vibrate the pan in a circular rhythm (while singing "Omelette Christian Soldiers"). This will "set" the bottom of the omelette while keeping it from sticking. As the mixture cooks, keep shaking. (If things keep shaking after you attempt to cease, you no doubt live in California and should now contemplate crawling into a drawer and kissing your ass goodbye.)

When the edges are cooked and the center still gooey, *that's* the time to add whatever you want (grated cheese, tomatoes, sprouts, wine-sautéed onions, vegetables, etc.). Allow added ingredients to cook for one minute. Then fold the omelette gently in half and slide it onto an oven-warmed plate.

For a party, lay out many dishes of appetizer-type foods like caviar, cheeses, lox, sprouts, cooked sausage or bits of other meats and let your friends do the choosing and filling. *Do not* multiply the basic egg recipe (2 or 3 eggs each omelette) for lots of people; make several batches. It takes longer, but works much better. A 12-egg omelette in one little, or even big, pan will burn, fall apart and become lousy-tasting scrambled eggs rather than an esthetically pleasing and appetite-stimulating omelette.

Basic Egg Mixture for Omelette

Combine:
2–3 eggs beaten to near foam
2 teaspoons of cream
1 teaspoon lemon juice*—continue beating (leathers optional)
Pinch of salt

Have whatever tasty you plan to add to the omelette prepared and set the table. Cold omelettes are flaccid and tasteless, at best.

*Lemon is always delightful with eggs!

Suggestions:

Mushroom, Herb, Wine & Thou Omelette

Basic egg mix with your favorite herbs blended in. Basil is lovely, same goes for chopped chives, grated black pepper and/or cannabis.

Mushrooms
1 tablespoon butter or margarine
Dash of wine

Sauté the mushrooms in the butter or margarine. When they're limp, add about one mouthful of the wine you've been daintily sipping and let the whole deal simmer for a minute or two.

Cook your eggs as described and add mushrooms. Fold omelette in half onto oven-warmed plate and garnish with more parsley, lemon wedge, onion rings, Parmesan cheese and Eat It!

Pizza Omelette

This is a main-dish omelette that serves 2–3 people.

Basic egg mix

1/8 teaspoon or buxom pinch oregano
1 clove garlic, mashed
1 very small can tomato sauce
Pinch celery seed (optional)
Pinch sugar (don't substitute honey, it tastes awful; omit sugar if you wish)
1/2 cup grated mozzarella cheese.
A few black or green olives
1/2 cup Italian sausage, precooked

Pour your can of sauce into a saucepan (here it's really cheaper to buy the ready-made because you'll need so little). Add to this all but the cheese, olives and meat. Set tomato mixture over medium-low flame, and stir often.

Preheat the oven to 350°.

The longer the sauce sits over a medium heat, the richer it'll become and the more it'll reduce in volume (it's just thickening, I tell you).

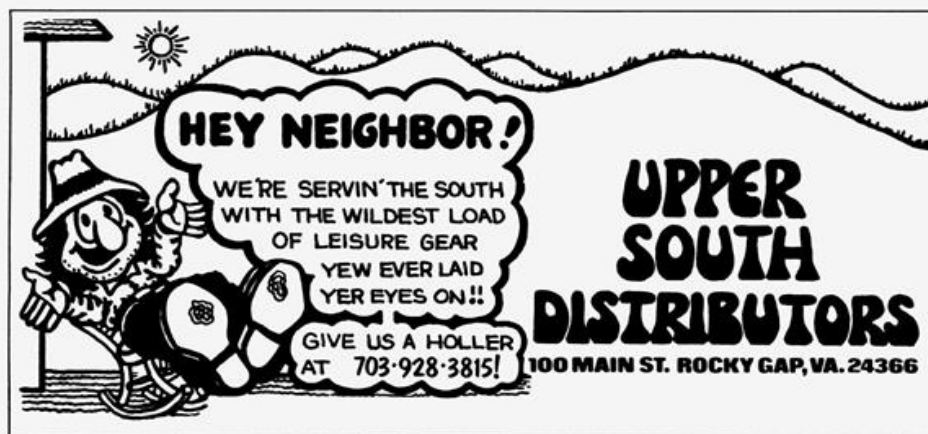
Make the omelette and slide the egg out onto an oven-proof dish full-lunar rather than half-lunar this once, moon at the neighbor across the air shaft and spoon your sauce over the omelette; add meat, cheese and olives and put into the oven for a few minutes, until cheese is gooey. If you like browned cheese, put the production under the broiler for a minute rather than in the oven. This is good with a green salad vinaigrette and red wine.

By now you surely get the general drift. (U.S.N., retired). All you need to make great omelettes are: a friendly hen or grocer, a pan, your chosen grease, a source of heat (God bless the police), an imagination and an appetite.

One of the little tricks for today is discretion. Too much of anything is no good—even sex and dope—so don't get too carried away. Too many different herbs or other flavors are distracting, so do a few at a time. "Never mix, never worry."

And now, Omelettus pray.

—Dana Crumb



(continued from page 129)

men passing a cigarette back and forth, their hands touching, sucking on the joint, staring at each other. It's a very sensual situation, and I think one of the reasons dope smoking is popular is that it creates a sensual setting that is socially acceptable. Men can get into each other in a human way without being called queers. In dealing, gay people seem to be very accepted, for example.

High Times: It's a form of oral gratification.

Lynne: Right. I consider it pure pleasure to smoke good weed, and it enables me to get down with both men and women.

High Times: Are you bisexual?

Lynne: Not yet.

High Times: Did that interview with you in *High Times* have much effect on your life?

Lynne: Very few of my friends knew it was me, so it had no effect in that manner. I mean, I could have been a minor celebrity if I had wanted to be uncool, but I plan to stay in business, and people who do that don't advertise, at least not under their real names. But it had a definite effect on me. I think seeing myself in print made what I was doing more real and therefore more satisfying and easier to get a grip on. I've learned a lot from *High Times* in the last year, too. I appreciate the fact that *High Times* seems to be trying to address itself to women as well as men.

High Times: Would you want your children to be dealers?

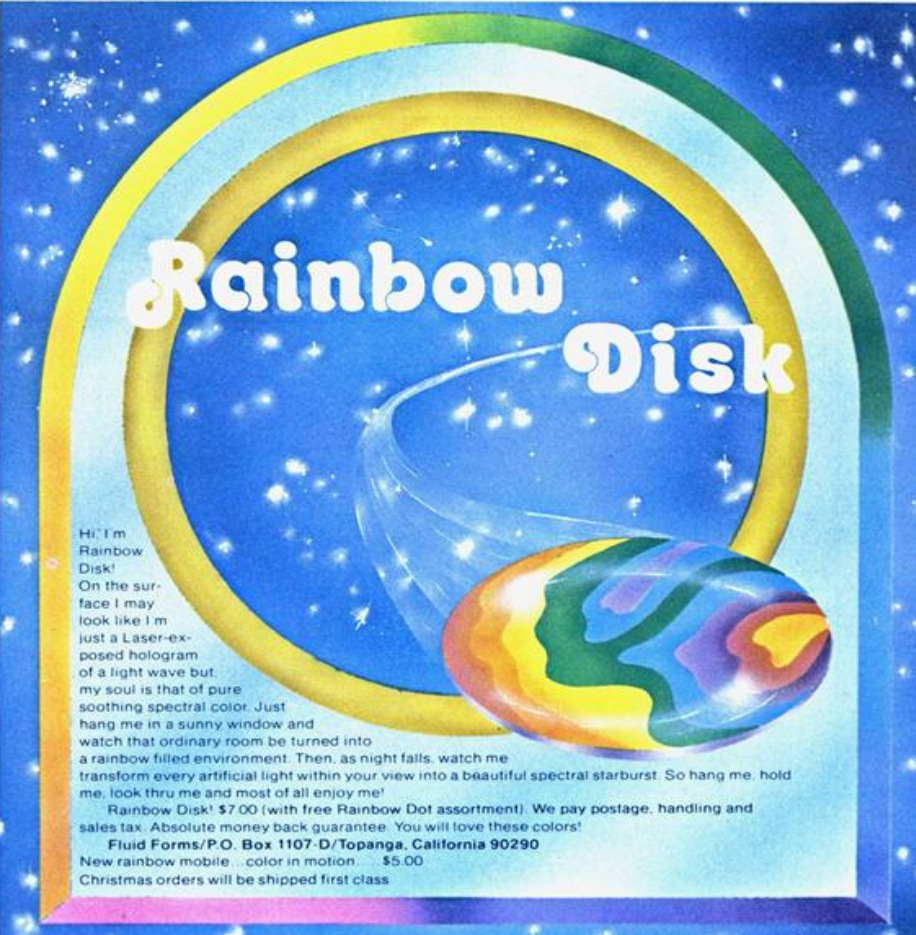
Lynne: If I had children, I wouldn't object, but I think that marijuana will be legal by then. Other things may not be legal, and I hope my children will do what they consider moral rather than what the laws dictate. I do.

High Times: Are you opposed to the social system as it now exists?

Lynne: Definitely. And dealing shows my opposition. I feel that as long as I'm opposing the system, I might as well be getting paid for it. In dealing I can do that, but I'd do it for nothing if that's what it took to spread marijuana around. I wouldn't be so presumptuous as to say that marijuana is good for society, but I certainly feel that the suppression of marijuana is bad for society. ☐

TIBETAN CHILDREN'S VILLAGE

The Tibetan Children's Village is a community of 800 Tibetan refugee children in Dharamsala. Living communally and studying in Montessori-method classes, the children, many of whom have never seen their homeland, are taught English, Hindi and a wide range of standard academic subjects, as well as Tibetan language, culture and Buddhism. Possibly the only insurance that Tibetan traditions will endure, and certainly the only education available to these Tibetan youths, the Children's Village has survived largely because of the generosity of charities and individuals around the world. Contributions of all sizes are welcomed and should be sent to Tibetan Children's Village, Thekchen Choeling, Dharamsala Cantt., Dist. Kangra, H.P., India.



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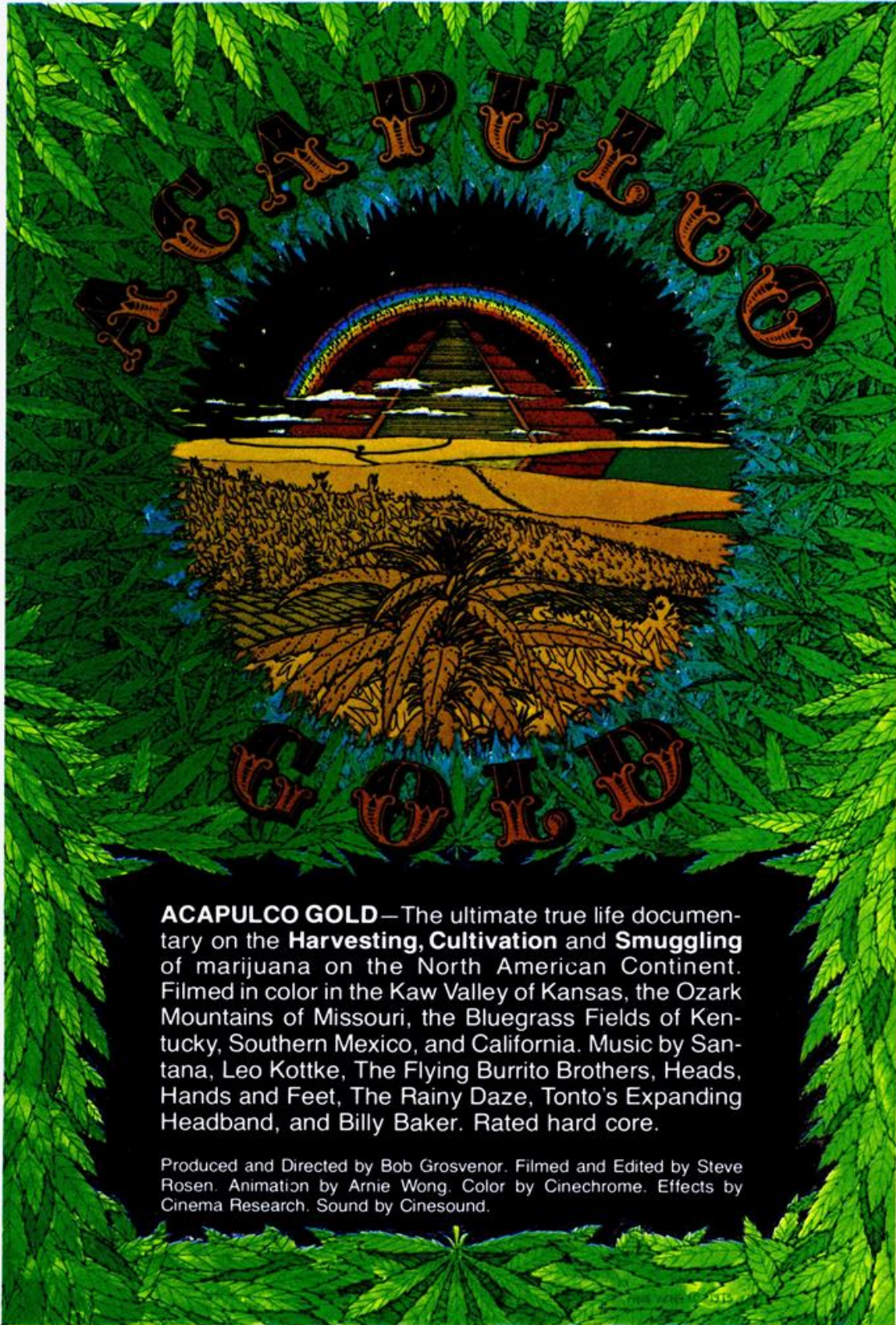
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Why You Can't See Orson Welles's New Movie



It's all done with Miro: Welles's latest pays tribute to art forgers.

In 1971, Orson Welles wrote and directed *F For Fake* on the fashionable island of Ibiza, Spain, and on locations from London to Las Vegas. It has been shown at several film festivals in the hope of attracting a theatrical distributor, but hasn't gotten a nibble—and it's not likely to, which is odd, since the art-house crowd is always hot to get hold of anything from the maker of *Citizen Kane*. And on the surface, *F For Fake* has more than enough to make it compelling viewing for several audiences. There is Welles's own expansive presence, and several lengthy and revealing monologues by Howard Hughes hoaxer Clifford Irving. There's plenty of useful tuition in the theory and practice of art forgery, and some of the most amusing old newsreel and B-film footage ever cut into a quality documentary, plus ample display of a young Hungarian actress-model, Oja Kodar, certainly one of the most beautiful women in the world, or at least the world of pictures.

F For Fake is about ideas, about money, about politics, and at the same time an informal peek at the daily care and feeding of the Ibiza-based jet set. The two themes mingle inseparably in the brisk, hectic montage structure of the film—a narrative crazy-quilt that underscores nothing so much as Welles's usual technical virtuosity.

Technical virtuosity is in fact the premise of *F For Fake*. The virtuoso at hand is Elmyr de Hory, reportedly the greatest art forger of all time and one of Ibiza's social lions. We see him toss off goddamn perfect Picassos, Modiglianis and so on, easy as pie, and laughingly hand them to friends or feed them into the fireplace, which, as a matter of fact, is kept blazing merrily throughout the show with a steady supply of "modern masters." Until recently, de Hory was not so well known as, say Muhammad Ali, but art dealers around the world have had a passionate love-hate relationship with him for decades. They've made fortunes from his forgeries, whether they recognized their provenance or not. Their entire profession would lose the world's

esteem if not their shirts, in the chaos that would result were the true author of thousands of canvasses in museums, galleries and private collections everywhere ever identified. Of course, de Hory's "own" paintings lack any style or vision whatsoever and are completely worthless. But his parties are events.

In the late Sixties, de Hory—although not his phony Picasso's—was finally exposed in *Fake!*, an admiring biography by his Ibiza neighbor, Clifford Irving, then an unknown novelist. Irving admits in *F For Fake* that the de Hory success prompted him to write the Hughes autobiography. Welles ventures the suggestion that de Hory may have forged the "Helga R. Hughes" passport that Edith Irving used to cash publisher's checks to "H.R. Hughes" in her Swiss bank. In short, *F For Fake* is the insider's inside story of *l'affaire Howard Hughes*—including the interesting coincidence that Welles's screen debut, *Citizen Kane*, was originally intended as a biography of Howard Hughes, and only switched to William Randolph Hearst when the studio chiefs decided that, even in 1940, the Hughes saga was "too unbelievable" for film fiction.

Forgery is the muse of *F For Fake*. Welles's first forgery, the "War of the Worlds" broadcast in 1938, sent millions of Americans fleeing from a Martian invasion. And is that voice "Howard Hughes" transmits to press conferences and grand juries the ventriloquism of a carefully trained impostor? Irving's Hughes book was a fraud, like de Hory's paintings. But, back to Welles. His films are like one film made again and again: the "great man" is exposed as an insecure emotional shell, over and over—is it Welles's inner life? A parable of his thwarted Hollywood career? Just a gimmick that seems to work? If from Watergate to transvestites, the Seventies are the decade of paranoid probability and masquerade, *F For Fake* is its bible.

Welles pursues the fraud god relentlessly. In his current persona of a woefully hammy illusionist, shaped by his similar role in a little-known cult film

of 1970 called *A Safe Place*, he meditates on the role of forgery in art and life. Forgery, he says, drives the moneylenders from the temple of art by making fools of the experts and accomplices of the dealers; it returns the artist to the happy anonymity of the faithful peasants who built the cathedral of Chartres. And since painting can have only a politically repressive function on the walls of a Rockefeller-endowed museum, forgery restores to it an original subversive dynamic by making it financially worthless and worthy of "merely" artistic, hence revolutionary appreciation.

Of course, anyone who knows any real artists is constantly made aware that the perishers are absolutely convinced the world does owe them a living.

Welles himself is one of the world's most tireless fund raisers on his own behalf. Artists present very little threat to society in any manner at all, once the art dealers, experts and critics get through with them, although they're usually ready, willing and able to make life hell for the other tenants.

The weakest point of the film is when Welles, who at the beginning claims "everything you will see for the next 60 minutes is absolutely factual," announces that for the last 17 minutes we have been watching a fictive digression of his own invention, the film being 90 minutes in length. He has "fooled" us. At this point audiences who have seen the film at the New York and Cannes festivals groaned, and distributors who were considering the film were confronted with the image of murdered projectionists.

The logic of the Ibiza expatriate community, lovingly represented in *F For Fake* by Orson and his friends, is guarantee enough that it will never be shown commercially in this country. Ibiza represents total hedonism, good looks, a lofty contempt for authority and generally superior tastes in culture and lifestyle. Money is not a standard to judge by there, but neither is it something one lacks. Its source is not important: a Ford or Rockefeller grant is as good as a forgery, but on the whole, earning a living does not seem to be an honorable pursuit on Ibiza. However much one may sympathize with these views, on the screen they become an odious anthology of in-group attitudes beginning and ending in sun-drenched self-love and self-serving sophistry. If Americans are allowed to see *F For Fake*, they will not behold in it the merry-prankster joy that *Clifford* and *El-Meer* took in tweaking the elusive nose of Hughes. They will see, rather, a well-fed bunch of rich, arty jerks getting ego massages in a jet-set island paradise, and we will be at war with Ibiza in a week.

—Eric Kibble

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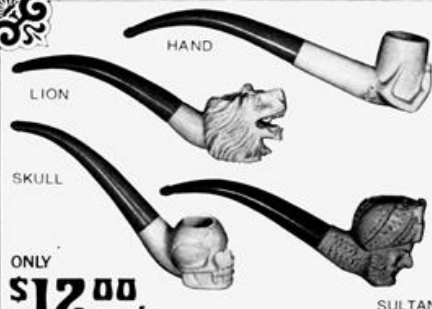


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your holiday family reunion. Slip this disc on between Perry Como and the Mormon Tabernacle Choir and watch the generation gap disappear. Young and old alike will be hip to this jive because every song is over 30 years old, but they're songs about getting high.

Spanning the Swing era—1930 to 1950—*Reefer Songs* validates all those rumors you've heard about old-time jazz musicians. Jazz, a native American musical form elevated to classical, has been a partner with pot from the beginning. And this newly released collection of reefer gladness features some of the great jazz musicians and vocalists as they developed and recorded for the first time the seminal riffs that changed musical history.

Now don't be surprised if Granny jumps up to demonstrate the Black Bottom as soon as she gets an earful of the opening cut. After all, she was only about 20 when Harlem Lattimore recorded "Reefer Man" in 1932. This tune is particularly notable for the delicately phrased trumpet work of old smoothie Benny Morton.

Rock fans of the Fifties often credit the Big Bopper with an original vocal style—but not after they hear Cab Calloway talk the lyrics on "The Man From Harlem"; and those who think the guitar came in with rock'n'roll should catch Ike Robinson on "The Stuff is Here" a fine example of the Chicago jazz school. Chuck Berry was probably listening to this innovator when he was still in knee britches. As for the sizzling violin that's been selling Hot Tuna and Jefferson Starship albums lately, just ask Poppa John Kreach about Stuff Smith and some of the tracks he laid in the Thirties, like "Here Comes the Man With the Jive."

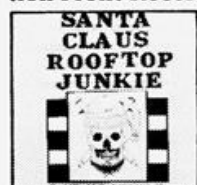
While each of these reefer songs is a classic, the album itself is a collector's item because the selections reflect the variety of jazz styles developed in the Swing era. In "Texas Tea Party," Bennie Goodman fuses low-down blues with Dixieland, fills in the blanks with a rock rhythm guitar and punctuates the whole thing with his own unmistakable clarinet. With the Teagarden brothers on trumpets and trombone and Gene Krupa on drums, this one's a heavy. Bob Howard's "If You're a Viper" (1938) is Swing with country blues flavoring, provided by the precocious guitar of

Teddy Bunn. And the lyrics of the refrain are great—cute as a button and perfectly tailored for Christmas Eve listening:

*When your throat gets dry and you know you're high
Everything is dandy.
Truck on down to the candy store
And blow your stack on peppermint candy.*

There are other high spots. Best vocal of the collection just has to go to Ella Fitzgerald on Chick Webb's "Wacky Dust" (1938), top-drawer big-band stuff. The funk award belongs to the Harlem Hamfats for their bumping and grinding "Weed Smoker's Dream." The song most likely to set the whole family Big Appling around the living room is the upbeat "Light Up." And even Scrooge couldn't keep a straight face when Harry "The Hipster" Gibson asks the musical question, "Who Put the Benzadrine in Mrs. Murphy's Ovaltine?" If you play *Reefer Songs* when you go home for the holidays, you and your cousins may not have to go out in the cold on those "errands" any more. Maybe you'll be able to take up right at the dinner table. —Pamela Lloyd

SANTA CLAUS ROOFTOP JUNKIE, by David Peel (New York Rock Liberation Front Records).



Street singer David Peel has croaked his lyrics and ravaged his guitar on New York streets since 1967, when he earned his last name by popularizing the banana peel smoking craze. He had two decent selling albums out—*Have a Marijuana* and *The American Revolution*—before Elektra Records dropped him. But Peel is like one of those tough tenement cockroaches he constantly praises: he doesn't die easy. He conned John Lennon and Yoko Ono into not only producing his next album, but putting it on their Apple label. Entitled *The Pope Smokes Dope*, it caused controversy but decidedly did not catapult Peel to stardom. It was back to the streets.

Despite the fact that his sales record was respectable, the music industry wouldn't touch him. But Peel had more to say, so he recently released *Santa Claus Rooftop Junkie* on his own Rock Liberation Front label. This album consists of all the songs the record companies couldn't stomach.

David Peel comes from the Lower East Side, a grimy rough neighborhood that has produced some of New York's toughest punks and raggediest rock bands. It's where the poor hippies live in New York

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City, but Peel is no peace-and-love hippie, that's for sure. His songs are about shooting up, ripoffs, pushers and narcs, and even Santa Claus becomes just another junkie making noise on the fire escape as he ties off. We've all seen Santa rubbing his nose and looking sleepy: now we know why.

Peel is backed by one of the raunchiest and meanest bunches of musicians ever assembled anywhere. Legend has it that they once stripped bare a house they were staying at during a gig. They even stole the baby's booties. This music is crude, rude and raucous. It is the tribal music of the park, entirely worthy of the attention of anthropologists.

Over the years, David Peel has built up his own following, and while he will never be as financially big as Bob Dylan or David Bowie, Peel has remained an authentic street singer who wakes up in his own puke and carries his own guitar. Yes, Peel is still around, and still doing the same thing, only more. —Jon Crack

WISH YOU WERE HERE, by Pink Floyd (Columbia PC 33453).



Since their classic *Dark Side of the Moon* in 1972, Pink Floyd has rightfully been considered one of the finest studio bands in the world. Recently the Floyd took to the road in bombastic preparation for their most recent album. It was easy to fill each hall and stadium to capacity, as everyone was waiting to hear *Dark Side*. After all these years, every English fricative, cash register clink, alarm clock clang, scorching guitar lick and melancholy indictment of bourgeois apathy was modern pop gospel.

And so the thousands came, and were surprised at how much better Floyd sounds at home. They were also surprised to hear this new album, *Wish You Were Here*, a long-awaited "new trip" from the group that LSD and Syd Barret made great. It sounds like they've been thinking, for the new music draws upon a wide range of influences, the mood is somewhat brighter and it therefore wears better.

The title song maintains a strange cheeriness, with a wispy air that counters gloomish lyrics—there is a slight touch of the Lovin' Spoonful in this brew. As usual with Pink Floyd, the music is enhanced by superb studio effects: songs slide effortlessly into each other on waves of overdub. From ditty to dithyramb, the beat builds to a crescendo that breaks upon the surreal guitar opening of "Shine On You Crazy Diamond," which seems to invigorate the entire album with a jaded luster. An exhortation of hope laid down with a smoky saxophone, it is the Floyd's chant to destroy all chants. Could their appeal be that they stay high in a world full of

painful perceptions? "And we'll bask in the shadow of yesterday's triumph, and sail on the steel breeze. Come on you boy child, you winner and loser, come on you miner for truth and delusion, and shine!"

No matter how far afield they roam, the Pink Floyd inevitably turn their music back to rock. Rock of an order so elevated that it is almost instantly translatable into mood. Hence the almost masochistic delights of *Dark Side*, an album that plumbs the depths of ennui. Still, it was such a very English collection, it left me wishing for a cottage in Devon and a Morgan three-wheeler, to better enjoy the desperation and wit. *Wish You Were Here* does a lot more and makes one realize just how limited Mike Oldfield is and that two-track reformists are actually rock conservatives.

Wish You Were Here touches the parts of the soul you thought were left in dreams. It seems to be a talent of Pink Floyd.

—Ed Dwyer

COULEURS DE LA CITÉ CÉLESTE: ET EXSPECTO RESURRECTIONEM MORTUORUM, by Olivier Messiaen. **Domaine Musicales Orchestra and Strasbourg Ensemble conducted by Pierre Boulez** (Columbia MS 7356).



Sometimes the dividing line between serious music and psychedelic sound orgy runs exceedingly thin, as in Messiaen's *Couleurs de la Cité Céleste*, premiered in 1968. In fact, some of Messiaen's remarks on the musical experience might have come from the Haight-Ashbury. "When I listen to music," he states, "I have an inward vision of marvelous colors. By means of a drug, peyote, extracted from a small Mexican cactus, it is possible to transform aural sensations into colored visual sensations. Without going to such lengths, most people have this sixth sense, this awareness of correspondence between sound and color."

Messiaen has exploited this sixth sense in other compositions, most notably his *Chronochromie*, but his celestial-city exploration is one of his most persuasive expressions of the musico-coloristic-doper sensibility.

Even granting Messiaen's premise, however, its difficulty for a critic is obvious—namely, that no two people hear the same colors. Considered purely as music, then, *Couleurs* is a one-movement work for a 20-person ensemble consisting of piano, percussion and wind instruments. It might seem odd that in striving for heavenly evocations, he eschews the sound of string instruments; but that's his way. Messiaen is interested in attaining a more Eastern type of heaven rather than the Christian decor one finds in the traditional writers of religious music. Hence Messiaen uses oriental modes—

even sequences of oriental folk music.

The overall effect is somewhat stringent, admirable in its avoidance of the kind of lushness associated with the more cliché heaven. With its sudden changes in dynamics and wrenching rhythms, Messiaen's heaven is not where one lolls about in somnambulistic bliss, but rather more along the lines of George Bernard Shaw's heaven: a place where one's mind is in constant action.

But another Shaw character complains about the tedium of heaven, and there is no question but that Messiaen's also has something of this drawback. The work is somewhat overlong. One is not actually bored by it, however—thanks largely to Messiaen's resort to colossal percussion sounds.

Messiaen is one of the century's great originals. *Couleurs* and this album's other piece, *Et Exspecto*, are both mind fuckers, and essential for anyone wondering where music has gone. —Jack Hiemenz

FUNKY KINGSTON, by Toots and the Maytals (Island ILPS 9330). Listen to



Toots and the Maytals and you are listening to real reggae, the roots, just like you'd hear it in the "dungle." *Funky Kingston* is the real McCoy, an au-

thentic dose of bass and rhythm, no messing around to make it more suitable to "American" taste. No strings or brass here, just reggae like it was meant to be sung and heard.

Aside from Bob Marley and Jimmy Cliff, "Toots" Hibbert is just about the biggest recording artist in Jamaica, something of a legend. Like Marley, he's a spliff-toking Rastafarian and has made his mark with tunes like "Louie Louie," "In the Dark" and "Pressure Drop." All are included on *Funky Kingston*.

Toots has a rough unpolished voice akin to that of Joe Cocker; the Maytals, Raleigh Gordon and Jerry Mathias, provide full-bodied background with harmonies sometimes reminiscent of the Temptations. My favorites on *Funky Kingston* are the title song, "In the Dark" and John Denver's "Country Road." The country road Toots sings of, unlike Denver's, is the one that brought him and so many other Jamaicans to the big city of Kingston in the late Fifties. In search of the better life, better jobs and opportunity, all they found was poverty and degradation in slums like Trench Town. From their frustration came the music they called reggae. And though Toots put it on wax, no one yet knows where the name came from, although some claim it is patois for rag-a-muffin. It is known that the first time any form of the word "reggae" appeared it was on a record made by the Maytals in 1968 entitled "Do the Reggay." The Maytals appear ready to give America a taste of the real roots.

—J.B. Alexander

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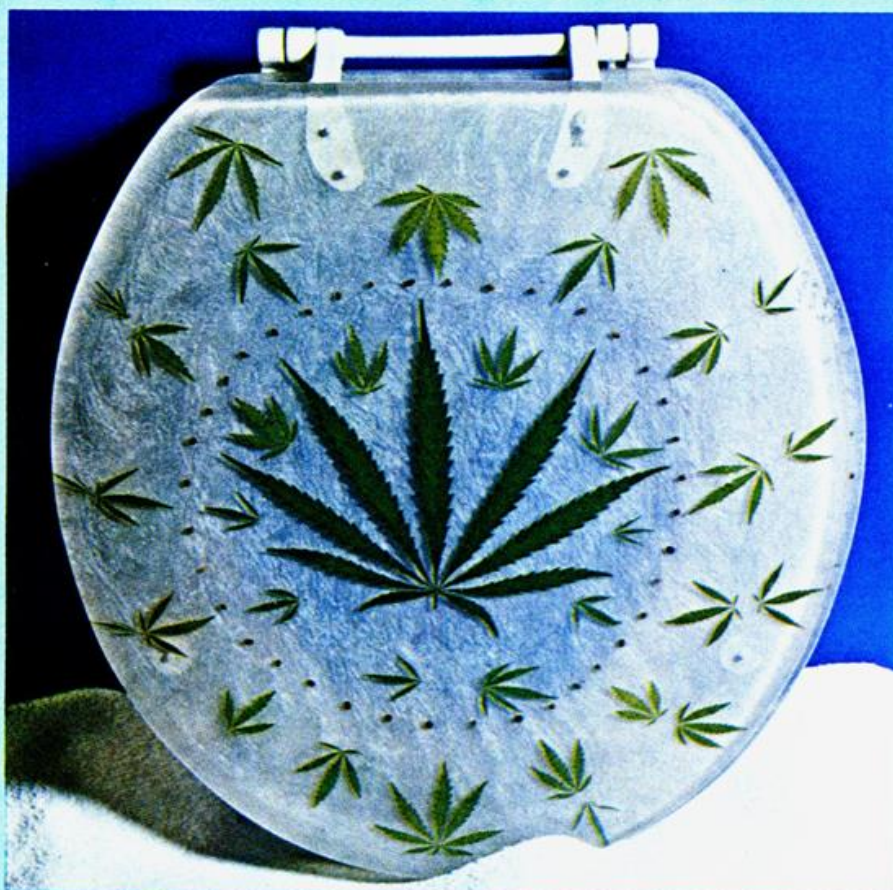
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FLESH AND BLOOD: A HISTORY OF THE CANNIBAL COMPLEX, by Reay Tannahill (New York: Stein & Day, \$8.95). Here we have a definitive work



on the proper preparation and service of Long Pig. While any given page of it will undoubtedly turn the stomach of any decent human being, it feeds the bizarre imagination most wholesomely.

There's a trace of the anthropophage in all of us, says Tannahill, and who could doubt it? Even the tenderest, plumpest, friskiest of readers ought secretly to enjoy her 20-page account of the Great Famine in Cairo of 1201, replete with babies on hooks in the butcher shops and Grandma turning into stew before she even makes out the will. And aside from considerations of sensationalism, the author writes splendid history: she possesses a clear perception of historical periods and the social and ecological realities that shaped people's consciousness. The book could have sold well as just a lurid miscellany of murder and Granny scarfing, but Tannahill makes it a rewarding and insightful thesis on butchery and baby gobbling.

For instance, want to know where the vampire myth got started? Why, in central Europe during the Middle Ages, when the horrified peasants witnessed how the Mongol invaders at each meal opened the neck veins of their ponies to get a hit of fortifying plasma. And why do Catholics eat Jesus every Sunday? Well, he "gave us His body pierced with nails," Tannahill quotes St. John Chrysostom, "that we might hold it in our hands and eat it, as proof of His love: for those whom we love dearly we are often wont to bite ..." Tannahill does appear to get a little moralistic in her defense of aboriginal cannibal societies. For instance, says she, "there's a great deal to be said for the Aztec sacrificial system." The oppressed provinces, however, united with Cortes to overthrow Montezuma the instant they had a chance. But this, she intimates, was a mistake: "Death under the sacrificial knife of the Aztec priest was ... better than being burned alive, broken on the wheel, impaled, disemboweled, or torn apart in a tug of war between horses" during the Spanish Inquisition. Gee, has the lady tried all these deaths, for the sake of comparison?

Tannahill also condemns the missionaries who opened the Fiji Islands in the 1830s for putting a quick stop to the Fiji system of cannibalism. It went like this:

the main course was compelled to dig his own fire hole, fill it with kindling and watch his severed limbs being roasted in it before being compelled to take the first bite of himself, just prior to having his tongue torn out on a hook and eaten before his eyes while his guts were slowly wound out of him on a stick. I know it's still fashionable in historical circles to deplore the imposition of sophisticated cultures on primitive ones, but when I read about the Fijis or the Aztecs, I'm thankful there were no nuclear weapons in those days.

—Dean Latimer

THE SMUGGLERS, by Paul Peterson (New York: Pocket Books, \$9.95). The



first in a series of six "action-packed thrillers with ... hard-hitting characters."

The Smugglers is the work of Paul Peterson, who, by the way, used to play Jeffie Stone on "The Donna Reed Show." His latest incarnation is Eric Save-

man—the smuggler whose two blond dreamboats and street-modified Lotus keep him busy when he's not dealing or shooting pool. Eric's father, "Doc," is hip to the nature of his son's business. After all, he smuggled diamonds from South Africa during World War Two—which is where *The Smugglers* really begins.

Eric and a cancer-ridden 26-year-old named Alan Wachter run the American end of Shelter—a smoke ring well known for its quality pot and dependable delivery. At the other end of Shelter, in Mexico, is Sir Michael, one of Doc's friends from the African scam days.

Eric and Alan like to smoke dope, and since they see little harm in it, the only difficulties they really have are the cops and double-crossers. When one of Shelter's pilots secretly brings back a pound of cocaine in the company plane, Eric bugs the guy's house to find out who else is in on the misdeal. Then Eric sets out with Alan to eliminate the sick mule and to destroy any other threats to the organization's security.

Foul play ensues. Eyes are gouged, groins kicked; Eric's girls, M'lady and M'liz, are intimidated and raped by the coke creep and his old lady; throats are ripped away, bodies riddled with bullets and dozens grotesquely choked to death from poison gas. Even kindly old Doc is tortured. Auto and plane chases aplenty, too.

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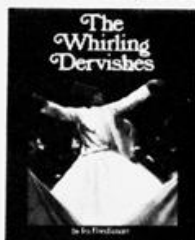
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take himself seriously. But when Eric Saveman takes sides with a CIA-type against the enemies of "freedom," that's going too far. After all, impressionable kids are going to read this. As for adults, this is shoddy adventure writing by any suitable standards, but it might make old-timers who didn't reestablish their connections go right out and deal a ton of weed a month for a few years and build themselves a notorious little empire.

—Michael Foldes

THE WHIRLING DERVISHES, by Ira Friedlander (New York: Macmillan, hardcover \$15.00, paper \$4.95). First off,



the photographs in this book are wonderful. Ira Friedlander, after all, went from doing high-tone rock-'n'-roll album covers straight to Turkey for this book, and he is a very good photographer indeed. His whirling dervishes are fluid and dynamic, just a trace fuzzy at the edges and blurry in the shadows to connote motion; the black-and-whites are dramatically contrasted, and the cropping is *très* elegant. All the people are wonderful, handsome, strong-faced Turks and their close portraits are drenched with characterization. It looks real good on a coffee table, and is bound to provoke comment and commendation from your friends. Very professional job. Tasteful, even.

Personally, for what it's worth, I could've put up with a little less professional photography and a lot more chicken fat, if you know what I mean. This particular Sufi sect, the Mevlevi, was founded in the thirteenth century, after all, and they still inhabit a good old-fashioned Turkish town. Friedlander sees these people through the eyes of an American youth seeking a path to Wisdom not too far removed from his old religion. Had he been a Catholic, he would've gone to India and taken shots of Hindus praying to garish graven idols.

The prose exposition of Sufi lore and history is good but sort of propagandistic and exhortative. The way Friedlander tells it, Sufi is just another ecstatic mystical cult. The dervishes dance in circles, whispering *la ilaha* ("there is no god—") while the red flute plays quicker and quicker, until they all experience a grand spiritual fulfillment and begin murmuring *illa'llah* ("—but Allah!"). Of course there's more—regular fasts, ordeals, meditations, prayers—that the initiate has to go through to become a full-fledged dervish, but hell, it's nothing the Shakers don't do.

As for the historical end of Sufi, this book is jam-packed with uplifting folk parables and priceless pearls of illumination uttered by the Great Prophets, like, "Appear as you are. Be as you appear."

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There's the Holy Book, the Mathnawi, dictated in fits of ecstatic transport, and a long history of religious persecution culminating in the oppressions of Kemal Ataturk in the Twenties. Friedlander pours it out with wide-eyed wonder, as if nothing the like of this had ever occurred before.

In any event, it's heartening in this day and age to see a Jewish boy saying good things about an Islamic discipline. There may be hope yet.
—Dean Latimer

IN THE MAGIC LAND OF PEYOTE,
by Fernando Benitez (Austin: University of Texas Press, \$9.75). There are



many Mexicos. Mexicans speak over 80 languages and worship gods as diverse as Jesus Christ and Tatewari, the Old Grandfather of Fire. These Mexicos—of Spanish, mixed and Indian realities—still practice the very ancient and

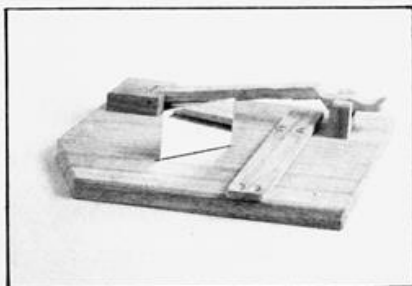
disparate beliefs and lifestyles. Few have resisted modernization as forcefully or as subtly as the dirt-poor, mysterious Huicholes of north central Mexico

The Huichole response to encroaching civilization is to retreat even farther into the bleak desert of Zacatecas and San Luis Potosi provinces that is their ancestral stomping grounds—"the middle earth" or Wirikuta. There they undertake the peyote hunt in order to "find one's life."

Fernando Benitez accompanied one small group of Huicholes on their sacred trek after the *hikuri*, or *peyotl*. Few outsiders have been fortunate enough to be allowed to accompany the Huicholes in their constant wanderings from one holy spot to another; Benitez, although a native Mexican and an anthropologist and historian of note (*In the Magic Land of Peyote* is part of the monumental four-volume *Los Indios des Mexicos*), was not completely able to overcome the Huicholes' shyness. Theirs is a religion that charges everything with meaning, and the presence of an outside influence may mean disaster for the coming year. No photo in the collection here, by Peter T. Furst (author of *Flesh of the Gods: The Ritual Use of Hallucinogens*), is more touching than that of the small group of *peyoteros* preparing to pass through the "clashing Gate of the Clouds"—an unmarked spot in a vista of rock and succulents that is known only to the three shamans in the group—oblivious in their traveling finery to the roar of a modern superhighway visible in the picture. To the Huicholes nothing must detract from the hunt for the sacred vegetable.

Benitez has an eye for essential detail and a sympathy for these people. This

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evocative book is one of the best studies of "primitive" peyote use as it persists today.
—Ed Dwyer

GANJA IN JAMAICA, by Vera Rubin and Lambros Comitas (Mouton/McFarland, P.O. Box 279, 1716 E. Second St., Scotch Plains, N.J. 07076, \$9.95). *Ganja in Jamaica* recounts the



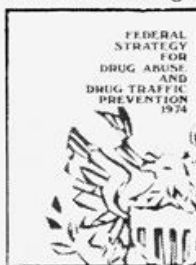
first major realistic scientific endeavor to gather in-depth information on chronic ganja use in an island society that has accepted and used the plant since the nineteenth century.

The U.S.-government-sponsored study, undertaken in cooperation with the Jamaican government, was completed in 1971. It took a year more to collect further data on the socio-anthropological contexts in which the studied populations lived. Until the recent publication of this book, partial reprints and excerpts appeared in professional publications, but the public only heard rumors that grass smoking might be "OK." Meanwhile, results of other studies, mostly indicating deleterious effects from smoking, circulated in the mass media.

Ganja in Jamaica shows that ganja does not produce an amotivational syndrome—Jamaican workers perform equally well straight or stoned; that ganja doesn't reduce the male hormone (testosterone) level in blood plasma—the study indicates similar figures in both control and smoke groups; that ganja doesn't cause aggressive, hostile behavior or lead to harder drugs—the prevalent rate of alcoholism in Jamaica is significantly lower than on islands in the Caribbean where alcohol is the primary drug; and the incidence of heroin or cocaine use in Jamaica is minimal. *Ganja in Jamaica* is perceived to be a multipurpose plant that acts as a medication, a tea, a high and an energizer, to name a few. Readers looking for background information on ganja legislation, ethnohistory, general use, acute effects, in natural settings, etc., will find the book instructive without being tedious.

"Dragons in dark caves are far more fearsome than when they are seen in daylight," quotes ex-Governor of Pennsylvania Raymond Shafer from Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes in the Foreword. Shafer, head of the Commission on Marijuana and Drug Abuse at the time of this study, goes on to say of *Ganja in Jamaica*, "How refreshing it is, therefore, to have available an objective study which not only exposes but also demolishes many emotional and 'fright-symbolic' dragons which have clouded our perspective in recent years with reference to cannabis." Amen.
—Michael Foldes

FEDERAL STRATEGY FOR DRUG ABUSE AND DRUG TRAFFIC PREVENTION (Washington: U.S. Government Printing Office). This book is the



published version of a report submitted once a year to the President from the Strategy Council on Drug Abuse. Its purpose is to set forth the policies and projected goals of federal anti-drug programs. Just why the government is antidrug to begin with is not discussed, and it is doubtful the authors have ever considered the question. This book just plunges on.

It's divided into three sections: Demand Reduction, Supply Reduction and the Criminal Justice/Treatment Relationship. The book is replete with bureaucratic and clever euphemisms and coded jargon leap from the pages—phrases such as "Treatment slots," "federal outreach initiatives," and "client-oriented date acquisition process." For chart freaks, there are dozens of bar graphs and spidery organizational diagrams. For collectors of acronyms, there is a gold mine—DID, POP, DOL, VA, OE, AGR, SAODAP, DOC—all representing a surreal range of bureaucratic sectoring. And for scatologists, there is an unusual number of references to urine, urinalysis, testing the urine of returning servicemen from Vietnam, collecting urine samples from busted "drug abusers."

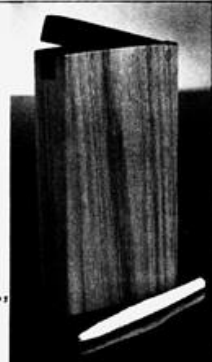
All this is not surprising, because basically this book is full of piss. Although it should be about the relieving of human suffering, instead this is the kind of bright, businesslike optimistic prospectus issued by a big corporation. This is just the kind of official report custom fitted to those Congresspeople who would rather trust a book than go out into the risky areas of his district and talk to real live junkies. To mask the incompetence, corruption and misguided efforts of the federal antidrug crusade, this report is riddled with omissions, rife with distortions and replete with misinformation. Many pious words are spent on assurances that the Drug Enforcement Agency (DEA) has adopted the policy that "no-knock" search warrants should be employed "judiciously," but no mention is made of the innocent citizens terrorized by amphetamine-crazed DEA cowboys crashing into their living rooms. Many paragraphs extol the virtues of the methadone program, but not a word about the hordes of junkies fucked over by the methadone program.

The saddest part of this book is that it was originally intended to be read and comprehended by just one man—the President. As everyone knows, Gerald Ford can't even stop his own kids from smoking dope, so what the fuck is the point?
—Rex Weiner

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DOMESTIC

| EAST COAST | | | |
|-----------------------|------------------------------------|------|-------------|
| Commercial Mexican | usual paper-wrapped bricks | oz | \$20-30 |
| High-quality Mexican | green Michoacan; rare | lb | 150-250 |
| Commercial Jamaican | stringy; seedy | oz | 25-45 |
| High-quality Jamaican | seedless; dark brown buds | lb | 200-375 |
| Commercial Colombian | all sorts; no bargains | oz | 175-325 |
| Red Colombian | scarce; good; good brown varieties | lb | 30-50 |
| Gold Colombian | coming soon | oz | 175-325 |
| Hawaiian | | lb | 275-400 |
| Thai sticks | rare | oz | 30-45 |
| Colombian hash | still experimental | lb | 325-450 |
| Red Lebanese hash | sacked | oz | 40-60 |
| Afghani patties | soft; very good; licorice scent | gm | 450-600 |
| Honey oil | very good | oz | 35-60 |
| Isomerized oil | rare indeed | gm | 325-500 |
| Lebanese oil | red; sweet | oz | 100-200 |
| LSD | all snapes and sizes | hit | 1500-3000 |
| 714 Quaalude | | one | 20-30 |
| Mexican 714s | boc tleg; smaller, weaker | one | 175-250 |
| Green quaaludes | boc tleg; flaky | one | 2200-3200 |
| Dormidinas | Spanish; 200 mg. methaqualone | one | 50-100 |
| Peyote | good if fresh; buttons | one | 600-1200 |
| Cocaine | commercial | gm | 80-120 |
| | | oz | 1100-1600 |
| | good flake and rock | gm | 150-200 |
| | mother of pearl | gm | 1600-2100 |
| | | oz | 20-35 |
| | | oz | 400-500 |
| | | gm | 30-40 |
| | | gm | 20-35 |
| | | oz | 350-475 |
| | | hit | 1.50-3 |
| | | 100 | 70-150 |
| | | one | 2.50-3.50 |
| | | 100 | 1.50-2.50 |
| | | one | 1 |
| | | 100 | 100 |
| | | one | 1 |
| | | 100 | 100 |
| | | one | 2-2.50 |
| | | 100 | 125-200 |
| | | one | 50-1 |
| | | 1000 | 500-1000 |
| | | oz | 50-100 |
| | | lb | 1000-1300 |
| | | lb | 12000-25000 |
| | | gm | 65-125 |
| | | oz | 1500-2000 |
| | | gm | 75-125 |
| | | oz | 1600-2200 |

FLORIDA - GEORGIA

| | | | |
|------------------------|-------------------------|-----|-----------|
| Gainesville Green | decent domestic | oz | 15-25 |
| Jacksonville Jamaican | fair | lb | 150-250 |
| High-quality Mexican | small airy buds; good | oz | 10-20 |
| Commercial Jamaican | all kinds; mostly dirty | lb | 125-225 |
| High-quality Jamaican | fresh; sticky tops | oz | 20-35 |
| High-quality Colombian | red | lb | 175-275 |
| | | lb | 20-30 |
| | gold | oz | 125-250 |
| | | lb | 25-40 |
| | | lb | 175-325 |
| | | oz | 30-50 |
| | | lb | 250-350 |
| | | oz | 30-60 |
| | | lb | 275-425 |
| Thai sticks | small; green | one | 20-30 |
| Colombian hash | better than most | oz | 200-250 |
| Lebanese oil | red assassin | lb | 50-90 |
| Cocaine | steady flow; good blow | gm | 600-1000 |
| Ups | white crosses; weak | oz | 20-30 |
| | | one | 350-475 |
| | | gm | 50-75 |
| | | oz | 1000-1300 |
| | | one | .25-.35 |
| | | 100 | 100-200 |

SOUTH

| | | | |
|--------------------|------------|----|---------|
| Commercial Mexican | full range | oz | 15-30 |
| | | lb | 110-225 |

| | | | |
|------------------------|-----------------------------|-----|-----------|
| Mississippi lowlands | fair domestic | oz | 10-15 |
| Tennessee green | one of the better domestics | lb | 50-100 |
| Commercial Colombian | good | oz | 10-15 |
| High-quality Colombian | small red buds | lb | 75-125 |
| Moroccan hash | average head | oz | 25-40 |
| LSD | predominantly blotter | hit | 275-375 |
| Cocaine | mostly fair | 100 | 30-50 |
| | | oz | 325-450 |
| | | gm | 60-100 |
| | | oz | 700-1300 |
| | | hit | 2-3 |
| | | 100 | 175-225 |
| | | gm | 50-100 |
| | | oz | 1100-1700 |

GREAT LAKES REGION

| | | | |
|------------------------|-----------------------------------|-----|-----------|
| Commercial Mexican | steady supply | oz | 15-25 |
| High-quality Mexican | some good; seedy | lb | 125-175 |
| Commercial Colombian | a few varieties | oz | 20-40 |
| High-quality Colombian | multicolored tops | lb | 200-350 |
| Thai sticks | top grade | oz | 25-35 |
| Congolese | excellent; rare | lb | 375-450 |
| Lebanese hash | fair; blonde | oz | 35-50 |
| Nepalese hash | decent fingers | lb | 400-550 |
| Afghani hash | moist primo | oz | 20-30 |
| LSD | all types | one | 150-200 |
| Mescaline | flavors | oz | 50-75 |
| Peyote | dry buttons | lb | 600-700 |
| Psilocybin | mushrooms; some good; dry | oz | 100-125 |
| Honey oil | amber | hit | 1000-1300 |
| Cocaine | poor to very good; flake and rock | oz | 125-160 |
| | | 100 | 1200-1500 |
| | | one | 125-175 |
| | | oz | 1300-1800 |
| | | hit | 2-3 |
| | | 100 | 75-175 |
| | | one | 75-175 |
| | | oz | .50 |
| | | oz | 20-30 |
| | | gm | 25-30 |
| | | oz | 400-500 |
| | | gm | 50-125 |
| | | oz | 1100-2000 |

MIDWEST

| | | | |
|------------------------|-------------------------------------|-----|-----------|
| Tennessee green | better domestic | oz | 10-20 |
| Commercial Mexican | medium varieties | lb | 100-200 |
| High-quality Mexican | ass kicking; rare | oz | 15-25 |
| Commercial Colombian | some good; dark brown | lb | 125-200 |
| High-quality Colombian | very little red or gold; some brown | oz | 30-45 |
| Jamaican | available; picked early | lb | 400-500 |
| Thai sticks | second grade | oz | 30-40 |
| Lebanese hash | best goes fast | lb | 350-400 |
| Moroccan hash | green; inconsistent | oz | 40-60 |
| Honey oil | rare; tasty | lb | 450-600 |
| LSD | good blotter and microdot | oz | 20-30 |
| Mescaline | chocolate or strawberry | oz | 250-350 |
| Quaaludes | some 714s | one | 20-30 |
| Cocaine | fair to good | lb | 250-350 |
| White-cross ups | bootleg | one | 75-125 |
| | | 100 | 1100-1700 |
| | | oz | 75-100 |
| | | lb | 1000-1500 |
| | | gm | 25-35 |
| | | oz | 400-500 |
| | | hit | 1.25-2 |
| | | 100 | 80-120 |
| | | hit | 3-5 |
| | | gm | 70-110 |
| | | one | 2-3 |
| | | gm | 50-100 |
| | | oz | 1200-1800 |
| | | one | 20-30 |
| | | 100 | 15-20 |

SOUTHWEST

| | | | |
|------------------------|--------------------|-----|---------|
| Commercial Mexican | unusually rare | oz | 10-20 |
| Domestic | Tucson tops; good | lb | 100-150 |
| High-quality Mexican | Oaxacan; very good | oz | 10-15 |
| Commercial Colombian | only fair | lb | 75-125 |
| High-quality Colombian | sticky red tops | oz | 15-25 |
| Honey oil | fine | lb | 150-275 |
| Thai sticks | green | oz | 25-35 |
| Peyote | buttons | one | 275-350 |
| | | lb | 35-50 |
| | | gm | 450-550 |
| | | oz | 25-35 |
| | | one | 20-30 |
| | | oz | 200-250 |
| | | one | 25 |



| | | | |
|---------|--------------------|-----|-----------|
| LSD | good window-pane | one | 2-3 |
| Cocaine | plentiful and good | 100 | 75-125 |
| | | gm | 50-100 |
| | | oz | 1400-2000 |

WEST COAST

| | | | |
|------------------------|---|-----|-----------|
| Commercial Mexican | better than most markets | oz | 15-25 |
| High-quality Mexican | small green bud sticks; first of season | lb | 125-225 |
| Commercial Colombian | large multicolored flowers; energizing | oz | 25-40 |
| High-quality Colombian | not much enthusiasm | lb | 175-375 |
| Colombian | mature black tops | oz | 30-45 |
| Hawaiian | just arrived | lb | 400-550 |
| Honey oil | thick; clear | oz | 30-40 |
| Isomerized oil | rare | lb | 350-450 |
| Afghani hash | surfboards - good | gm | 450-600 |
| | | oz | 1400-2000 |
| | | gm | 25-35 |
| | | oz | 350-450 |
| | | gm | 30-40 |
| | | oz | 100-130 |
| | | lb | 1400-1800 |
| | | oz | 125-175 |
| | | lb | 1500-2200 |
| | | oz | 75-100 |
| | | lb | 1000-1300 |
| | | oz | 60-90 |
| | | lb | 900-1200 |
| | | oz | 60-90 |
| | | lb | 800-1200 |
| | | gm | 65-110 |
| | | oz | 1350-2000 |
| | | hit | 1-3 |
| | | 100 | 70-130 |
| | | one | .25-1 |

GREAT NORTHWEST

| | | | |
|------------------------|-----------------------------|-----|-----------|
| Commercial Mexican | quality down from last year | oz | 15-25 |
| High-quality Mexican | some Sinsemilla | lb | 150-225 |
| Commercial Colombian | dry and seedy | oz | 25-40 |
| High-quality Colombian | some good red | lb | 185-400 |
| Hawaiian | Kona gold; excellent | oz | 25-40 |
| Afghani oil | black; pungent | lb | 325-400 |
| Moroccan hash | blonde; fair | oz | 400-550 |
| Lebanese hash | sacked; fair to good | lb | 200-225 |
| Thai sticks | green and lavender | oz | 1400-2000 |
| LSD | blotter | gm | 20-30 |
| Mescaline | strawberry; fair | oz | 325-425 |
| Cocaine | commercial | lb | 75-110 |
| | | lb | 1000-1300 |
| | | one | 1000-1350 |
| | | hit | 15-25 |
| | | 100 | 150-200 |
| | | hit | 2-3 |
| | | 100 | 70-100 |
| | | gm | 10 |
| | | gm | 60-125 |
| | | oz | 1200-1800 |

ALASKA

| | | | |
|----------------------|---------------------------|-----|---------|
| Commercial Mexican | average | oz | 20-40 |
| High-quality Mexican | Oaxacan green | oz | 30-45 |
| Matanuska | snowshoe staple; good | lb | 300-450 |
| Thunderfuck | excellent purple microdot | oz | 15-20 |
| LSD | | hit | 175-225 |
| | | 100 | 2-3 |
| | | 100 | 125-200 |

HAWAII

| | | | |
|----------------------|-------------|-----|-----------|
| Maui | light green | oz | 50-100 |
| Kona gold | fine; tops | lb | 1200-1400 |
| Commercial Colombian | buds | oz | 50-100 |
| Afghani hash | black; good | lb | 1000-1400 |
| Thai sticks | | oz | 50-75 |
| | | lb | 550-700 |
| | | oz | 120-160 |
| | | one | 15-30 |
| | | oz | 175-220 |

| | | | |
|---------|--------------------|-----|-----------|
| LSD | blotter, microdot, | hit | 2-4 |
| | windowpane | 100 | 150-300 |
| Cocaine | rock; flake | gm | 60-150 |
| | | oz | 1700-2200 |

FOREIGN

AMSTERDAM, HOLLAND

| | | | |
|---------------|------------------|-------|-----------|
| Domestic | canal | oz | 15-20 |
| | | kilo | 200-300 |
| Senegalese; | dark brown | oz | 40-60 |
| Congolese | | kilo | 500-1000 |
| Moroccan hash | better qualities | oz | 50-70 |
| | | kilo | 800-1000 |
| Lebanese | blonde and red | oz | 40-50 |
| hash | | kilo | 800-900 |
| Pakistani | | oz | 45-55 |
| hash | | kilo | 900-1200 |
| Kashmiri | heavy | oz | 50-60 |
| hash | | kilo | 1100-1300 |
| Hash oil | amber; red | liter | 3000 |
| Burmese | | gm | 3 |
| opium | | oz | 60-70 |
| LSD | Yugoslavian; | hit | 2-4 |
| | Swiss | 100 | 125-200 |
| Cocaine | poor to good | gm | 60-120 |
| | | oz | 1100-2000 |

BANGKOK, THAILAND

| | | | |
|---------------|-------------|-----|---------|
| Lowland grass | good | oz | 2-3 |
| | | lb | 30 |
| Thai sticks | all grades, | one | .50-.75 |
| | colors | oz | 4-5 |
| Burmese opium | Shan | lb | 100 |

BOMBAY, INDIA

| | | | |
|--------------|---------------|------|-----------|
| Afghani hash | water-pressed | oz | 10-15 |
| | | kilo | 225-250 |
| Kashmiri | mixed with | oz | 15-20 |
| hash | ganja | kilo | 400 |
| Thai sticks | pastels | one | 1-2 |
| | | oz | 10-15 |
| Kerala | very potent | oz | 1-1.50 |
| grass | | lb | 16-20 |
| Cocaine | variable | gm | 60-100 |
| | | oz | 1200-2000 |
| Opium | Burmese | gm | 50 |
| | | oz | 6-10 |

HONG KONG, CHINA

| | | | |
|-------------|-----------------|-----|---------|
| Thai grass | lowland, poorer | oz | 50-100 |
| | stick shake | lb | 500-950 |
| Thai sticks | | one | 8-12 |
| | | oz | 75-150 |
| Mainland- | | oz | 10-15 |
| | | lb | 100-150 |
| Heroin | pure | oz | 90-100 |
| | | lb | 1000 |

ISTANBUL, TURKEY

| | | | |
|----------|----------------|-----|-------|
| Cannabis | | lb | 2 |
| Indica | | | |
| Turkish | usual | oz | 5-7 |
| hash | | lb | 70 |
| Antonia | black; potent; | oz | 8-10 |
| hash | scarce | lb | 100 |
| Opium | fresh | oz | 3-5 |
| | | lb | 60 |
| LSD | awful | hit | 7-10 |
| | | 100 | 50-70 |

JOHANNESBURG, SOUTH AFRICA

| | | | |
|----------------|---------------|--------|-------|
| Swasigrass | Outstanding | kilo | 20-30 |
| Durbanstick | very good | 30gms | 3-5 |
| Soweto | good | 100gms | 5 |
| Kalahari Stick | very good | 3gms | .40 |
| SLD | blue microdot | hit | 6 |

KABUL, AFGHANISTAN

| | | | |
|----------------|--------------|-------|---------|
| Local hash | Kabul green | oz | 150-2 |
| | | kilo | 50-75 |
| Water-press | | oz | 1 |
| hash | | kilo | 30-50 |
| Shirac hash | | oz | 3-5 |
| | | kilo | 100-200 |
| Hash oil | | liter | 600-800 |
| Mazar-i-Sharif | primo; fresh | oz | 4-6 |
| | | kilo | 100-200 |

KATMANDU, NEPAL

| | | | |
|-------------------|--------------|------|---------|
| (same low prices) | | | |
| Mustang grass | | oz | 1 |
| | | lb | 12 |
| Gurka grass | unbelievably | oz | 1.50 |
| | potent | lb | 15 |
| Temple balls | poor to good | oz | 4.6 |
| | | kilo | 125-200 |
| Local hash | poor quality | oz | 5-7 |
| | | kilo | 150-250 |
| Mustang hash | poor | oz | 9-11 |
| | | kilo | 150-200 |
| Afghani hash | very rare | oz | 25-35 |
| | | kilo | 400 |
| Gosainkund | very good | oz | 15-20 |
| hash | | kilo | 275 |
| Tantapani | red & soft— | oz | 12-15 |
| hash | good quality | kilo | 175 |

| | | | |
|---------------|------------|-------|---------|
| Buddha sticks | fingerlike | one | 1 |
| | | oz | 8-10 |
| India opium | tasty | oz | 7-8 |
| | | kilo | 150 |
| Chinese | | oz | 10-12 |
| opium | | kilo | 250 |
| Hash oil | | liter | 400-800 |

KINGSTON, JAMAICA

| | | | |
|------------|-----------------|----|------------|
| Jamaican | regular | oz | 3-4 |
| grass | | lb | 35-40 |
| Lambsbread | brown; pungent; | oz | 6-7 |
| grass | paralyzing | lb | 60 |
| Cali | superb | oz | 4-5 |
| | | lb | 40-50 |
| Wild bush | varies | oz | 1-2 |
| grass | | lb | 20 or less |
| Local oil | | gm | 1-2 |
| | | oz | 30 |
| Cocaine | | gm | 25-50 |
| | | oz | 500-800 |

LONDON, ENGLAND

| | | | |
|--------------|------------------|-----|-----------|
| Colombian | a treat | oz | 50-100 |
| Red or Gold | | lb | 450-900 |
| Nigerian | strong | oz | 80-130 |
| black grass | | lb | 700-1200 |
| Moroccan | quality down | oz | 60-80 |
| hash | | lb | 700-900 |
| Afghani hash | brown; good | oz | 70-90 |
| | | lb | 800-1000 |
| Cocaine | expensive; often | gm | 80-140 |
| | beat | lb | 2000-2600 |
| Mandrax | hypnotic | one | 2-3 |
| | | oz | 90-200 |
| Dormadinas | Spanish ludes | one | 1 |
| | | 100 | 50-75 |
| LSD | blotter or tab | hit | 2-5 |
| | | 100 | 70-300 |

MARRAKECH, MOROCCO

| | | | |
|--------------|------------|-------|------|
| Rif Mountain | abundant, | oz | 6-8 |
| hash | | kilo | 150 |
| Atlas | | oz | 4 |
| Mountain | | kilo | 80 |
| Kif | grown at | oz | 4-5 |
| | 5000 ft. | kilo | 100 |
| Kif | commercial | oz | 2-3 |
| | | kilo | 50 |
| Hash oil | super | liter | 1000 |

MAZATLAN, MEXICO

| | | | |
|----------------|--------------------|----|-----------|
| Torreón violet | seedy, psychedelic | oz | 3 |
| | | lb | 30-35 |
| Guadalajara | varies | oz | 2 |
| green | | lb | 15-20 |
| Oaxacan | excellent | oz | 4-6 |
| buds | | lb | 30 & up |
| Yucatan gold | very good | oz | 3-4 |
| | | lb | 30-40 |
| Guerrero | mountain grown, | oz | 4-6 |
| | connoisseur | lb | 40 & up |
| Culican | regular; good red | oz | 1-2 |
| | | lb | 15-20 |
| Opium | Mexican bumper | gm | 1-2 |
| | crop | oz | 40 |
| Mexican brown | | lb | 5000 |
| smack | | | |
| Cocaine | Colombian; | gm | 30-50 |
| | Peruvian | oz | 600-1000 |
| | | lb | 6000-8000 |
| Oaxacan magic | | oz | 4-5 |
| mushrooms | | lb | 30-50 |

MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA

| | | | |
|----------------|--------------------|-----|-----------|
| Domestic grass | grown from Viet- | oz | 15-25 |
| | namese, Thai seeds | lb | 150-250 |
| Nepalese hash | fingers; Tantapani | oz | 80-90 |
| | | lb | 900-1000 |
| Indian hash | opiated | oz | 70-80 |
| | | lb | 800 |
| Afghani hash | | oz | 90-100 |
| | | lb | 1200 |
| Cocaine | new routes; | gm | 80-110 |
| | new tastes | oz | 1800-2100 |
| LSD | blotter | 100 | 300-500 |

MOSCOW, USSR

| | | | |
|-----------------|-----------------|-----|---------|
| Irkutsk hash | good | oz | 70-80 |
| | | lb | 800 |
| Tashkent hash | dark brown | oz | 55-60 |
| | | lb | 600-700 |
| Nepalese hash | not worth the | oz | 170-190 |
| | price | lb | 2000 |
| Steppe grass | not bad | oz | 40-50 |
| | | lb | 400-500 |
| Siberian albino | strange; debil- | oz | 60-75 |
| grass | itating | lb | 600-800 |
| Sugar cube | Yugoslavian- | hit | 8-10 |
| LSD | made; good | 100 | 50-70 |

NAIROBI, KENYA

| | | | |
|-------------|--------|----|------|
| Congolese | superb | oz | 7-10 |
| black grass | | lb | 75 |
| Kenya bush | strong | oz | 4 |
| grass | | lb | 50 |

| | | | |
|-------------|-------------|----|-------|
| Savannah | dark brown; | oz | 6-7 |
| grass | powerful | lb | 60 |
| Zaire black | excellent | oz | 6-8 |
| banji | | lb | 80 |
| Yohimbine | stimulant | oz | 1 |
| root | | lb | 10-12 |

PARIS, FRANCE

| | | | |
|-----------------|------------------|-----|-----------|
| Yamba | called Congolese | oz | 30-50 |
| | but comes from | lb | 250-500 |
| | Senegal | | |
| Colombian | | oz | 35-70 |
| grass | | lb | 400-800 |
| Brazilian grass | | oz | 35-70 |
| | | lb | 400-800 |
| Moroccan hash | (00) | oz | 35-45 |
| | | lb | 400-500 |
| Lebanese hash | red | oz | 75-90 |
| | | lb | 800-1000 |
| Afghani hash | | oz | 90-110 |
| | | lb | 1000-1250 |
| Mazar-i-Sharif | hand pressed | oz | 80-120 |
| | | lb | 800-1400 |
| Chitral hash | hand pressed | oz | 90-110 |
| | | lb | 1000-1250 |
| LSD | | hit | 3 |
| Opium | | gm | 12 |
| Cocaine | | gm | 75-100 |
| Morphine | | gm | 75-100 |

RAWALPINDI, PAKISTAN

| | | | |
|------------|-------------|-------|-------|
| Gold Seal | rather rare | oz | 3-5 |
| green hash | | lb | 40-50 |
| Gold Seal | | oz | 5-6 |
| dark green | | lb | 60 |
| Bhang tea | relaxing | glass | .02 |
| Opium | | lb | 35-55 |

ROME, ITALY

| | | | |
|-----------------|-----------------|--------|---------|
| Colombian grass | very rare | oz | 70-90 |
| | | 100gms | 250 |
| Lebanese hash | blonde | oz | 100 |
| | | 100gms | 300 |
| Afghani hash | black | oz | 100 |
| | | 100gms | 270 |
| Moroccan | Khathama | oz | 100 |
| hash | | 100gms | 260 |
| LSD | violet pyramids | hit | 5 |
| | | 100 | 350-400 |
| | gray window- | hit | 4 |
| | pane | 100 | 300-350 |
| Speed | | gm | 50 |
| | | oz | 1000 |
| Smack | Thai white | gm | 100 |
| | | oz | 2000 |
| Cocaine | | gm | 25 |
| | | oz | 600-800 |

TEL AVIV, ISRAEL

| | | | |
|---------------|-------------|-----|---------|
| Lebanese hash | very good— | oz | 25-40 |
| | blonde; red | lb | 300-500 |
| Local hash | good | oz | 20-30 |
| | | lb | 250-400 |
| Mandrax | | one | 3 |
| | | 100 | 150-250 |

TORONTO, CANADA

| | | | |
|---------------|----------------------|-----|-----------|
| Commercial | getting scarce | oz | 20-30 |
| Mexican | | lb | 175-250 |
| High-quality | light gold tops | oz | 25-35 |
| Mexican | | lb | 275-400 |
| Commercial | decent; steady | oz | 25-45 |
| Colombian | | lb | 300-500 |
| Honey oil | sweet | gm | 25-35 |
| | | oz | 450-600 |
| Moroccan hash | standard green | oz | 95-115 |
| | slabs | lb | 1300-1450 |
| Moroccan hash | yellow chunks; | oz | 95-115 |
| | avoid at all costs | lb | 1300-1500 |
| Afghani hash | gold seal; excellent | oz | 120-140 |
| | | lb | 1550-1750 |
| Thai sticks | scarce | one | 18-30 |
| | | oz | 200-250 |
| LSD | good brown | one | 1-2 |
| | blotter | 100 | 50-125 |
| Cocaine | worth resisting | gm | 60-90 |
| | | oz | 1500-2000 |
| MDA | the old standby; | hit | 5-10 |
| | generally not real | | |

TOKYO, JAPAN

| | | | |
|-------------|----------------------|-----|-------|
| Fuji grass | green; very good; | oz | 20-30 |
| | plentiful | | |
| | gold; excellent; | oz | 20-35 |
| | infrequent | | |
| Thai sticks | excellent, plentiful | one | 20-25 |
| Cocaine | 25-30% pure | gm | 10-25 |
| LSD | windowpane; | hit | 2-3 |
| | blotter | | |

High Times welcomes anonymous reports, but please be specific about the area, type, quantity and quality of dope referred to. If you are aware of other prices or have other relevant information or suggestions, please send them in. The THMQ is intended solely for comparative purposes and in no way is meant as an inducement to illegal activity, or as an endorsement of dope usage or trafficking, or as an endorsement of any particular dope. □

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The highest price we've heard of for a back issue of *High Times* is \$50, paid in Tucson, Arizona, for a copy of the first issue. We know that back issues regularly sell for \$10 and up, if you can find them. We sell them at the usual rates until we run out, which is usually about two weeks after publication. (Don't tell us to print more, because no matter how many we print, by the time we come out, it's not enough.) Anyway, we'd like to inform all hoarders of back issues that we're reprinting all the back issues as soon as we can afford it, so your back issues won't be worth that much. Sorry. Some copies of *High Times* #4, 5 and 6 are still available, by the way.

The reason for the shortage of *High Times* is the boycott placed on us by the Big Five national magazine distributors' monopoly. They are terrified of this magazine. The only way to fight back is 1) subscribe; 2) retaliate: don't buy Reader's Digest; 3) give a cop a flower—it's never worked before, but who knows?

Like Just the Facts, Man

Investigative journalism is something you hear a lot about these days. You'll be seeing a lot more of it in *High Times*. This month we rip the lid off corruption scandals that have torn apart the nation's top narc agency, the Drug Enforcement Administration—DEA. Remember those initials. They should be burned in your brain like FBI, LBJ or LSD. That way we won't have to spell it out every time we mention them. Another story in this issue digs into government-sponsored marijuana research to reveal how subjects are tortured with huge doses of THC to make them sick enough to back up antipot propaganda. Some people say we shouldn't get on the DEA's case. But why not? We're sure they're on our case.



We Surrender: We hear the boys down at the cop shop are wondering who's responsible for this rag, so here we are: the publisher, three editors, art director, production manager & asst., ad manager and three salespeople, two bookkeepers, distribution manager & asst., marketing director, five clerical staffers, paste-up artist and receptionist. Try to guess who's who. We'll give you a clue—the guy in the back giving the "high sign" is the receptionist.

Unique

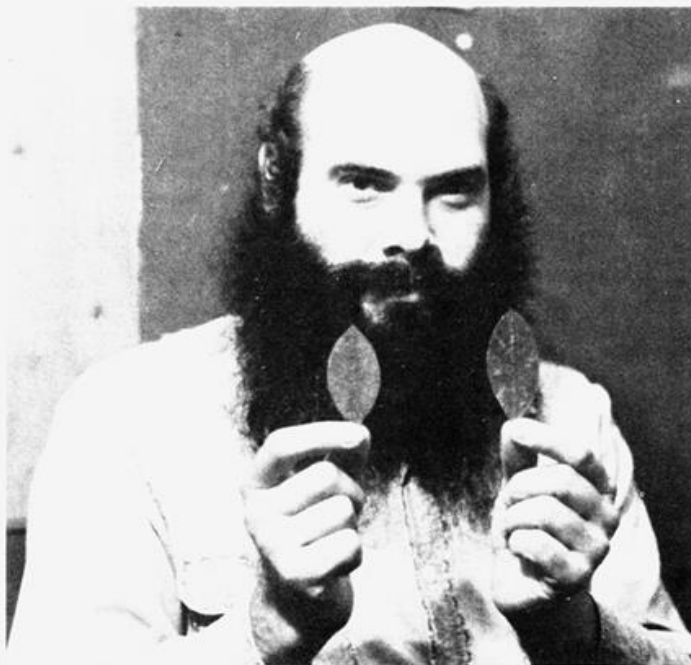
You can hear it in any Madison Avenue magazine office: the *High Times* staff is too stoned to get the magazine out. This is totally untrue and a slanderous insult. The truth is that *High Times*'s success has prompted a tidal wave of hastily thrown together dope articles and "special issues" unprecedented since grass and acid were "famous for 15 minutes" in 1967. *Oui, Playboy, New York, Penthouse, Viva, Playgirl, Rolling Stone* and even *Screw* have weighed in this year with far more dope stories than is their usual wont, and the trend seems likely to continue. Obviously, we can't claim credit, since these magazines were publishing dope articles before *High Times* existed. But since *High Times* zoomed to a half-million circulation, other publications have really been hitting on dope. And some of their stuff is damn good.

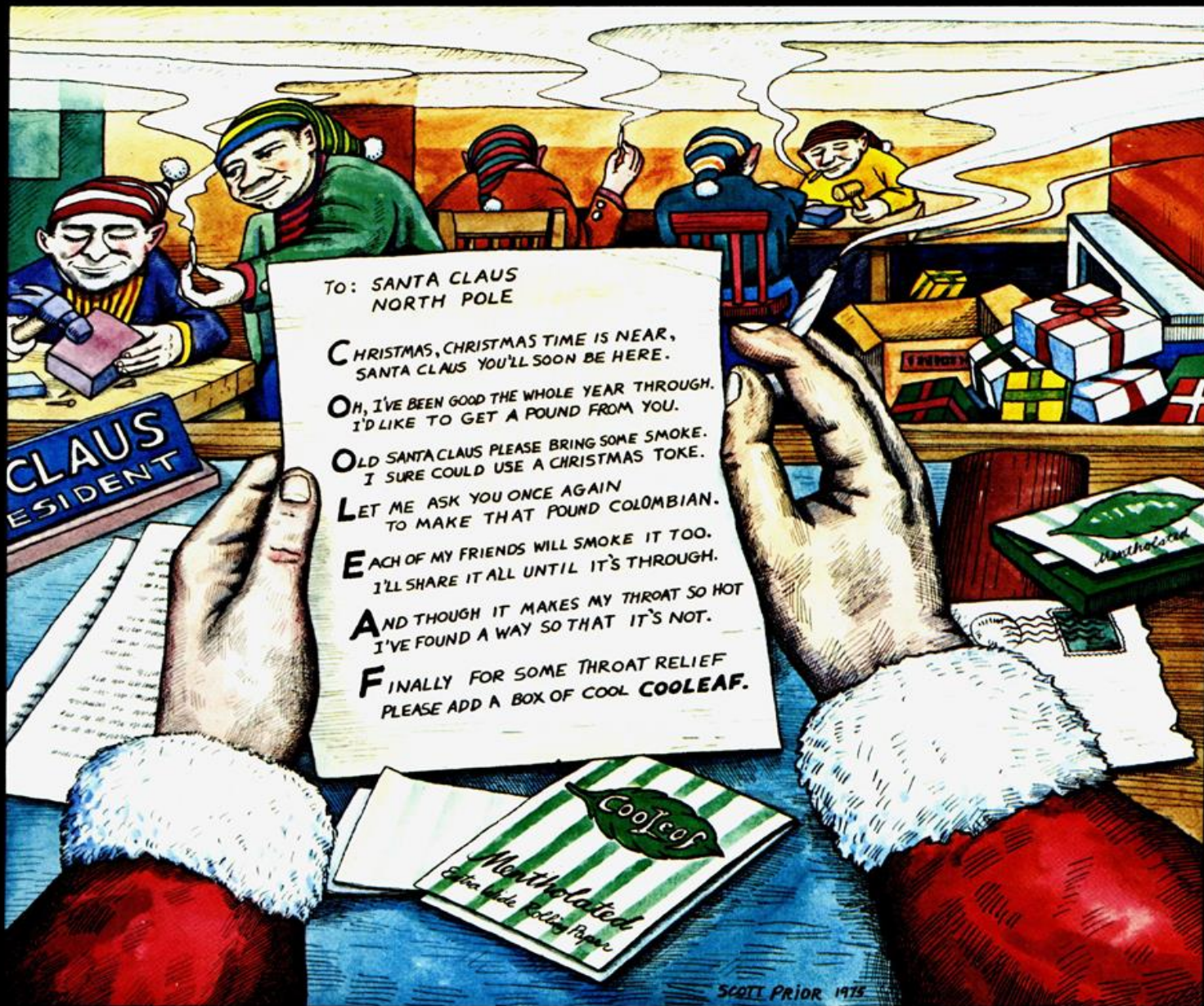
But there's a difference. With the admirable exception of Hugh Hefner, whose foresight and generosity got *NORML* off the ground, these publishers take no risks, alienate no advertisers, frighten no distributors with their armchair coverage of higher consciousness. We take their chances for them—that's what makes us unique.

The Weil File

Back in *High Times* #6 we published our first article by Andrew Weil, M.D., documenting the decline of the yagé scene in the Amazon Basin. This issue, in "Throwing Up in Mexico," Weil has a liquid laugh at the relationship between the autonomic nervous system and higher consciousness. In January we'll be presenting an account of his coca tour of South America as a guest of the Peruvian government. Dr. Weil is seen here in our office.

admiring two of his souvenir coca leaves—which, by the way, he is the only U.S. citizen with a license to import. Weil becomes a *High Times* Contributing Editor this month, and so does David Solomon, the co-editor with George Andrews of several fine dope anthologies—including the new *Coca Leaf and Cocaine Papers*. Reading these books—Weil's *The Natural Mind* is great for your parents or your children—will stretch your mind and then snap it right back into place. ☐





“Tis The Season to be Jolly...”

CoolLeaf

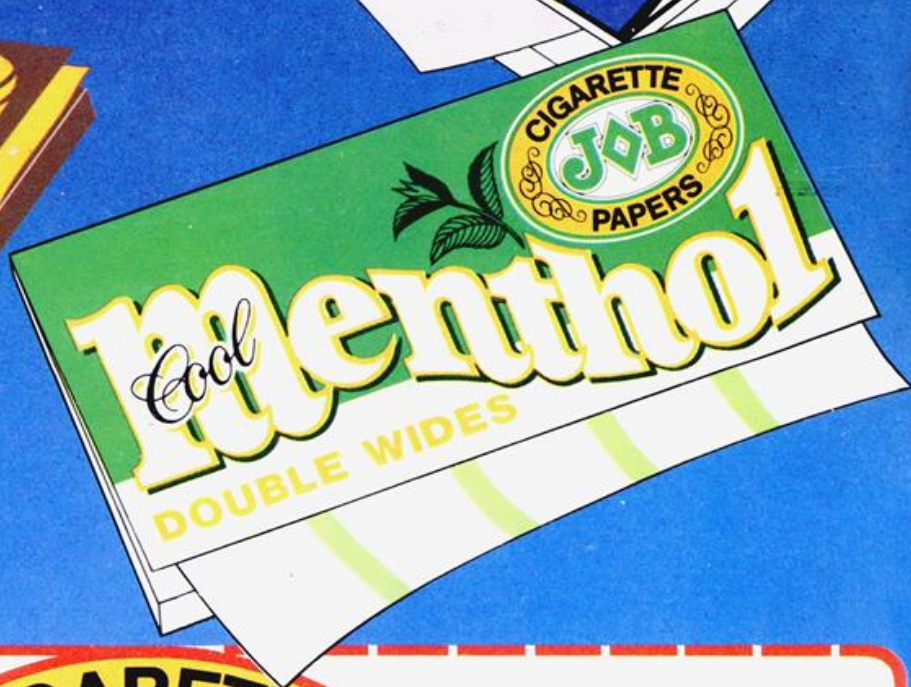
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